

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

02242

DECEMBER 1975 \$1.75

EXCLUSIVE:

**THE PHOENIX
MURDERS—THE
CIA'S DEADLIEST
BLUNDER YET**

**BEHIND THE
LACE CURTAIN—
A SUPER GROUPIE'S
FETISH FOR THE
UNMENTIONABLE**

**THE WARDENS—
OUR PRISON
MONARCHY**

**THE SECRETS
OF THE
BERMUDA
VAGINA**

**SPECIAL
CHRISTMAS
ISSUE**

**FREE
16-PAGE
BICENTENNIAL
CALENDAR
INSIDE**





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Introducing the precision of Technics direct-drive for under \$200.*

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Technics

by Panasonic

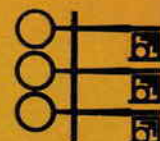
Direct-Drive Turntable—SL-1500



PENTHOUSE

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the taste you've both been waiting for.

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HOUSECALL



BOB SHEWCHUK AND ANDRE NIGOLO



JOSEPH TREASTER



DAVID SIEFKIN

You don't have to wait until Christmas day to open this special holiday package from *Penthouse*—you can start right now. And we're ready to predict that you'll still be enjoying its stimulating and compelling delights far into the New Year.

Elsewhere in the world, particularly in Southeast Asia, it won't be just a New Year but a whole new life as well. In *The Phoenix Murders*, the last article of our series on the intelligence community, **Joseph B. Treaster** writes about one of the deadliest programs ever spawned by the CIA. Code-named "Operation Phoenix," the program involved the torture, imprisonment, and murder of tens of thousands of South Vietnamese civilians by the Thieu government and the CIA. The ostensible purpose of this slaughter was to eliminate the "Viet Cong Infrastructure," but Treaster, a veteran reporter for the *New York Times*, doubts seriously that anything at all was accomplished beyond hastening the ultimate collapse of the American military effort and the Thieu regime.

But the CIA isn't the only American institution that has degenerated because of time and a lack of public awareness. Our prisons have long been touted as "Colleges of Crime" where the rehabilitation of a convicted inmate remains more a matter of theory than fact. In *Wardens*, an eye-opening look into the prison world, **Sylvia Kronstadt** focuses on the men at the top of this unique social hierarchy—men who rule their obscure domains with powers usually reserved for absolute monarchs. A former executive assistant with the New York City Board of Corrections, Miss Kronstadt offers a first-hand view of the men who are the keepers of "society's garbage can."

A lighter and more bizarre offering among these, our seasonal festivities, is provided by **John Wallace's** short story *Harry's Cello*. Harry, it seems, is ready to give up *everything*—wife, career, reputation—for his big love affair. The only problem is that this affair has some strings attached—A, D, G, and C to be exact. You'll have to decide whether the beautifully rounded beauty who shares his dreams and his bed is worth his final transformation.

Even more zany and—thankfully—more real is our interview with two of the leading masters of soft-core anarchy, **Bob and Ray**—"the Two and Only." **Bob Shewchuk** and **Andre Nigolo** conducted the interview—if you can call interviewing the mad-cap kings of radio "conducting." No doubt the writers' own television experience accounts for their ability to elicit the wackiest responses to perfectly reasonable questions.

In a slightly more—but not very much more—serious vein, we refer you to the trials and tribulations undergone by **Cherry**



CHERRY VANILLA



JOHN WALLACE



EARL MILLER



SYLVIA KRONSTADT



BILL LEE

Vanilla—pop tart *extraordinaire*—in her lifelong infatuation with fancy pants. Miss Vanilla definitely scoops Frederick's of Hollywood with her torrid and sometimes sordid tale of what can happen to your average rock groupie when she slips her cool flanks into a pair of lace pretties—which may or may not stay in place very long.

One monument to what a determined body of women can accomplish is immortalized in **Joshua Dash's** daring exposé of *The Bermuda Vagina*. If you've been conned into thinking that all those men who disappeared in the Bermuda Triangle were snatched up by UFO's, well, you're *half* right. "Snatched up" they may have been, but by something a good deal more earthly than a flying saucer.

If Dash has uncovered new facts in the Atlantic, **David Siefkin's** *The Captivity of Captain Rucker* has uncovered new fiction across the Pacific. Certainly Siefkin's humorous tale of a mad commanding officer kidnapped by his own men in the wilds of Vietnam could *only* be fiction. Or could it?

More in the spirit of Christmas—of a sort—we suggest that you take a glance at cartoonist **Bill Lee's** *Piece On Earth*, a graphic romp through some of the more spirited ways to spend the holidays. And while you're moving on after that, especially if you're also a Vietnam vet, it would be more than worth your while to check out our *Adviser* this month. It seems that many states offer bonuses to eligible veterans, and since these range from \$100 to \$1,600, depending on the state, you may find this adds to the season's cheer for you and your families.

But to *really* fill up your stockings—as well as your guests—with Christmas cheer, we recommend, "Scotch whisky, sir, a veritable Rolls-Royce of spirits." In *Scotch*, our managing editor **Ken Gouldthorpe** offers the reader a pocket history of the potent brew.

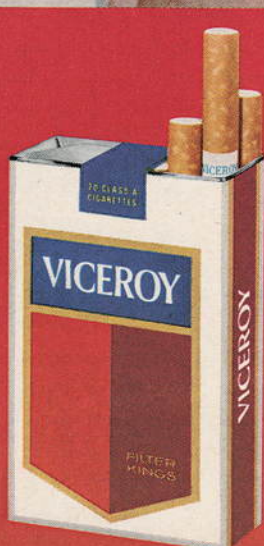
And with a wassailing cup or two of Scotch under your belt, you may really be ready for our visual delights of the month—*Mirror Image* and *The Duel*—both by **Earl Miller**, a longtime *Penthouse* contributor who has just been named to the position of staff photographer. Earl, a deft hand with both the lens and the ladies, has long been associated with some of the most outre pictorials that have ever graced these pages. We're happy to have him with us on a permanent basis. On top of all that, our Pet of the Month, **Susan Waide**, waits within to lend you her own Christmas warmth. So, seasons greetings from Bob Guccione and all the staff of *Penthouse*! Come right in, sit down, and help us share this holiday banquet. ☺

**“Why Viceroy? Because I’d never
smoke a boring cigarette.”**



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine;
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

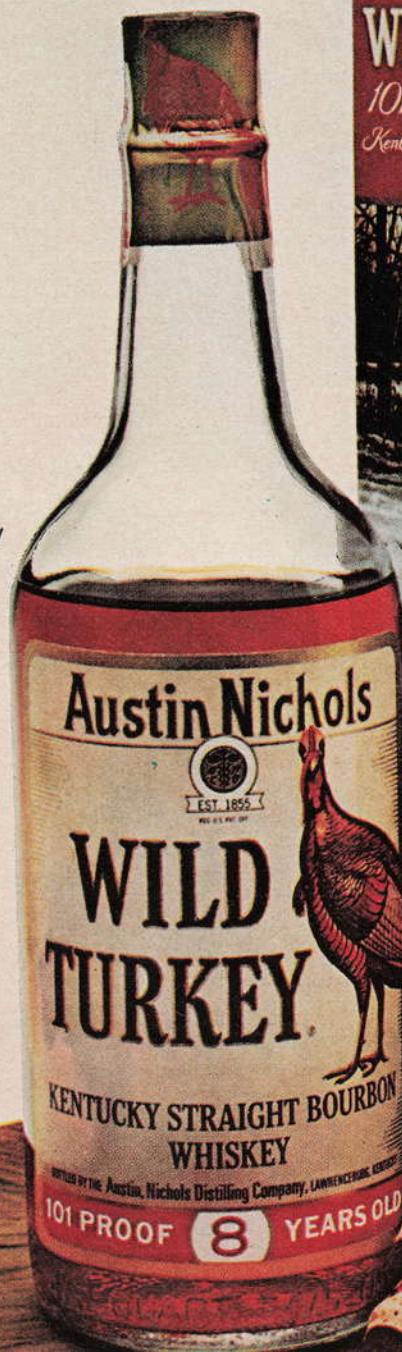
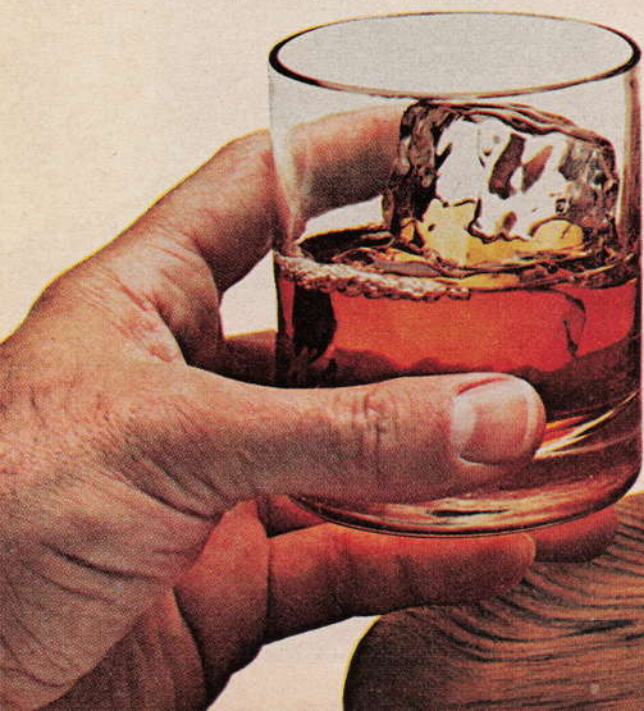


Enjoy Viceroy flavor—now in a bold new pack.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

EVERYBODY WANTS TURKEY FOR THE HOLIDAYS

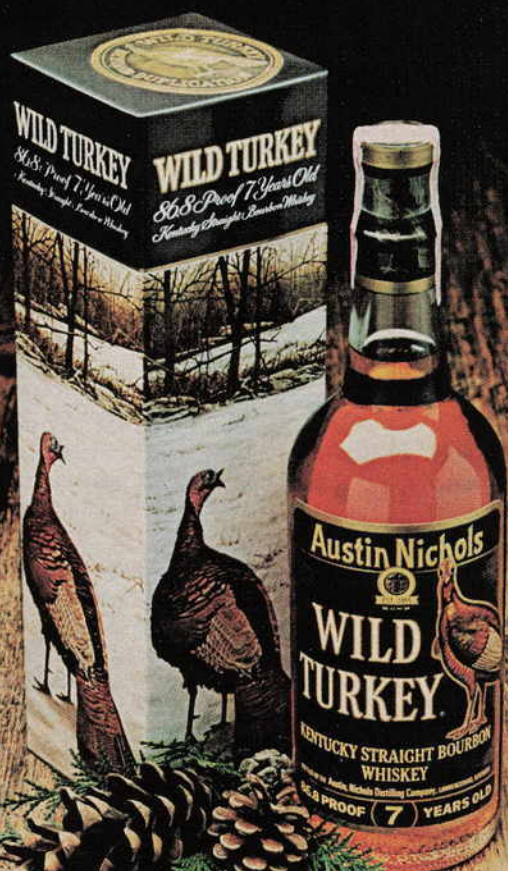
Serve (and give) the very best for the holidays—the great 101-Proof Wild Turkey in a colorful holiday gift carton. The biggest celebration of the year rates the biggest Bourbon name of them all—Wild Turkey 101 (8 years old).





You'll be ready for plenty of holiday visitors with the great Half-Gallon* of Wild Turkey. The bottle is beautifully embossed and handsomely sculptured. 101-Proof and 86.8-Proof in holiday gift carton.

*Available where legal.



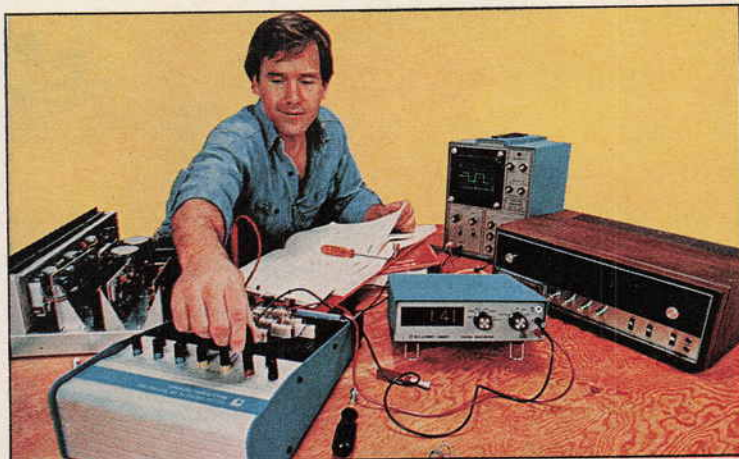
The new breed of Wild Turkey (86.8-Proof and 7 years old) is also proudly dressed for the holidays — with the famous "Wild Turkey in the Snow" scene on the carton.



America's greatest native bird is commemorated in this special Bicentennial, limited edition, ceramic decanter (No. 5 in a series) containing 101-Proof Wild Turkey. Proposed as our national symbol by Benjamin Franklin in 1776, the Wild Turkey has become the symbol of America's greatest native whiskey. Handsomely gift-boxed.

Bell & Howell Schools invites you to **BREAK INTO 4-C**

Pick up new professional skills in this exciting field as you build Bell & Howell's new quadraphonic audio center. It's the very first learn-at-home program of its kind!



You've probably heard a lot about 4-channel sound by now. It's the most talked about and impressive technical advancement in sound in years. Separately recorded channels literally wrap a room in sound for a totally new listening experience.

And the excitement doesn't stop there. Thanks to Bell & Howell Schools' brand new learning program, now you can explore quad sound for yourself—from the inside out—and master the technology behind this important advancement right in your own home!

It's your opportunity to break away from the everyday routine and learn new occupational skills that could lead you in exciting new directions. Mail the attached card, postage free, to get the facts today!

Take hold of opportunity with both hands now!

The world around you is changing every day. Forging ahead. The man who keeps pace is the man who continues to learn and grow. He's in the mainstream of life. Interested in what's going on. And he's much more interesting, too.

Bell & Howell Schools' new 4-channel audio program was designed to help you learn and grow. To put you in the mainstream of audio electronics technology. Where you can delve into fascinating electronics principles. Solve challenging problems and get actual hands-on, build-it-yourself experience.

And where you can acquire a sense of satisfaction and accomplishment you may not currently be getting.

Completely different from the typical kind of school you grew up with.

Learning all about quad sound with Bell & Howell Schools is a lot more interesting and convenient than "school" used to be. First of all, we know you can't afford to quit your job. So we set up a program that lets you work at home in your spare time.

There are no classes to attend. No dry lectures to sit through. Everything comes to you in the mail. Lesson by lesson. Exciting package after package. And you work at a flexible pace in the relaxed atmosphere of your workshop—or wherever your favorite spot may be.

Sure, books are important. But they're only the beginning.

With this fascinating learn-at-home program, you do a lot more than just read about electronics. You'll conduct dozens of experiments... build your own laboratory equipment for testing out electronics principles... and also as part of this program you put together a 4-channel amplifier and FM/FM stereo tuner as you delve into advanced audio technology.



We try to make learning so interesting you look forward to receiving each new lesson. And enthusiastically dive into each new project we send you.

We'll start you off on the right foot.

You may be thinking, "I don't have any training in electronics... I might be getting in over my head."

Well, you can stop worrying about that. You don't need previous experience. You'll begin with the basics and acquire a thorough understanding of the fundamentals before moving on.

And remember, it's not just reading. With your very first lesson you get our LAB STARTER KIT, consisting of a simple voltmeter and electronics "breadboard" you can experiment with right away.

Of course, if you're already into electronics, you might be thinking, "I already know the basics... I want to get into the advanced stuff right away!"

For you there's an advanced standing program that lets you skip the beginning lessons.

Next you build the exclusive Electro-Lab® electronics training system.

Once you've mastered the basics, we'll send you everything you need to put together these three important testing instruments:

The design console. You use it to set up and examine various kinds of circuits. It's completely modular... no soldering!

The digital multimeter. Use it to measure voltage, current and resistance. Displays data accurately in big, clear numbers—just like on a digital clock.

The solid-state "triggered-sweep" oscilloscope. Use it to analyze modern,

HANNEL AUDIO!



state-of-the-art integrated circuits. Triggered-sweep feature locks in signals for easier observation.

These three superb testing instruments are the basis of your own home electronics laboratory. You'll use them throughout the program as you move into more advanced electronics principles and work into audio technology.

Bell & Howell's high performance 4-channel audio center you actually build and experiment with yourself!

You need practical experience with high caliber equipment to develop professional skills and understand the ins and outs of today's audio technology.

So we came up with a system that Bell & Howell is proud to have its name on:

First, there's the sophisticated outstanding 4-channel amplifier with SQ full-logic decoding and front to back separation.

35 watts per channel—Min. RMS into 8 ohms at less than 0.25% total harmonic distortion from 20-20,000 Hz, all channels fully driven.

As you build and experiment with this remarkable piece of equipment, you'll learn about matrix 4-channel and discrete—including CD-4 when processed through an external demodulator.

And with it you'll have the advanced circuitry you need to get into signal tracing low level circuits . . . troubleshooting high power amplifier stages . . . and checking the operation of tone control circuits.

Next, the advanced FM-FM stereo tuner. As you build this superb stereo tuner, you'll come to fully understand how the advanced, "state-of-the-art" features lead to such high performance. You'll learn about all solid-state construction, FET front end for superior sensitivity, crystal IF filters for wide bandwidth and the superior multiplex circuit that produces such excellent, stereo separation.

A wealth of knowledge in digestible chunks.

O.K.! So now you might be thinking, "It sounds really interesting . . . but kind of complicated." And you're right. But that is why we use the "hands on" teaching approach.

We've taken all the material and broken it down into short, simple-to-grasp lessons, so you can master one thing at a time before moving on. And we take you through it step by step. From the basics to advanced theory to

applied audio technology. So you actually have an easier time with it.

Special learning opportunities give you extra help and attention.

In case you do run into a problem or two, we're ready to give you more help and personal attention than you'd expect from most learn-at-home programs.

For example, many home study schools ask you to mail in your questions. Bell & Howell Schools gives you a toll-free number to call for answers you need right away.

Few home study schools offer personal contact with instructors. Bell & Howell Schools organizes "help sessions" in 50 major cities at various times during the year—where you can discuss problems with fellow students and instructors in person.

And when you're done, you'll know a lot more than just 4-channel sound!

You'll have covered the complete spectrum of electronics principles, leading to a full understanding of audio technology.

And while no school can promise you a job or income opportunity, you will have occupational skills necessary to become a full-service technician. With the ability to work on the entire range of audio equipment. Such as tape recorders, cassette players, FM antennas and commercial sound systems. You'll know audio technology from the inside out. And you'll be proud of it.

Plus you will have the basic skills that apply to the entire electronics field, including television technology and repair.

For more details, mail card today!

Here's your chance to break out of the mold. And break into 4-channel audio with Bell & Howell Schools. Why not look into it today. Mail the attached postage-paid card now.

Taken for vocational purposes, this program is approved by the state approval agency for Veterans' Benefits.

Wood cabinets available at extra cost.

"Electro-Lab®" is a registered trademark of the Bell & Howell Company

If card has been removed, write:

An Electronics Home Study School
DeVRY INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY 766 R2



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U.S. PATENT
NO. 3,892,288



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Two of them are now under patent application and on July 1, 1975, U.S. Pat No. 3,892,288 was granted covering the third—the B.I.C. Venturi principle, which acoustically transforms low velocity air motion inside the enclosure into high velocity air motion, creating a cleaner and more efficient modest-sized speaker than previously possible.

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These innovations are unique. They are innovations you can hear.



B.I.C. VENTURI
And they are advantages that aren't nearly as expensive as you'd expect.

For our new Consumer Guide, which gives more details, see your audio dealer or write to ("bee-eye-see") c/o B.I.C. Venturi, Westbury, L.I., N.Y. 11590.

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Smile wide

Penthouse has been number one on my subscription list for over three years now. You will find my check for another three years enclosed. I started with the best in the worst as I fished the first copy of *Penthouse* out of our air force barracks garbage can and have been buying ever since. Your women are very much desirable and also have character which your competition seems hard put to bring across to the reader/looker. The Forum section brings the spice as real life adventures and misadventures entertain and enlighten. There's just one more thing, though, that *Penthouse* could definitely add more of. Smiling faces.

I usually see all the unsmiling faces I want when I happen to go to some of our local dens of iniquity here on my free time. The smiling faces I take my time with are invariably more interesting than the unsmiling ones. Perk up those pretty faces, *Penthouse*, and other things will perk up as well.

More power to you, and thanks for what you're going to give us in the months ahead.—A.V., Athens, Wisc.

International operator

Reluctantly I write this letter, knowing that for every plus to an argument there is also a minus side. After reading some of the stories from banana fuckers, blender freaks, bondage bags, self-proclaimed superstuds, and "foxes," I can only say I hope the world is not made of your type. Personally I don't have a ten-inch crank, and I don't make every woman I ever made love to come constantly. I love women 100%, and I have tasted a few more women than some of the studs who write you. I have shared moments with Filipino, Mexican, American, Jamaican, Panamanian, Korean, Chinese, and French women, and so far I have never seen hang-ups like the bitches who write to your column have. You can bullshit the fans and sometimes you succeed, but don't try to bullshit the players.

P.S. If these letter writers are normal, why do they request that their names be withheld? From the plus side:—Ray Fulton, HC1, Det 2, Atsugi, Japan

Coming out of the closet

After reading each story very carefully, in as many issues as I could get my hands on, I feel I must say I just can't believe there is any true gravity to these perpetually bizarre, science fiction, bathroom fantasies created in the twisted mind of some half-baked misfit from society, who sits on a

rocking chair inside a closet with a bottle of wine, a flashlight, a piece of crumpled paper, and a short pencil, transferring onto paper his tepidly obscene and totally obscure, perverted fantasies geared to the weak and sick minds of totally perverted sex maniacs.

The fact of the matter is that the person or persons responsible for contributing most of those letters will probably be snatched up by the devil when they die for telling such big, unbelievable lies during their lifetime. Meanwhile, however, until the time satan comes to get ya, keep the cards and letters coming in each month because I love it, love it, love it!

P.S. I would also like to say it bugs the hell out of me when someone writes in and does not have the guts to enter his or her name and address. So come on you sissies and cowards, get with it. Let's see a little more openness and nerve in the future. In months to come I want to see fewer letters stating Name and Address withheld. It shows that you have no backbone whatsoever. Have to go now. Someone needs the closet.—Name and address withheld

Hearsay in Searcy

Some of your readers are pretty far out. But I have this friend who lives in Searcy, Arkansas who married a cow—he could fuck it, suck it, ride it, and plow.—Billy Pat Latimer, Amarillo, Texas

And we know what he did with the horns.—Editor

Bar belles

A few years ago, I was enrolled in college in Athens, Ohio. After reading your Forum, I feel the need to share this particularly wonderful experience that happened while I was there.

I and two other friends had taken over a failing bar business and were doing our best to turn it around and make it a successful venture. The best way to get male patronage is to get female patrons, and as we were all young, virile, and attractive, we had plenty of connections. So we just filled the bar with girls that we had been to bed with at one point or another. The guys came in droves, and we had a very successful year. We soon hired managers to do the work, and only one of us had to be on duty at a time. The many extra hours could be spent in man's favorite recreation. There were many new female faces, and they all had to be "initiated," and the word soon got around. We were booked solid—sometimes for as many as four and

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Wittnauer has been making traditional round watches for 76 years. Beautiful ones.

But then it hit us. Who says a watch has to be round? Convention. Nothing more.

And so came the idea for the Linear Time. The first radical change in the way we tell time. You read it from top to bottom, not around in circles.

The dark hand ticks off the minutes in the outer perimeter. The light hand points the hour in the inner perimeter. When each hand reaches the bottom it snaps back to the top. It's as simple as that.

The Linear Time even winds itself. And a magnifying lens in the crystal amplifies the date for easy reading.

The unconventional Linear Time by Wittnauer, \$150.

Now you can tell time like it's never been told before.

For a free color brochure and the name of your nearest jeweler, write the Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company, Department O, New Rochelle, New York 10810.

**Wittnauer makes
the watches people watch**

**wittnauer
linear time**

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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DECEMBER

five times a day.

We set it up as a contest, the most number of different ladies in a month, and "score" was kept on (of course) the bar-room wall. The only problem was that we ran out of space and time, for we soon were to graduate, go our separate ways, and sell the bar. We planned a special party, inviting all our friends, but somehow, the plans were altered at the last minute.

On the night of the party, only the women showed up, and we closed the doors and started drinking. Soon there were over fifty naked women in the bar, and the three of us were busier than any of us had ever dreamed. We utilized the bar, tables, the pinball machine (while another nude woman tried to play it) and all the time had other women "helping" us by performing erotic dances, oral intercourse, playing with each other while waiting their turn, rubbing our balls, and so on. This continued until noon the next day, over twelve hours of the finest orgy that I have ever heard of, and they then packed up, helped us clean up the bar, and went back to their own places. We sold the bar the next day, and I have never been back. I don't know what it is called today, but for me it will always be the "Pleasure Keg." I have always wanted to thank all those women, wherever they are, but I guess they would know. I send my love to you all.—J.R.S., address withheld

You should never have sold the place. But let us know where you do your drinking these days.—Editor

Elevator ecstasy

As many college students realize, studying for exams can create great amounts of pressure and frustration. One night during finals week as I headed toward the library, I ran into Ellen, a beautiful five-foot four-inch brown-eyed coed friend of mine who asked if she could come along to study also. Having no objection, I said I would enjoy her company. (Little did I know how much I would enjoy it.)

After three straight hours of hard, constant studying, I began to feel tight and uneasy. Ellen could sense my tension and suggested that we take a study break. I really couldn't afford the time, but I said that I would go along anyway.

We left the library and entered another building where I wanted to see if one of my other course grades had been posted. The grades were on the third floor of the building so we took the elevator. As we began riding up though, Ellen suddenly reached over and turned the elevator off. Before I could ask her what she was doing, she was all over me, kissing my lips and running her hands over my muscles. I naturally responded and soon had a very stiff erection. I knew this chick could feel the bulge in my pants, and with a big smile, she unfastened my buckle and pulled my pants down to the floor. She knelt down and gently kissed every inch of my penis.

Then using long, slow strokes she carefully and methodically swallowed the whole thing! I have never seen a chick do this, and I became terribly excited just watching her. I exploded violently in her warm mouth, having by far the best orgasm of my life. The next day we went to the library together again, and this time we repeated the delightful ritual in a different elevator.

Since then Ellen and I have taken study breaks in three elevators, a Physics lecture hall, the library bookstacks, and on two roofs. All I can say is that next time you are waiting for an elevator wondering why it hasn't arrived, remember this letter.—S.E., Menlo Park, Calif.

All we can think of is getting stuck between floors.—Editor

Furtive flasher

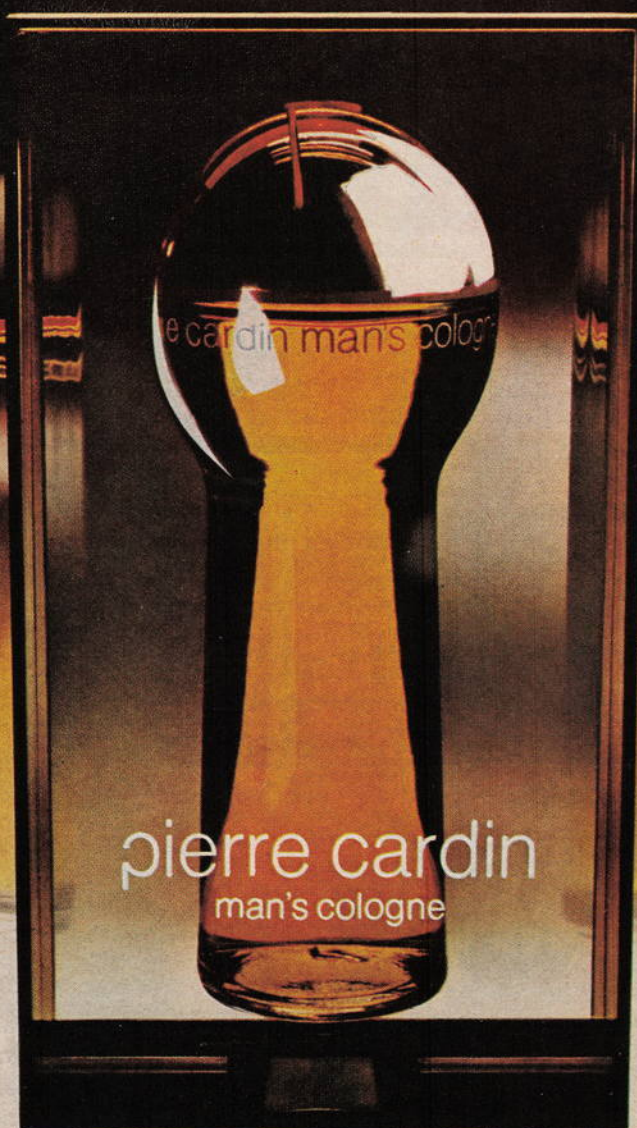
Being an avid reader of *Penthouse*, I especially look forward to the Forum section for its interesting, educational, and of course entertaining value.

I have not seen many letters that I can readily identify with—not being either a monopede or an enema man—but we all have our own special bags. My pleasure comes in viewing and being viewed.

My voyeuristic tendencies began when I was in Junior High school. Both of my parents worked in the evening which left me alone with an older sister. This of course was convenient for a peeping tommy. I managed to quietly crack open the door frames to her bedroom, and many times I gained some insight into the female anatomy. The best shows of course were when she played with herself a little bit, sometimes rubbing her tits or satisfying an itch between her legs.

Until I went to college, that was the extent of my voyeuristic activities. I went to a small church-centered college in Ohio where it was hard to find a willing chick for a willing guy—especially a quiet, willing guy. So I remained a virgin for awhile. Anyway, one night when I was walking home from the music building, I noticed a light coming from what looked to be a bedroom. After a quick look around for others, I took a closer look, and seeing that it was a bedroom and a female's (by the furniture), I waited in the darkness. After a short wait, a girl whom I recognized from school came in after apparently taking a bath and pulled the shades. Luckily for me some shades conceal very little to the close looker, and I could see the whole room from a small opening. Well, to make a long story short, the first escapade was the best. I stood and watched for an hour while she made love to herself while reading a paperback book. Many times after I watched her, but it never was as good as that once. She finally graduated and left. While at college I viewed perhaps twenty girls, the best part being that I knew half of them; and with some, I know, there were guys who would have paid me twenty

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN AUGUST 1975

VW's new Rabbit is significant because it is a complete departure for Volkswagen, and also because it is the specific type of car that Detroit will be building in the 1980's.

The statistics speak for themselves: accommodation for four, a seventy-horsepower engine, fuel consumption of thirty-eight mpg and a weight of under two thousand pounds.

What they came up with was

"a car that doesn't have an ounce of fat, one which provides excellent operating economy, as well as performance and value."

VW's note: The 1976 EPA estimates for the standard shift model are 39 mpg on the highway, 25 mpg in the city. Your actual mileage may vary, depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.

Volkswagen is evidently confident in its new model, because it is covered by the VW Owner's Security Blanket, which is as good as you can get.

Personally, I think that VW's Rabbit is one very good idea ahead of its time.

APRIL 1975 Popular Mechanics

The most important new import for 1975 is the VW Rabbit.

The 1800-pound Rabbit is a mechanical masterpiece. It gets up to 60 mph in about 12 seconds—giving it the edge on some V8 sub-compacts. Its hatchback design provides 24.7 cubic feet of luggage capacity with the rear seat folded.

VW got the greatest possible amount of usable interior space into the smallest possible outer shell—and an exterior with some style.

JUNE 1975 Popular Science

A totally new kind of small car, Volkswagen's Rabbit, may make things difficult for U.S. small-car makers in the coming months.

Its speed through the maneuvering courses matched or exceeded the best times of the other

test cars, and the feeling of control is ever present, even at high speed and in extreme turning tests.

Economy means light weight, small engines. VW has it now. The others have a way to go.



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MAY 1975

The winner, and not by a hare (sorry, couldn't resist). This car

does it all: it's small, light, roomy and fast, with nimble and responsive steering, ride and handling. A modern and sophisticated car with a handsome Guigiaro-designed hatchback body, the Rabbit offers one of the most space-saving mechanical layouts we've seen

yet: front-wheel drive, transverse engine and a unique, independent rear suspension featuring an integral anti-roll bar and using so little space it's remarkable.

Seats are firm in the German manner and you sit high, viewing the world through an expansive greenhouse.

The Rabbit has a solid feel and an ultramodern look to it. Best of all it is almost sinfully enjoyable to drive.

ROAD TEST

JULY 1975

The Volkswagen Rabbit should be recognized as a true worldcar; it would be as at home commuting in Los Angeles, on a ski trip in the Alps, or chasing kangaroos across Australia. It is the finest example to date of a totally integrated passenger car, useful anywhere in the world and is qualified as no other imported car of 1975 for the Road Test Engineering Award.

CAR and DRIVER

APRIL 1975

Whole populations of drivers will live for years with this car, strongly impressed by its generally nimble disposition and its sensitive feel of the road through the steering wheel and

brake pedal. It slips through city traffic like a bicycle and thrives on the parking-space remnants most cars pass by. You can stuff enough groceries for a football team through the

rear hatch while the back seat folds and pivots forward out of the way. The only thing you'll need a trailer for is objects too heavy to boost across the high lift-over.





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bucks if I would have shown them how to see the girls. But I was always very careful so no one knew my habit.

Now that I have graduated and am living at home, it is rough getting out at night to find some spots so I have since developed another strange habit—exhibitionism. Around the city that I live in is a park where many bicycling people go. I love to go through on my ten-speed until I come across a girl or girls by themselves. I peddle ahead of them quite a distance and hide my bike in the woods. Then I run still farther up so I am not near my getaway vehicle and wait for the girls. As they near I strip completely, leaving my shoes on of course, and I situate myself somewhere where they can see me. I have had some experiences this way, too. The best one was when I saw three girls resting near a river bank. I hid the bike and crossed over (actually a wide creek) and backtracked 'till I was across from them, and then I did my thing. I ended up masturbating to the climactic end while they all watched fascinated.

Sure I realize that my habits are illegal (of course so is oral sex here), and if I were ever caught, I really don't know what.—*R.C., Cleveland, Ohio*

It depends on who catches you.—Editor

Splat on a hot tin roof

I have always been hesitant to talk about
18 PENTHOUSE

this, but after reading the Forum for the past year, I would like to share the experiences of my late night sexual activities.

I have always enjoyed the clear night air and had frequently just sat—all alone—on the roof of my house just staring at the stars. I had ventured up there many nights secretly; then one warm spring night, I noticed the upstairs bedroom light snap on next door, and Nancy, my neighbor's high school daughter, came into the room with just a towel wrapped around her ripe body. When she let it slip from her firm, rounded breasts, immediately I became so excited that I thought I would rip the front of my jeans out. I had not really noticed her before, but the sight of her naked body stimulated me so much, I lost control, and jerking open my pants, took hold of my pulsating cock in both hands and went wild until spurts from my full load showered the roof.

Since that first time, I had been back on the roof many nights but had not been able to catch a glimpse of her succulent young body. So I have had to venture to other rooftops in the area. I wear my tennis shoes so as not to make any noise and pick homes with low roofs or good sturdy antennas. So far I have masturbated on fourteen different roofs in the neighborhood while peeping into bathroom and bedroom windows. Many neighbors think there is a pigeon problem in the neighborhood, but I know better.

Last week on a moonlit night, I returned late to my own roof and discovered Nancy's light on. Her beautiful long legs were widely spread while she lay completely exposed on her bed, and she was in the midst of thrusting an enormous orange, banana-shaped object into her hot little pussy. Suddenly she turned over, gasped, and rushed to the window. I was also in the middle of shooting my load with my jeans around my ankles when she spotted me in the full moonlight. I clumsily ducked behind the small chimney, and when I peered out, she was smiling for a moment before she pulled the drapes. Since then, I have seen her in her yard, and she has just shaken her head and laughed.—*G.S., Springfield, Ohio*

Double the pleasure

Recently, I heard about a guy who teaches what he claims are interesting masturbation techniques (for a fee).

There were three guys in the session I attended, and as it turned out, all of us knew and used the techniques, or practically all of them. We decided that the "teacher" was simply an exhibitionist who liked to jerk off for an audience.

However, he taught one that I had never tried and has been worth the ten dollars I paid for the lesson. I have no qualms about telling your other readers about it.

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two to produce a loose sort of sling. Put the sling under your balls and bring the loose ends up to the stomach.

Now, while jerking off with one hand, pull on the handkerchief with the other. Do it in unison (I tried alternating the jerks, but that isn't anywhere near as good).

I find that it more than doubles the sensation. It is particularly good when the balls are hanging very loose. If they're tight, as mine sometimes are, I find I can loosen them by applying hot towels. Hope your other readers enjoy this as much as I do (at least once a day).—F.B., Newark, N.J.

Baubles, bangles and . . .

Watching the girl jerk me off at the massage parlor the other day, I realized that much of the eroticism stemmed from her scarlet, tapering fingernails. My concentrating on her nails actually short-changed me because I came about twice as fast as I normally do (my fun worked out to about fifteen dollars a minute). However, it did give me an idea as I lay in bed this morning with my usual hard on, wondering what variation I could try to make my "self-abuse" (I love that phrase) a little more interesting.

I didn't want to use my wife's nail polish, mainly because of the time it takes to dry and the danger that I might smear some on the sheets. So I improvised with some bright red paper I found on the cover of a slick magazine.

I cut out pieces for each of the fingers of my left hand (the one I usually use) and attached them with rubber cement.

I won't guarantee that it will do much for other readers, but I found it really exciting. Adding a couple of bracelets and rings would probably make it more interesting, but these weren't available. I'll try that the next time.—S.H., N.Y., N.Y.

True to type

In my work around the office, I have to do quite a bit of typing of things that the girls in the front office won't do. I never took any typing lessons and don't exactly set the keys on fire, but I get the job done. After reading your magazine, I thought I'd share an experience with you and your readers.

One Friday afternoon not long ago, I was typing a few letters behind closed doors trying to get things wrapped up for the weekend. Things just weren't going my way though. The temperature was soaring, and I couldn't get my mind off what my chick and I had planned for the weekend. To make matters worse (or better as the case may be), I had a *Penthouse* calendar spread on my desk, and I couldn't take my eyes off Miss June's juicy muff or Miss July's globes of Venice. I almost had to unzip my fly to relieve the pressure on my now ten-inch rod.

I had to get relief in one way or another and came up with an ingenious idea that I have yet to beat. I draped my aching stinger into the well of my typewriter and

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For years expensive manual record-playing devices have used belt-drive as a smooth, trouble-free—and most important—silent method for transmission of power. Now, our engineers have integrated a highly-refined belt-drive system into more affordably-priced turntables, with features and performance not available in even more expensive competitive models. We call them Silent Performers.

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delightfully started to peck on the keys. The sensation that relief was on the way made me type all the faster. Soon, my pecked pecker was covered with messages of relief in black ink.

To my utter surprise, my office door suddenly opened and in came the new secretary who was apparently unaware of office rules for closed doors. The shock on her face undoubtedly matched my own. But her look of disdain instantly turned to one of admiration as her eyes fell on my ready-to-explode inky-dinky. She was obviously a good secretary and knew exactly how to handle the situation. A good typist she was, but this was no time for typing. Standing in front of me, she let her dress fall to the floor. To my astonishment, there were no panties or bra, exposing the biggest erect nipples and juiciest bush I have ever seen.

Before I knew it, her eager mouth completely engulfed my ink-stained, throbbing joy stick. Her tongue and mouth were well-practiced. My load exploded like a pressurized fire hose in her mouth, spewing joy juice all over her lips. This was my greatest blow job to date. To my surprise, her lips were ringed with black typewriter ink. We tried to remove these stains but nothing worked. Needless to say, her embarrassment in front of the other secretaries was enormous. That Monday, she told me that if there was "typing" to be done she would handle it with her own skills. Our Friday afternoon fling has now turned into an everyday affair with experiments beyond my typewriter.—J.G., Louisville, Ky.

You obviously haven't tried the Ribbon Position.—Editor

Yankee ingenuity

Recently my girl friend and I found a new and exciting way to use a water pic. While getting ready for school last week, I was cleaning my teeth with my water pic, and my girl friend abruptly entered the bathroom. The speed with which she entered caused me to direct the spray downwards towards the floor. As it happened that she was close to me, the spray brushed my girl's bush. She instantly became excited so I continued to experiment further. First, I refilled the water pic, and then I carefully inserted the nozzle into her pulsating cunt. I turned on the pic and slowly began to rotate the nozzle and gently ran the nozzle over her clitoris. She immediately had an orgasm. By this time I realized that we had invented a new way to enjoy sex. However, at this point we were both late for class and decided to postpone further experimentation until that evening.

All day long my mind kept returning to the events of that morning. I could hardly wait to get home. Not only to try it again, but to experiment further with our new-found mechanical turn on.

Upon returning home I found that my girl friend had the water pic already set up.

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MONDAY

It's been a heavy weekend. Today is a day of rest . . . you're going to the office. You splash on Jovan Musk Oil Aftershave/Cologne . . . all over. Its provocative scent leaves you feeling like a new animal.



TUESDAY

Trouble. The girl of your dreams and your lady are both in town. For inspiration, you choose Jovan Ginseng Aftershave/Cologne. The lusty, stirring scent inspired by the wonder root ginseng. Said to prolong life . . . and love.



WEDNESDAY

Wednesday, already. The worst part of the week is over. You're feeling bolder now. You reach for an elegant, sensual blend of rare woods, spices and natural oils—Monsieur Jövan Spray Cologne, of course. She wonders where you've been all her life.



THURSDAY

The weekend has unofficially started. You head for the park at lunchtime—with Jovan Grass Oil Aftershave/Cologne. An earthy scent that weeds out the men from the boys. You have a field day.



FRIDAY

Tonight you have a date with an angel . . . hopefully a fallen one. This calls for Jovan Sex Appeal™—the provocative, stimulating Aftershave/Cologne created by man for the sole purpose of attracting woman. At will. No man can ever have too much.



SATURDAY

You're off to the races . . . with a beautiful filly. You get a head start with Jovan Musk Oil Spray Cologne—the provocative, manly scent that instinctively calms, yet arouses your basic animal desires. And hers. You both win.



SUNDAY

It's only 9:00 a.m., but three girls have already called to say they never want to see you again. You figure it was a great party. For brunch with the one who didn't call, distinctive Monsieur Jövan Aftershave/Cologne. It lets you grow bold gracefully. Hopefully, well into Monday.



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She told me to strip, and as I lay on the floor, she directed the spray against the base of my pecker. She then slowly moved it upwards towards the head of my prick and moved it all around so that I came, unleashing a tremendous load. This so excited my girl friend that she began to finger fuck herself. She then inserted the water pic up her moist, pulsating pussy, and she experienced a fantastic orgasm.

We decided to fill the water pic with wine and try it again. I sprayed her cunt with the wine, and at the sight of the wine oozing out of her luscious pussy, I could not resist the urge to go down on her. The mixture of her vaginal juices combined with the light fragrance and taste of the wine was a delightful concoction beyond compare.

Since our first encounter with the water pic, it has become an important part of our sex lives. We have since tried a number of variations with warm milk, tomato juice, and other mixtures.—B.D.M., N.Y., N.Y.

No cavities either, huh?—Editor

Coming clean

I'd like to throw a little cold water on the pervasive myth that dousing oneself with a cold shower puts the brakes on a runaway sexual drive. As the experience I had shows, giving your body the cold treatment could very well bring on the hottest fuck you ever had in your life.

Last spring my wife, myself, and a female friend camped for two weeks on a deserted stretch of beach on a resort island. Meg was a long-term friend and of a recent sexual interest to me. Her long legs and beautiful mouth were the subjects of my dreams lately, and I began wondering about the possibility of having her.

The weather had been typical for coastal Maryland in May: air, cool-warm; water, frigid. We spent most of our time sunbathing and didn't even think about going in for a swim. Then, a heat wave hit, with temperatures in the eighties and nineties (even in the shade), and the cooling evening breeze was weak. After four days of this (and a lot of desultory conversation in the tent), I suggested one blistering afternoon that we all wade in the surf and get some relief. We knew it would be freezing

cold so we made an agreement to strip, wade out to waist depth, and stay there until we'd counted to 100. My wife and I stripped naked, and Meg zipped off the bottom of her bikini. As she did I caught my first glimpse ever of the silky, golden hair that covered her pussy and the taut rounded ass that had been giving me morning erections for weeks. I grabbed their hands, and we ran out into the sea.

After the first ten seconds, we were totally numb and gasping for each breath. I reached down with my hand into the frigid water and discovered my cock totally unfeeling and shrunken beyond belief. By the time we'd reached 100, the girls were shouting out the numbers in ecstasy, and the nipples stood out hard and full on their

began to squirm under my hand. She moaned, turned over, and began stroking my cock.

As she replaced her hand on my prick with her mouth, I saw Meg lying back on the sleeping bags, watching us intently. Her mouth was open and wet; while one hand caressed a nipple under the black bikini top, the other was jerking rapidly between her spread-eagled thighs. When Meg brushed her cunt-moistened fingers over my lips, I reached over and grabbed the hottest and fullest cunt I'd ever felt. My wife was still sucking my cock feverishly and fingering her cunt, but I could see she'd noticed what was going on. Without slipping from her lips, I repositioned my head between Meg's thighs and began

tonguing her moist cunt. Her hips began to rotate against my mouth, and her fingers twisted with my tongue in the glistening, silky hair.

Suddenly my cock was standing in free air, and then I felt a new warmth envelop my prick as my wife plunged her pussy onto it. The next moment I was amazed and delighted to find her tongue and lips join mine in pressing and sucking Meg's cunt. Not only had a fantasy of mine come to life, but here was my wife eating her friend's pussy like she'd been doing it for years (she hadn't) and giving me a terrific fucking at the same time. At this point I assume we agreed tacitly to let out all the stops, and we fucked each other freely. Within the next three days, we made love in every imaginable way,

stopping to renew our state of excitement by repeating the frigid plunge and going to the tent to rub the heat back into each other's organs.

After such a delightful experience, we realized just how great a turn-on cold water could be. My wife and I often stand under a freezing shower for as long as half an hour, then towel off our shivering bodies, climb under a huge pile of blankets (in summer, too), and fuck and suck each other on to tremendous orgasms. If your readers would try this, I'm certain they'd find new meaning in the phrase "hot and cold flashes" and might even end up begging their mates for the cold shoulder.—

Name and address withheld



SOUTHERN HOST

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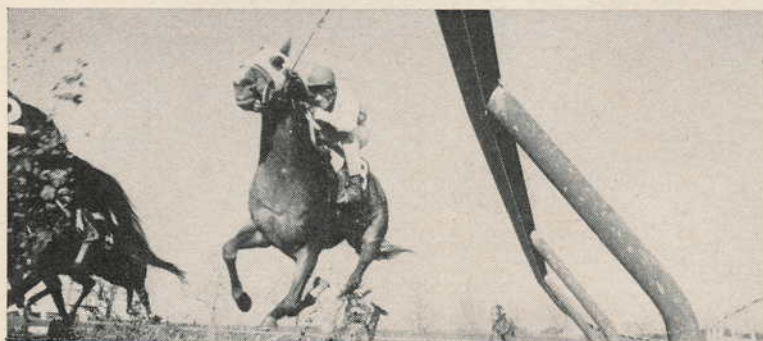
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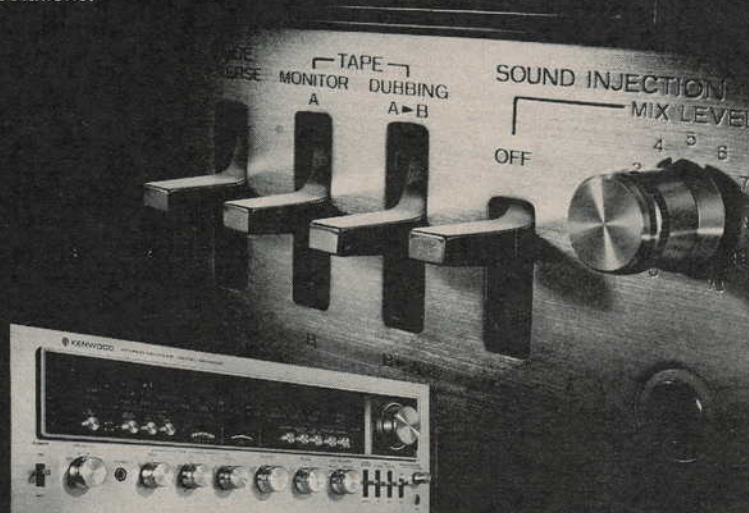
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Female forum...

An instructor at Rutgers University, I was amused by the letter from the Rutgers youth who smugly wrote in the July issue of having sex with the "women's libber," perhaps causing her some slight embarrassment. The moral of the letter to other women seems clear to me: *never fuck a jock who knows how to write.*—J.C., New Brunswick, N.J.

Contrary convert...

As a strong feminist and Gay Liberationist, I believe in the saying, "Know thy enemy," and with this in mind, I peruse many of the so-called "men's magazines" like yours to gather artillery. However, lately in your issues and to my great dismay, I've found myself enjoying Xaviera's column and, especially, the layouts of two women together. Now, you don't know how horrendous this exciting feeling—discovered upon looking at your well done (artistic even) spread of two women—can be to a staunch liberationist. And I've lately found myself *defending* your magazine against friends of mine who take what others say and who refuse to delve into subject matter such as yours so they can't compare good, nicely presented pictures to those of poorer quality that deserve the title of pornography. Please continue to feature the women loving women. No where are there such beautifully done pictures. Hoping to see more. . . —Ms. V.B., Lakewood, Calif.

Working your passage...

I am a divorcée of five years now and am confided in frequently by friends on both sides of the fence because, I'm told, I'm motherly and easy to chat with (but unlike mother, have probably experienced the very same hang-up somewhere along and tried to find the solution). I am speaking of people from ten years my junior (I'm approaching my late twenties) to fifteen years older than me; male and female; highly educated professional people and high school graduate housewives—but no matter, sooner or later the number one *Unsolved Sex Act Problem* always comes up. Believe it or not, *anal sex* is really a problem with mass multitudes of couples I know today. The major reason given: the man *jabs* a very hard prick right on in, and the woman experiences extremely excruciating pain.

After being hurt so badly the first time (and believe me, you men of the world out there—get hot and excited and, when your muscles are contracted, let someone plunge even a reasonably small dildo in your posterior and tell me if it doesn't stop you cold), many women tense up the anal opening every time thereafter to such an extent that it can't possibly be comfortable. And in talking to the men, they are anxious because an ass is so very warm and so very tight. But most either throw up their hands in despair or force themselves on their women who cry and scream and finally have to quit because she "just



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couldn't take it."

The biggest complaint is always with the woman not being able to relax her rectum enough to start with. So if you're just now beginning to try to overcome an anal sex problem, slowly roll your lady over on her stomach—keeping her every emotion alive and hopping by rubbing her back, massaging her shoulders, running your hands up her legs and over her buttocks. The idea is to make her feel warm and loved and completely comfortable. Easily stretch yourself out upon her while doing this so that every movement is the ending of the previous and the beginning of another. Let your cock fall on the crack of her ass, but make a special point of relaxing *yourself* now.

Now let the head of your cock locate the opening just by moving up and down on the outside comfortably. (Some guys will need one hand free for this.) Slip it down and moisten it in the cunt you filled the first time and then back to the ass. Push a little—a *very little*. The most important thought should remain *not to rush!*

But as you concentrate, you will feel her ass opening up to you little by little as it is ready. If you can perceive the muscles relaxing as you go down and if you learn to judge your particular partner, it can be extremely pleasurable for both.

Now you're coming back up each time, a little progress is made, and going down on it a few times before pursuing the next few inches. Keeping up the rhythmic movement keeps your sexual senses enlightened while you cater to her in this one case. When you are able to stroke down and get all of your dick snuggled into her, you can strengthen the thrust. But don't bang her hard right away. You'll know when, for it's likely she'll raise her little ass up to get you each time. Before it's over, many women enjoy pushing up on their knees and getting it full force doggy-style.

Now if you've never had much anal sex, here are some general notes: take your time, and don't expect every satisfaction the first time. You'll develop your own unique techniques suited to your needs and her comfort.

Some people may wish to use Vaseline or other lubricant, although after it becomes a natural part of sex play, many couples find they no longer need it.

If you can't resist and ejaculate in her ass, be understanding about the slight discomforts she'll experience—the "runs," expelling of "gas" (actually air you pumped in), and sometimes an uncontrollable drip the following day.

I realize this has been long, Forum, but it's a hell of a lot shorter than the average ten years of sexual experiences it took my "advisory counsel" to finally learn what a stimulating joy sharing every part of each other's body can be.

Please withhold my name and address—it's too small of a town. But "Louisiana" can stay, we need a plug.—W.S., La.

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Working your garden...

I have always been an avid plant grower so when I saw the Penis Plant advertised in your magazine (September, p. 150), I decided to buy it for a conversation piece for my apartment. That was just the beginning of something I must tell you. The advertisement states that this plant can grow a full ten inches, but mine only reached a plump seven at first. Then one night my friend came over, and through the course of the evening, we became rather intoxicated and wondered if this plant could be put to the *real* test. At first we didn't think the plant would be strong enough to handle a hot pussy. But one of us decided to make a stab at it anyway. Just to insure no damage to the plant, I lubricated my vagina extra well and carefully inserted the plant into me. Because of the anticipation, I almost climaxed on the spot. With my hips I very slowly made inward and outward movements along with my plant. In about thirty seconds, I had a climax that was pure ecstasy. When I finished, my friend did the same thing and with the same results. There wasn't any damage to my plant other than the fact that it was a little soggy. In fact in the past few weeks, this jewel of a plant has shot up another inch—due no doubt to my extra loving attention. Ever since then I've been taking very good care of my plant just in case I have another attack of "hot pussy" that must be satiated immediately—*The Green Thumb, Annapolis, Md.*

Obviously, loving makes the plant grow longer. And it beats talking to 'em.—Editor

Surprise packages...

I'm twenty-three years old, single, and very attractive. I'm five-feet six-inches, one-hundred-fifteen pounds, and I have a forty inch bust. Well, the reason I'm writing is to tell you of the greatest experience I have ever had.

One day while I was shopping downtown, a man about five-feet ten-inches and feminine—but very attractive—knocked into me while I was carrying many packages. He helped me pick them up and started talking to me. Well, one thing led to another, and soon we were both in my apartment.

He undressed me, but he left his underwear on. Then he started to feel me up and kiss me. He then moved his mouth down to my big boobs. He sucked and kissed them ever so gently I almost orgasmed right then. But then he went lower to my wet and awaiting cunt. He ate me so great I orgasmed extremely fast. But then I felt I owed him something and took off his underwear. To my surprise I saw a cunt and some pretty small boobs.

I was very mad until she asked me how I enjoyed it. After this we made love together for another two hours. I've seen her a couple more times. But now I find myself a very happy bisexual.—*Name and address withheld*

Pictorial pleasure

I'm a twenty-three-year-old attractive female and have enjoyed your magazine for some time now. Especially the *Penthouse* Forum and the pictorials. I have "normal" heterosexual relations with male friends and enjoy them immensely. However, your female pictorials have always excited me—especially the photos where they appear to be masturbating. In fact they usually excite me so much that I end up masturbating myself. I love the feel of my warm, wet, and pliable cunt.

The other evening I was admiring your photos in a recent issue. I had on a halter top and a light, floor length skirt and was getting pretty excited—also with a little help from a scotch and soda.

A close female friend of mine, who has always attracted me, dropped by unexpectedly so I had to interrupt my fantasy. But my excitement remained. We had a couple of drinks and were enjoying each other's company. Then she went into the bedroom for a minute and came out carrying the *Penthouse*. She said something about liking the magazine, too, and then started to look it over. I could tell she enjoyed the photos. After a while she got up, put on a mellow album, and came over and led me to the middle of the room—then began dancing very slowly with me. I was confused but excited—my whole body trembled, and I let myself go. The feeling between us was unbelievable—my entire body was alive. My pussy became wet with desire, and she slowly began kissing my neck and ears, breathing heavily but seductively in my ears. Before I knew it, she had slipped off my skirt, and I was humping my pussy against her leg—moaning with want. She began kissing me more passionately and finally released my halter top to kiss and suck my rock-hard nipples. I was going insane with desire. Her fingers teased my wet, flowing pussy. I wanted to suck them in, but she just kept teasing—entering, withdrawing, making me hotter and hotter. I begged her to suck me while my hands found the zipper to her jeans and before long my fingers were playing with her beautiful wet cunt. She was panting, and our bodies were flowing together. She slapped my ass exciting me all the more. She whispered in my ear, telling me how she was going to eat me—all the while licking my ear passionately. I was willing to do anything for her. I lay down on the floor, spreading my legs, rubbing my pussy, begging for her tongue. She slowly kissed up my leg, driving me mad. I reached down and pulled her lips to my quivering pussy and ground my hips into her mouth. She turned around, and there was her dripping cunt right above me. I reached with my tongue and found it—wanting, hot with passion, digging my tongue deeper, licking, sucking. I had never realized how enjoyable it was to eat pussy. Men enjoying it for years, and us women missing out. We both had orgasms like never before. We played with each

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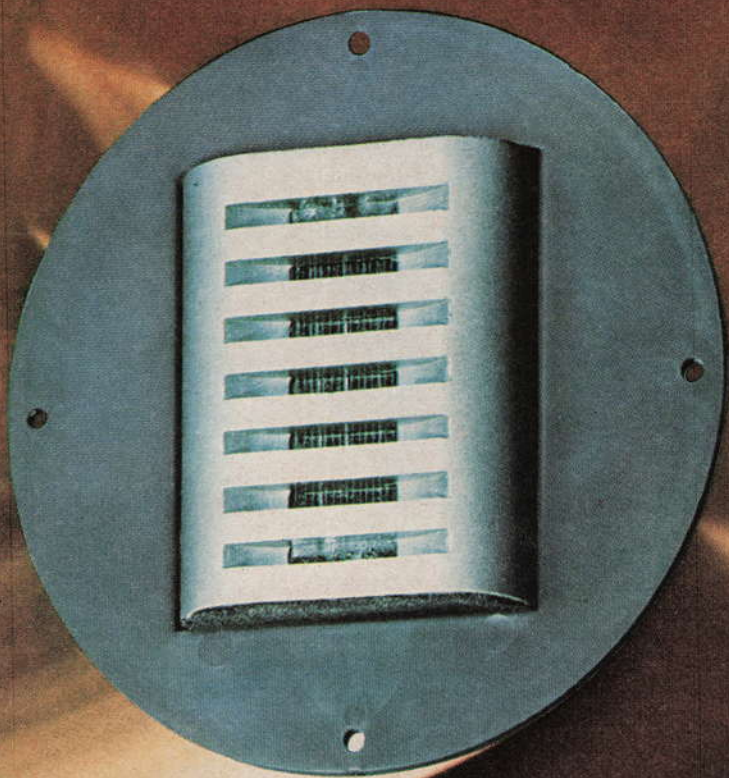
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other all night long, finally falling asleep in each others arms.

We make love quite often now, but still maintain men friends. Every time I'm with her, my whole body tingles with excitement and expectation.

I want to thank *Penthouse's* progressive sexual thought and pictorials for making all my relationships and orgasms more fulfilling. Plus, I guess, I should thank myself for doing the same. Thank you.—*Name and address withheld*

Small and smooth

With all the talk about cock size, your male and female readers may well be enlightened by my one super affair. I'm a foxy twenty-four-year-old blonde, 5' 6" tall, and physically very well proportioned. While at one of those clubs in Marina Del Rey, I noticed this one rather short, very, very young looking, well dressed Oriental guy who was getting rejected at least five out of six times whenever he asked a chick to dance. He wasn't ugly, and as a matter of fact, quite cute. After a while I guess he gave up and just stood by the bar, which was when I made my move. I went over to get a drink and started small talk with him. I found out that he was Filipino, very intelligent, and not so young after all—twenty-nine-years-old. To make it short, we got to his apartment where I uncovered his magnificent, slim, super-smooth bronze body. He had no hair on his chest and hardly any

on his legs. His cock was only six inches long and four inches in circumference—but rock hard. He fucked with so much tenderness and gentleness that I could not help but come and come again like I never did before. Though I'm not into anal intercourse, with him doing it, it was sheer ecstasy beyond my wildest beliefs. I've had much, much bigger cocks in my cunt before, but this one guy will put most of those overweight cocks to shame with his mastery and style. Bigger the better for some, but this small, skilled one is a beautiful giant to me.—*J.M., Los Angeles, Calif.*

Big and bad

There is another side to the "bigger is better" cock controversy.

I'm a lady who stands five-foot, two-inches, and I have a nice wide pelvis. But I'm *only* five-two!

I've never been much of a "size queen." I just take it as it comes. But then one day, I turned on my friend, David, and he eventually suggested we go inside to the bedroom and rub our bodies together. David's a big, lanky sort with feet that look like they're wearing clown shoes. True to my rule of thumb, he had a cock that was a horse choker. I mean, it took two hands to hold it all.

And sweet and gentle though he was, five-two *is* five-two, and there just ain't *no* place you're gonna accommodate a foot or more of cock in a small lady. You can't

thrust because it thumps bottom rather painfully (a vagina will stretch only so much!). Thrust, hell! You can't even *insert* it all. Poor David.

Well, he got off OK, but ever since then, I've considered huge cocks more of a liability than an asset—unless maybe you're auditioning for a part in a film starring Linda Lovelace.

Some of your readers might have a big thing for giant cocks, but us Little People are sure grateful for the overwhelming preponderance of normally proportioned men. Thank you!—*J.F., Address withheld*

Old and glad

The motivation for writing this letter came after reading the letter from "Mrs. Robinson," Berkeley, Calif. (September, 1975), in which she stated that she was "thirty-one years old, still attractive" and that her husband "who is fourteen years older . . . has become very dead as far as sex goes." I don't know what their particular problem is, but I can't conceive of a man losing his sex drive at the staggeringly old age of forty-five. I'm sure I'm not one-of-a-kind, but I'm beginning to think so for lack of concrete evidence to the contrary. If so, I'm the luckiest woman in the world!

I'm thirty-two years old, and the description doesn't even begin at "still attractive." However, in that department, I just happen to be lucky. The clincher is that I'm married (for two glorious years last month) to a man

Life was blank.
The Music Tape™ by Capitol
was blank.

The Music Tape is the
premium blank tape
made for recording music.

Sound gatherer...music giver.
Now I'm attuned to life.

When you record music, make sure you get
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MEN: DOES THE COLOGNE YOU SPLASH CLASH?

Too many men spend a lot of time, effort and money putting themselves together, and merely slap on just any cologne or after-shave as an afterthought. Which is unfortunate when you consider that your fragrance says as much about you as the clothes you wear, and says it almost as quickly.

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We believe that *our* fragrance, YSL For Men, is right for the man who cares that his jacket

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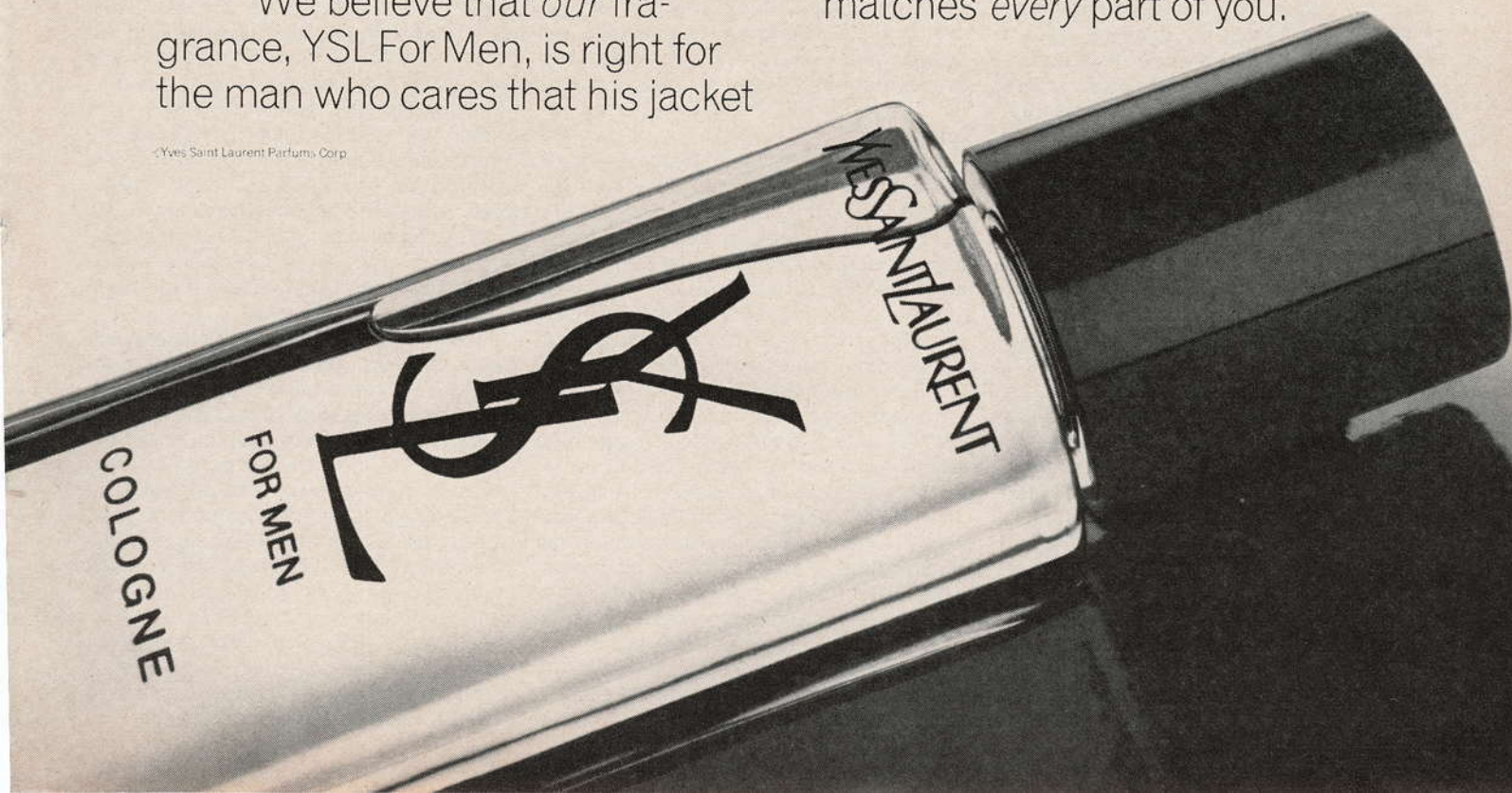
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When you wear YSL For Men, you never call any additional attention to yourself. Except on the days when you aren't wearing it.

So we suggest that you don't wear YSL For Men sporadically. By making it a daily habit, it simply becomes a part of you.

And a part of you that matches every part of you.

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The toughest thing about 35mm photography is deciding which camera to buy.

Not only is Christmas a good time to take photographs, it's also a good time to buy a camera. For yourself. Or as a gift.

But if you're confused about 35mm single-lens reflex cameras, it's no wonder. There are all kinds of cameras, all kinds of prices, and all kinds of features and accessories.

Maybe we can help clear the air.

Make it easy with two metering systems.

Most cameras have only one light metering system,

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Whatever camera you pick, make sure it has a variety of lenses and accessories available.

Mamiya offers a wide range of interchangeable lenses—from a 21mm super wide-angle to an 800mm telephoto. Plus a variety of accessories so you can build your own system as

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Price is only one aspect in selecting a camera. You'll find there are features you won't want to do without. Mamiya has a price/value story that's hard to beat.

We have a quality story, too, and a full one-year warranty, a copy of which is available at your Bell & Howell/Mamiya dealer.

Sound like we're talking your language? Then get a head start on this holiday season's picture-taking and gift-giving. Stop in at your Bell & Howell/Mamiya dealer. And ask him to show you one of the fine Mamiya 35mm cameras.



BHMC



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who is sixty years old. This man is the most fabulous thing that's happened to me sexually, and I wouldn't trade him in for three half his age!

I have reached heights of sensuality I never thought possible. I was a dyed-in-the-wool, fight-to-the-bitter-end believer in the single, ultimate orgasm for a session of lovemaking, but I have been rapturously converted to multiple orgasms. He brought me off eight, mind-bending trips in one, three to four-hour session while he came three times. And he didn't use the same technique twice. Besides that, we make love an average of four or five times a week, and it's a rare occasion if I spinoff only once during those Olympics.

I've only been reading your magazine and Forum since we were married, and I have never read of a similar experience. The "Mrs. Robinson Syndrome" seems to be prevalent, but according to the media, etc., there appear to be many women like myself married to men at least a generation older than themselves. In fact, in the city where we live, there are two such marriages of prominence; one between a former State Supreme Court Justice and a woman half his age, and the other between a former Lt. Governor and a girl nineteen years his junior. Even my doctor is engaged to a woman almost half his age.

If there are more women like me who are married or women who are lovers of these fabulous "Golden Agers," let's hear from

you! Frankly, I think it's high time we expose the fact that we married or became involved with these men *not* for their money and/or position (as the majority of people believe) but because sex is the most essential quality of the relationship.

You can definitely classify me as one Lassie from Tallahassee who has been sexually awakened by her one and only Prince Charming!—R.P., Tallahassee, Fla.

Top heavy

I know your readers will find my letter very interesting. I am a thirty-five-year-old woman, 5' 8" tall, with dark complexion (Italian), long black hair, and average looks—but I have a 46DD bust! Because of the huge size of my breasts, they are somewhat pendulous with thick protruding nipples and large brown areolas with a tracery of blue veins. I am happily married to a wonderful man (we have no children) and, I teach at a local community college.

When I was in the fifth grade in grammar school, my breasts suddenly began to develop (I thought it would *never* stop!). Upon entering the seventh grade in junior high, they were 38D; by the end of the eighth grade, they were 40DD; by sophomore year 42DD; by mid-senior year 44DD; and by sophomore year in college, they attained their present 46DD!

As you can expect, with such huge breasts in junior and senior high school, I had few girl friends. Most of the girls were

viciously jealous of my breasts and constantly said mean, nasty things to me—especially behind my back. The boys obviously were different, but in some ways, more cruel to me. I had a constant succession of boy friends who didn't care at all about *me*—just my huge breasts. They were constantly grabbing and feeling me or pleading to play with and kiss my breasts. To make things even worse, during my junior year after showering in gym class, the gym teacher caressed my breasts and then tried to kiss me on the lips and breasts. I was so upset I threatened to report her to the principal, and she left me alone from then on. During my senior year, I had twenty sessions with a psychiatrist who greatly helped me cope with my breast problems.

In college I found the boys somewhat better and often dated older men (i.e. recent college graduates). During my sophomore year, I had a brief lesbian relationship with my roommate (as you might expect, this 34B girl was obsessed with my breasts). However, I preferred *men*, and we broke up at the end of school year. Upon graduation from college, I got a master's degree and met (and soon married) my husband-to-be who was an instructor there while getting his master's.

Contrary to letters I've read in *Penthouse* and *Viva* (I personally feel it is a *myth*), I love "rough breast play" and *always* have! I like to have my husband squeeze my

A woman dressed in Revolutionary War-era clothing is the central figure. She wears a black tricorn hat, a white cravat, a red waistcoat with white lace, and a grey jacket with gold buttons. She is seated on a large red drum, holding a wooden mallet in her right hand. In her left hand, she holds a long rifle. Behind her is a large American flag with thirteen stars. The background is a soft, greyish-blue. The entire image is framed by a black border.



1976

JANUARY							FEBRUARY							MARCH						
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JANUARY

1 T New Year's Day

2 F

3 S

4 S

5 M

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7 W

8 T

9 F

10 S

11 S

12 M

13 T

14 W

15 T

16 F

17 S

18 S

19 M

20 T

21 W

22 T

23 F

24 S

25 S

26 M

27 T

28 W

29 T

30 F

31 S

PENTHOUSE®

JEFF DUNAS





BOB GUCCIONE

FEBRUARY

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16M	Washington's Birthday Celebration
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27S
28S Easter
29M
30T
31W

PENTHOUSE®

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APRIL

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11S

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19M

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28W

29T

30F

EARL MILLER

PENTHOUSE®

MAY

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31M	Memorial Day

JEFF DUNAS



PENTHOUSE®



JUNE

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BOB GUCCIONE

PENTHOUSE®

JULY

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2F

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4S Independence Day

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12M

13T

14W

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31S

PENTHOUSE®

BOB GUCCIONE





AUGUST

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23M

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27F

28S

29S

30M

31T

BOB GUCCIONE

PENTHOUSE®

SEPTEMBER

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6M Labor Day
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28T
29W
30T

BOB GUCCIONE





BOB GUCCIONE

OCTOBER

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11M

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18M

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22F

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27W

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PENTHOUSE®

NOVEMBER

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25T Thanksgiving Day
26F
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28S
29M
30T

JEFF DUNAS





JEFF DUNAS

DECEMBER

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12S

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25S Christmas Day

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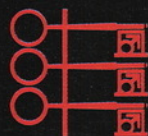
29W

30T

31F

PENTHOUSE®

[illegible]This image shows a single sheet of white, lined notebook paper. The paper has horizontal blue or grey ruling lines spaced evenly across its surface. There are no vertical margin lines, and the paper is completely blank, with no handwriting or other markings.



not just a stocking stuffer

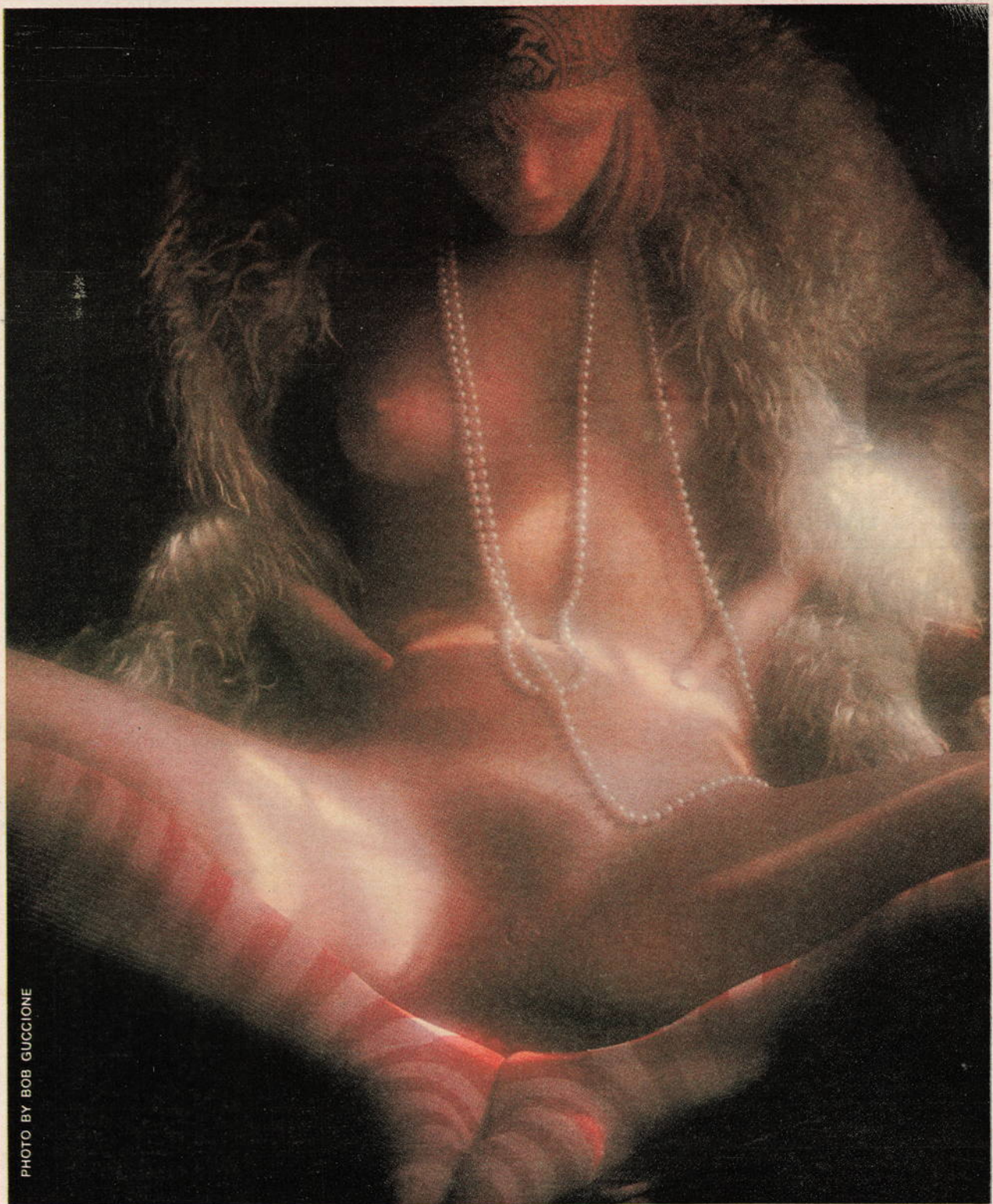


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It shows the brewery in bas relief, a brief history of the company and the Schlitz Palm Garden, Milwaukee's favorite Gay Nineties gathering place. A must for every stein collector, an ideal, unusual gift for Christmas.

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Account # _____

Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

breasts—and to squeeze, pull, twist, pinch, and bite my thick nipples. On several occasions I have really been turned on by having him gently whip my breasts and nipples.

Even though we have a great (and wild) sex life, I still enjoy *masturbating* also. Occasionally I put clothespins on my erect nipples and rub my clitoris as the pain becomes pronounced (I know I have certain masochistic tendencies). I love to masturbate my husband between my breasts—wrapping them around his penis tightly as his semen spurts forth—then rub his warm wet come all over my breasts and nipples. Of course, he just loves this!

Since high school I've also recognized that I have definite *exhibitionistic* tendencies. Obviously, I have many, many opportunities for this—especially as I often wear low-cut blouses and dresses, see-through blouses, and tight sweaters. Occasionally I go braless and love to have my huge breasts bouncing up and down. At the beach I wear a low-cut, two-piece bathing suit (it cost eighty dollars as I had to have it specially made) which shows off my breasts to best advantage!

My most unusual experience occurred early this summer. The sixteen-year-old boy next door was mowing our lawn. After my bath I put on bikini panties and a transparent silk robe. After finishing he came in the living room to be paid. As I got the money out of my pocketbook, I felt his stare on my breasts. His face was red, his hand was in his pocket, and he asked if he could sit down and talk. After a long silence he blurted out, "Mrs. _____, you're beautiful. Could I please see your breasts? Please." I hesitated, then took him into the bedroom. Facing him, I let the robe drop, my bare breasts before him. I sat beside him on the bed. I said, "Would you like to touch them?" Although his voice failed, his shaking hands caressed and fondled them. I said, "Kiss them" (he did); "Bite them" (he did). "Harder." Suddenly he ejaculated, flooding his jockey shorts and jeans with come. He nearly cried from embarrassment. I comforted him, then he cleaned himself. I paid him, and he went home—smiling with his secret experience. I am happy for him as he now dates Patty—a big-breasted sixteen-year-old girl he met later in the summer.

Incidentally, even though my husband enjoys *Penthouse*, he is disappointed that you hardly ever feature photos of really big-breasted girls! Why not? My husband tells me that there are dozens of so-called adult magazines that feature huge breasts *exclusively*—yet such photos hardly ever appear in *Penthouse*. He hopes you change this—soon!—Mrs. A.N., Address withheld

So send us a picture.—Editor

Hump on the camel

Learning jazz dance has provided me with a multitude of positions with which to en-

tertain and arouse my man and myself.

One of our favorites is the "flying camel" position. I stand upright with one leg firmly planted on the floor and with my other leg lifted back and up, fully extended and slightly turned out. Then I bend forward from the waist forcing my back to flatten straight out. (There should be something nearby to support this position should one lose his or her balance, and also, this position can be done with or without clothing.)

While I am in this position, my man, who has earned the name of "Torpedo" because of an extremely versatile "Rhinequist," looks directly into his target and with a smooth but mighty thrust, enters me from behind!

While Torpedo's mighty thrust goes deeper and deeper, I begin to lower my back and drop my arms down to my feet while slowly lowering my uplifted leg down to the floor. Placing my hands on my knees, and then tucking my head between my legs, I slowly raise my head up further between my legs until I can reach Torpedo's balls with my tongue.

No amateur should dare to attempt this unless (1) the female is very flexible, and (2) the male has a good, long, solid rod.

The results are a most superb climax for both, and with practice, the female can eventually pull from the tucked position back into the "flying camel" position!—Name withheld, Silver Spring, Md.

Funny . . . they never taught us anything like that in our dance class.—Editor

The treatment

I am an ex-USMC, Retired, amputee presently in a veterans hospital undergoing what has become my thirty-eighth major cardio-vascular and pulmonary connected surgery since my initial injury in Vietnam in 1969.

Last week I was transferred by Air Force Med-Evac from a special care unit in the northeast to this facility in the southeast. While a patient in the previous hospital, I met other amputees who have told of bizarre relations with women—incidents that one double amputee said were called to mind by Forum. Once aware myself through Forum, I was amazed at this psychological hang-up of both sexes towards monopedias.

While my physicians (surgeons, psychiatrists, etc.) have little to offer about it and since Forum publishes data about it, I would like to tell my story in hopes of enlightening other handicapped (or non-handicapped) persons on how to handle given situations with an *un-selfconscious* and, hopefully, non-aggressive, non-sarcastic and/or non-hostile, attitude.

A "stewardess type" Air Force captain on one of my Med-Evac flights was considerably anxious to examine my right stump—for edema check to see if it should be wrapped to keep the swelling down. My "nurse" seemed to be getting glazed eyes (I was the only stretcher case being flown)

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Rolls-Royce Corniche

There's no cigarette in the world that tastes like KOOL. And there's no car in the world like the elegant Rolls-Royce Corniche in cool green. Complete with every luxurious accessory standard on a Rolls-Royce. To be eligible, just follow the simple instructions below. If yours is the entry selected in the sweepstakes drawing, you'll be driving the coolest car in the world, compliments of KOOL Cigarettes. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.

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pendent judging organization, the results of which will be final. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. State, federal, and other taxes imposed on the prizewinner will be the sole responsibility of the prizewinner. 5. Sweepstakes open only to residents of the U.S., including Hawaii and Alaska, who are 21 years of age or older. Employees of the Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation, its affiliated companies, advertising agencies, H. Olsen & Co., and their families are not eligible. Void in Missouri and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws apply.

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by asking how my training artificial prosthesis fit. And she seemed to want to fondle my amputated stump—lingeringly touching the straps and rubbing it for circulation. All the while she was asking more and more questions in shorter and shorter breaths.

Finally, after milk run stops throughout that day, she asked me if I wanted to tour the large beach city where she had a weekend layover. Since my ride left me an option to go to this hospital or to stay at government expense at a Holiday Inn (in a wheelchair room), I chose to stay the weekend instead—with this AF nurse at her girl friends' condominium (four stews rented a three bedroom job—three civies and my AF girl).

What awaited me was out of the poor returning Vietnam vet's wildest dreams. Mirrors on all bedroom ceilings, fox fur throws on the chairs and couches, and on the biggest waterbed, a huge, platinum colored mink bedspread with red satin sheets. What's more, there was a bar with hundreds of miniature liquor bottles and in the 'frig' filet mignons still frozen in the airline boxes.

This AF nurse, Debbie, and the three other girls were constantly in and out, at odd hours, and were all curiously wanting to ask about my stump and my "leg." Later three other vet amp's wound up in and out—plus other amputees from only you can guess where, who also wandered in

and out. Next to Holiday Inn this is the only apartment I ever saw where a non-paraplegic, non-amputee had a condo remodelled with thirty-two inch wide doors, hand rails, and extra-high toilets and extra-low bathtubs. A real wheelchair-bound homestead.

Debbie wore only angora string crocheted bikini's (mostly only bottoms) or very mini-crocheted angora (very fluffy type) sweater-dresses—sans lining, bra, or panties—or sweater halters and shorts. The other stews wore Fred-of-Hollywood shorty gowns; fur-trimmed negligees; French-type, see-thru, open nipple, bra-like sheer bikinis; and even spike heel boots and Las Vegas showgirl heavy makeup.

It was party time from Friday evening at 2000 hours thru Monday morning, 0400 hours. Then—boom!—a wild scramble to pick up, dress, pack, and then off to their flights by 0600.

Debbie and all did this every third weekend on as accurate a schedule as they could. Deb was a brunette; Linda a pert, frosted blond; Cara a jet-black; and "Oslo Jo" a very busty Norwegian who had real blond pubic hair. No airline pilots or engineers could swing—only amputees with military backgrounds, preferably ex-Green Berets, Marines, or Ranger types.

Debbie—besides coming up here every weekend—has so far bought me a 1974

Porsche, a huge Karden color 4x5 view camera, a fully equipped Hassleblad outfit, stereo for my room, Sony color TV and an AKAI CCTV outfit to use at "home" (their place), a Patek Philippe platinum wrist watch, five expensive turquoise rings (one styled like a gold nugget), and has had me measured and had swatches brought up for new suits, along with Countess Mara ties, cologne from Yves St. Laurent to Canoe (twenty-three bottles so far), and it goes on and on.

The crux of this episode is: what is the hang-up for stumps, useless paralimbs, and the like, when no sympathy or pity prevails?—*Name and address withheld*

Viet vet destruction

After reading the plight of Ed Downing (August, 1975), I was left with an empty feeling of distrust. The public can't even believe in the Defense Department, let alone government officials. What is left? These vets have spent more hell here at home than they have in Vietnam!—*W.B., North East, Pa.*

Not being an avid reader of your magazine, a friend of mine encouraged me to read a copy of your August issue.

The article by Judith Jobin on Ed Downing's army career entitled "The Destruction of a Human Being" really hit home. An excellent story!

Currently being in the army myself, I can understand completely what Ed went through! My hat's off to Judith Jobin. Also to Ed Downing for not committing suicide!—*D.H., Colorado Springs, Colo.*

Eye of the Hurricane

Your interview with Hurricane Carter (September, 1975) brought out many of the facts about his frame-up that we as the public never hear from the authorities. To me, this kind of police procedure reemphasizes the need for more civilian control over our police forces. The police have reached a point where their authority is so often abused that they have ceased to act in the public interest; but rather, they are concerned with chalking up convictions at any price. The Hurricane Carter case is another instance of abuse by the police, and he is well known enough so that he maintains a public interest. Most police abuse is buried under the shadow of a crooked badge, and the victims never have a chance to be heard by anyone except their cellmates.—*Name withheld, Bayside, N.Y.*

Salutations for "Starvation '75"

Hurrah for Anne and Paul Ehrlich's statement in "Starvation 1975" in your July issue! As they say, the Department of Agribusiness is definitely against benefiting human beings, nutritionally speaking, and is all for "obscene profits" for the men in power. I doubt that we can continue to maintain "their standard of misery" for the increasing populations all over the world



"I was so poor as a kid that if I didn't wake up with an erection, I had nothing to play with for the rest of the day."

beyond a certain point of planetary depredation of the finite resources.

The earth's life-support systems will probably be oversubscribed before the burgeoning populations of the world are brought under control. It is possible that the ecological disaster will outrun the population increase while our planners like Butz have the gall to predict abundance in twenty years in the face of the starvation facts of today.

We are on a course of self-destruction—either by overpopulation or by the exhaustion of food resources, whichever comes first.—*Cordelle K. Ballard, New Haven, Conn.*

Congratulations on your article by Paul and Anne Ehrlich.

Please print more in the same vein. The problem of population, and food and resources, is far greater than most people realize. You can help alert the public.—*Ms. Patricia Joralemon, Livingston, N.J.*

"Starvation 1975" was informative and very interesting. Keep up the good work, and keep hammering away on the sure-death results of overpopulation and the careless use of irreplaceable natural resources.—*Lois Gollnick, La Crosse, Wisc.*

I would like to express my fervent support for your printing of the Ehrlichs' article.

It is so necessary that the public be alerted and educated to our age of growing scarcity so that more responsible plans can be made now to deal effectively with it in the future.

I would like to encourage you to continue to cover population/resource issues.—*Carolyn Megdal, Buffalo, N.Y.*

That was a hell of a fine article on starvation. It ought to wake some people up.

I'm very worried about the population increase—and so few people seem to realize its seriousness.

Keep it up!—*Robert Cotter, N.Y., N.Y.*

Hurray for you! The Ehrlichs' article is *sensationally* successful.

More! More!—*Elizabeth Pool, Dublin, N.H.*

Auto-geography lesson

Your article on Lancia in the September issue was informative and accurate—up to the points of geography and distribution of Lancia. Seattle, when I last checked, is still on the West Coast. And we do have Lancia, in quantity and in good selection.—*Bill Crane, Sales Manager, Aurora Imports, Seattle, Wash.* ☐

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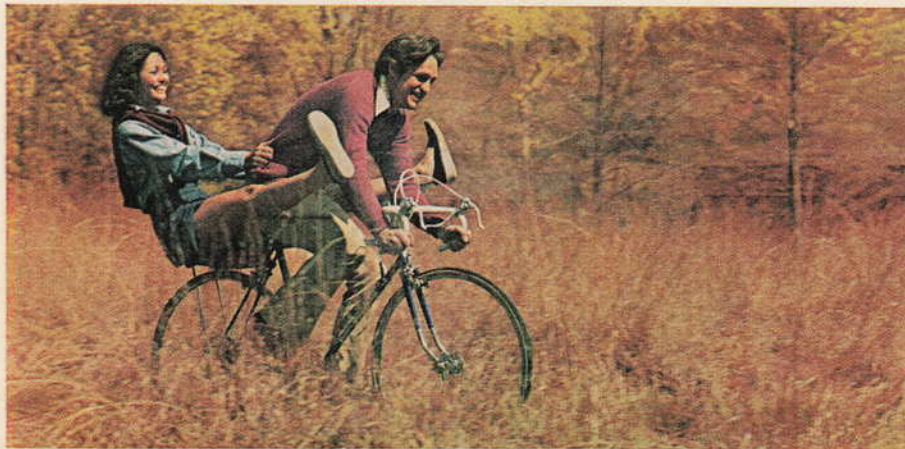
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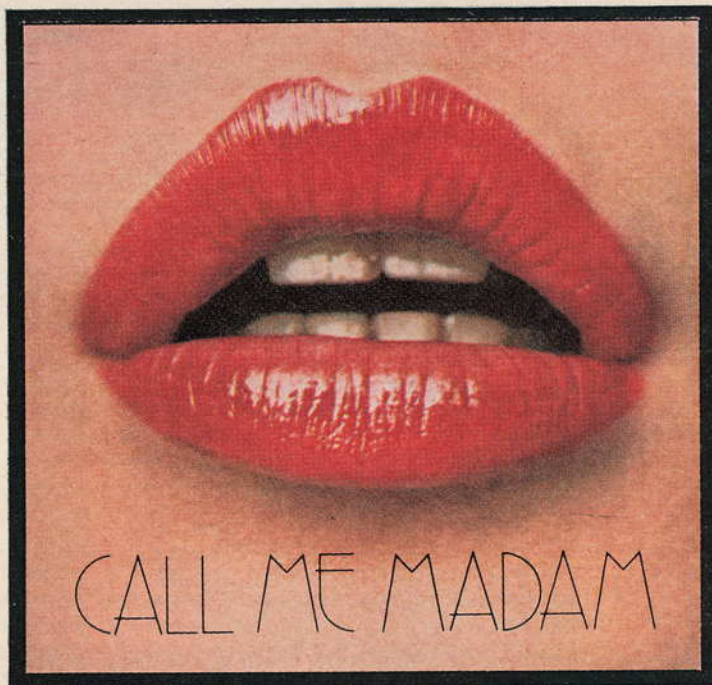
XAVIERA HOLLANDER

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I never thought I would write anyone for advice concerning sex, but I have a problem that is getting out of hand. I have been married to a very beautiful woman for twenty-two years. Our sex life was great. I am bisexual and enjoy blowing another man or having him perform anal intercourse with me. My wife didn't know about this until two months ago. A friend of mine was visiting me while my wife was out playing bridge. I was kneeling in front of him working on his magnificent penis when my wife walked in. To say she was shocked is to say the least. The silence was broken when my friend calmly said to her, "Would you like to fuck?" I must explain that my wife had always been faithful to me and that

my six-inch cock was the largest she had ever had. To my amazement, she started to undress, and a few seconds later my friend was fucking her fast and furiously on the couch. At first I was dumbfounded, but the more I watched the more excited I became. I could tell every time she climaxed; she got off four times before he finally came. When he was finished, I was so excited that I performed cunnilingus on my wife. Tasting his semen as it oozed out of her vagina was a terrific turn-on. My wife had another gut-wrenching orgasm as I ate her out, and I ejaculated without even being touched.

After my friend left, my wife and I had a long talk and she asked many questions concerning my relations with other men and about their penis sizes. She admitted that when she had seen me performing fellatio, she was shocked. But when she saw his huge nine-inch penis she immediately had to take it in her cunt. She asked me how many friends I had with cocks like that. I told her I had quite a few with above average size and a couple with super-cocks and one with an abnormally huge penis. She made it perfectly clear that she wanted to make it with all of them. It was



exciting at first as I started bringing them to the house and watching my wife blow them and have intercourse with them. The problem began a couple of weeks later. By then she knew all of them intimately and would call them to visit her even when I wasn't there. One night I got home from work and there were three of them enjoying themselves with my wife: one was in her anus (she had never let me do this to her because she thought it would be too painful), one in her vagina, and she was blowing the third guy.

That night I told her that I didn't like the idea of her having sex with other men when I wasn't there. She told me that she didn't give a damn what I liked and she would do as she pleased. I was angry and horny and I wanted to have

intercourse with her. She refused and said that she got nothing out of it because of my small cock. She did consent to blow me. My ego was crushed, and so I packed a bag and moved out. I went back the next evening thinking she would ask me to stay, but when I got there she was balling a guy I had never seen before. She looked at me and said to him, "Don't stop. It's only my husband."

We have been separated for a month now and I am extremely miserable without her. I watch the house and every night at least two men visit her, and some nights there are as many as three or four who stop at her home. Do you think that eventually she will tire of all those men and their big cocks and take me back?—J.D.

You should remember that you started cheating on your wife, and of all things, under the same roof. If a man takes his affairs away from home, at least it'd be easier. Because of your carelessness you got caught with your pants down. Your wife could have reacted differently: mad, indignant, thrown you out, sued for divorce, etc. Instead, she decided she likes big cocks. After all, why not? You do. What is good for the goose is good for the

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gander, right? Perhaps in the future she will realize that there is more to a man than just cock size. Maybe her overreaction is due to her long-awaited chance to act out her fantasies. Nothing wrong with that. Let her run loose for a while and maybe in the future you can talk the whole thing over with her in a relaxed and gentle manner. Please don't push or threaten her.

ORAL SOUL SEX

As a white woman I have never felt the least bit of attraction to a black man. About three months ago, however, I fell instantly in love with the lead singer of a very famous black group. We have a very exciting sexual relationship, and I think we are both happy. The only thing that bothers me about our relationship is that he feels oral sex is degrading. One of my friends who also dates a black guy says that all black guys feel that way about cunnilingus. I'm sure you have much experience along this line. Is that a stereotype, or what? It certainly can't be true that all black men feel that way about oral sex, right? Well, of course, he enjoys being blown, but I just know there is no chance in hell that he would ever eat a pussy. He has explained to me, "Black men feel that if they cannot satisfy their women in the normal way, they are not real men. White guys are famous for having to satisfy their women by eating them."

Is there anything I can say in defense? I have tried to explain to him that any time in the past when I participated in oral sex it

was not as a means to satisfaction (at least not all the time), but rather a form of foreplay. The first time I was with him he started kissing my thighs very passionately, and for a minute I thought my girl friend was wrong about all black guys. But I soon found out that he was only teasing; he had no intention of getting down to business. I have to admit, he has never failed to satisfy me through "normal sex". He definitely has everything under control. His main interest is satisfying me, not himself; that's very important to him it seems. But the fact remains, I don't know if I can forget completely about ever having oral sex again. I doubt it. He's well into his thirties, and I don't know if he's set in his ways. Do you feel there's any chance of change?—Bette

You say that black guys hate cunnilingus. This statement is false with regard to any race. I've slept with many black men and have never found one who did not enjoy performing cunnilingus. If your lover is out to please you, then you should instruct him not to overlook this form of beautiful foreplay. Always make sure that you are very clean; either bathe or douche before sleeping with him.

When I was sixteen and still a virgin, I had my first black boyfriend, and he would eat me out for hours. I was what you would call a virgin from the waist down, since my mouth and hands were already quite actively involved with sex games. I can still remember the great sensation of his hot

tongue darting away inside my vagina and around my clit.

PROBLEMS OF A POTENTIAL NYMPHO?
After three years of marriage, my husband doesn't seem to care anymore. He almost never uses foreplay, and almost always refuses me when I want sex. His reason for this is that he thinks I am a potential nymphomaniac. Although I enjoy sex, I have never balled another man.

As often as he wants, I blow him. However, he has never let me experience oral sex. Recently when I asked him to go down on me, he refused, saying that women are unclean and that I am perverted for having such a desire. I have tried talking to him, but he insists the whole problem is that I am oversexed. I feel hurt, frustrated, and confused. Since his unloving treatment, I am having trouble suppressing my desires, and now find myself attracted to other men. How can I encourage my husband to be a giving man again?

We used to have good sex at least once a day, but for the past several months it has been less frequent and it's always shorter quickie-type sex.—No Name

Stop being so damn submissive. Tell your husband that you, too, are a person with desires. If you give, you should also get. Of course, I don't think you are oversexed at all. You're just a healthy sex-loving woman who probably loves her husband more than his sex tool.

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I GOT IT AT THE MOVIES

I am a twenty-four-year-old office worker who works odd jobs to keep up with expenses. My extra jobs vary from escorting rich men to banquets, modeling, and even making X-rated home movies. Now for my questions.

Number one. I recently made a short film in which a door-to-door salesman gets turned on by my see-through gown, and then screws me. The guy in this flick had a cock of about three to four inches limp, but when fully erect it was at least one foot. Also his diameter was so big that I couldn't get it in my mouth. My first question is this: What is the biggest difference between a man's cock when it is limp and when it's hard?

Number two. I also recently got into a film in which two guys started grabbing for me in a bar scene. One guy then takes me to the floor and puts me on top of him, then guides me so that my cunt slides over his dick. Thus I'm fucking him with my ass up. As we're fucking, the other guy then gets into the act by jamming his cock into my ass. Soon, the bartender gets in the scene by getting a blow-job from me. When I told a gal friend of mine about this, she told me that a doctor once told her that she should never fuck through the cunt and the ass at the same time. The doctor said that the muscles down there can't work as they should when two cocks are going in and out at the same time, and muscle damage could occur even if the guys screwing were fucking as gently as they could. Is this true?—Carla

Research by Masters and Johnson shows that the penis has the capacity to grow between 100 and 200 percent. Some men's cocks, however, do not grow at all from a flaccid state to erection. It all depends on what turns you on most: if you like to look at a small shriveled penis grow, not quite knowing when and where it will stop; or, if you prefer checking out a nice big soft dong that just gets hard and thick.

I would not say never fuck two guys at the same time. If a girl is used to anal intercourse as well as vaginal, there really is not too much harm as long as both partners go easy and don't slam their cocks up her two orifices. In my book, *Xaviera Goes Wild*, I describe an orgy in Paris where I got fucked by two guys simultaneously. It was not painful at all, and actually very pleasurable. However, the guy who did me up the ass was not as thick as the one who put it in my vagina. I certainly did not end up with muscle damage, but I don't repeat this scene every day either.

AURAL SEX

While reading your column one day, I was reminded of an incident which occurred while I was attending the High School of Music and Art in Manhattan. I was in the woodwind section of the orchestra and occasionally I would get bored practicing my

instrument alone in a room. I adopted the rather unique art of jacking off into my clarinet. I found that if a slight amount of violin rosin is rubbed onto the penis beforehand, it creates just the right amount of friction and I would end up coming profusely into the end of my instrument. One day while I was indulging in my hobby, I became aware of another presence in the room. Turning around I realized that I was being watched intently by a pretty blond cellist. Instead of the reaction which I anticipated, I realized that she was becoming horny while watching me, and when I stopped she begged me to go on. As an added incentive she stripped and began masturbating. As she approached orgasm she asked me to give her my clarinet. Mystified, I complied and watched fascinated as she slowly parted her vaginal lips with one hand and began penetrating herself with the mouthpiece. Watching the juice-covered mouthpiece sliding in and out of her cunt became too much for me and I came. A few moments later she moaned and came herself. She then got dressed and left as if nothing had happened. The next day while putting my clarinet together I caught a whiff of her scent and remembered the incident in detail. I still get an erection when I think about it, even though it happened four years ago.—Thom

Masturbation is nice, but how about giving the girl your own instrument?

HOT-CROSSED LEGS

I read somewhere that a girl could have an orgasm by crossing her legs in a certain way and shaking her foot. I've asked a few girls about this and they didn't know what I was talking about, but then I'm quite sure I've seen some girls doing it. What is the truth of this matter? Can this experience be as satisfying as actual intercourse, or is it just bullshit?—Jack

I've had many beautiful orgasms by simply squeezing my legs together when seated. I particularly remember incidents when I was still a teenage virgin. I must have been no more than fifteen years old when I was in class and had to finish an exam paper before the bell rang. The moment the bell sounded the teacher would walk in between the rows to collect the material. I still remember how I tried to write down as much as I could before the teacher could grab the paper from my desk. At that moment I had to stop writing. Since I was so nervous about the exam, I had been squeezing my legs together very tightly. When this good-looking male teacher grabbed my paper, I reached a smashing orgasm. I never remember shaking my foot to achieve orgasm, but many people do curl up their toes when they climax.

When I was a kid, I used to help my mother peel potatoes while I rubbed my pubis against the kitchen sink. I can't quite describe what a fantastically exciting and glowing feeling crept up between my legs

the more I brushed against the kitchen sink. I would peel potatoes until I was blushing. My mother would stop me and tell me to leave the kitchen and cool off. Only later did I find out that those glorious moments were orgasms. What a magnificent way to live!

CRISIS OF A CAVERNOUS CUNT

I have a very large vagina. During intercourse it expands and lengthens so much that neither my partner nor I feel any friction; it's extremely hard to climax before we are both exhausted. I have had many partners and most have complained that I am too "loose" or "big" inside. We have tried every possible position and they are not of much use. I have tried doing exercises, but this has helped very little. Doctors tell me there's nothing wrong with my size. They usually laugh and say that a girl as attractive as I am should have no problems. Xaviera, I am at my wit's end. My present boyfriend hardly comes near me, having experienced such frustrating attempts in bed. Is there anything I can do to make my vagina smaller? How can I get these doctors to take me seriously?—R.S.

A good gynecologist must be able to help you tighten your vagina. Although it might be embarrassing, hunt until you find a doctor who will give you a good "tuck-job." A girl friend of mine undergoes this operation once a year, and feels like a reborn virgin after she's been tucked up.

I don't know if I would suggest a once-a-year operation, but surely you can try having it done at least once. There is no harm, and success is almost always guaranteed.

GOING GAY?

Is it possible for a man who seems to be thoroughly heterosexual to suddenly turn homosexual, or at least bisexual?

I have been married for three years and my sexual relations with my husband have, or at least had, always been active, vigorous, and inventive. One of the inventive things he introduced to our lovemaking was a movie camera which took color pictures of our various sex acts. We would watch these as a warm-up to our sex sessions and we both got a tremendous bang out of them. We have dozens of reels.

About a year ago, two things happened which seemed unrelated at the time. First, he announced that he felt hair on his body was "unsexy" and proceeded to shave himself perfectly clean—pubic hair, chest, legs, arms, everything but his head. It seemed odd, but I didn't mind. Then he told me that he'd met a crowd that played poker every Saturday and that he'd like to get into the games. This seemed odd because he had never mentioned poker before and I didn't know he played.

About a year ago he began leaving the house on Saturday afternoon and would get home late that night or even early Sunday morning. Although I was ready, he was



Holidays that memories are made of so often include **DRAMBUIE**



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always too worn out to have sex with me and would sleep until late Sunday afternoon. When I complained, he said I was trying to "own" him.

About two months ago, he had to go away on a two-week trip to the West Coast. A few days after he had left I began to feel horny so I decided to watch some of the movies in bed while I used a vibrator on myself. While looking for different reels, I noticed a package in the back of the reel cabinet. I hadn't seen this package before so I decided to find out what was on the reel contained therein. Of course, I put it on the projector expecting to see my husband and me in action. Instead I saw a "woman" lying on a bed. "She" was heavily made up,

wearing a blond wig, panties, and bra. Waiting beside the bed were half a dozen men. Obviously, there had been heavy drinking going on because bottles and glasses were all over the place. The "woman" reached out and began rubbing the crotch of one of the guys, then pulled his cock out and sucked him off. As I watched I suddenly realized that the "woman" was my husband in drag.

My husband sucked off two more guys. Then two of the men pulled his panties down and turned him over. He struggled against it, but I could see that it was simply an act. One of the guys greased his cock with Vaseline and fucked my husband up the ass. In the last act, my husband was

fucked in the rear while he sucked off another guy and jerked off a third.

I haven't confronted my husband with the evidence. Despite everything I'm still in love with him and I'm afraid he'll leave me if I create a big scene. Our sex life is still pretty satisfactory, except after one of his Saturday-night bouts. Should I confront him and risk a breakup, or just pretend I don't know?—T.S.

Most transvestites are perfectly straight heterosexual men who simply get off on parading around in women's clothes. Quite often these heterosexual transvestites are masochists who like being put in situations where they can be humiliated. I'd call your husband a mixed bag; it seems he gets off on transvestism and an active bisexual life. Why not tell him you saw the film and would like to participate in one of these scenes in the future? After all, why stay home alone on a Saturday night?

WHERE ARE THE REAL WOMEN?

In the last three months I have not found a girl who could last long enough to give me a good climax. What has happened to all those great nymphos? I cannot start sex with a girl unless I eat her first. I always eat them till they have at least one climax and they get good and hot. Then I make love to them, doing every trick in the book. Usually when I really get going, they get dry. Then I go back down and eat them out again, going over every inch of their bodies with my tongue and fingers and getting them hot and wet again. I start screwing again and they climax a couple more times then go dry again. This really pisses me off since I can go a good two hours but can't find a girl who can last twenty minutes. I've tried every trick I know. I can get them hot and begging for it, but when they get it, they just blow their rocks and go dry. I think this is very inconsiderate on the girls' part. Here I am busting my ass trying to get their rocks off and they don't even try to last long enough for me to climax. I'm getting really pissed off at these girls. What am I doing wrong? If anyone would know, it would be you, Xaviera.

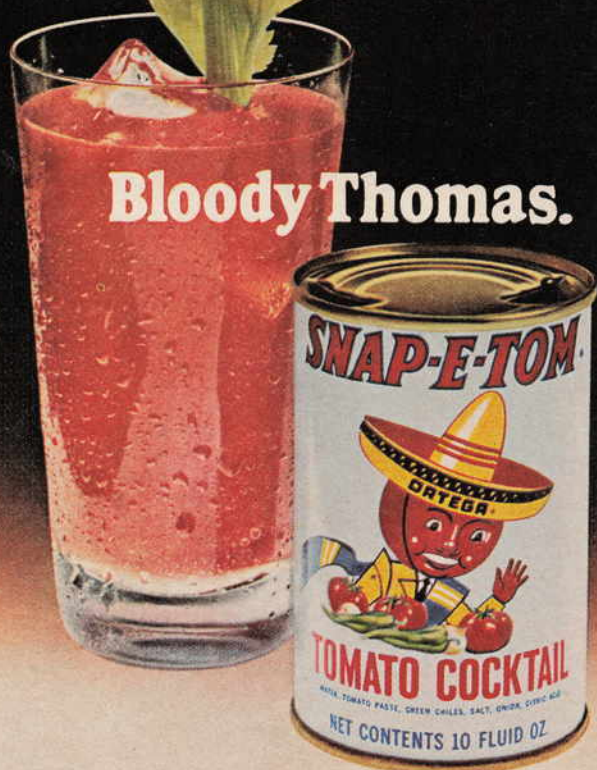
Also, I'm very interested in becoming a gigolo. If you have any information on this subject, please pass it on.—Tom

You would indeed make a perfect gigolo since gigolos are usually wanted because the woman can't get it any other way. These women are so frustrated that they are dying for a long session with a young well-hung dude. However, since you're not yet a gigolo, the girls you have been going with don't seem to need such a long-lasting jam session.

The "average American man" lingers inside his woman's vagina—from penetration to ejaculation—for exactly two minutes! Within two minutes the average American man thinks he has pleased his woman. Well, believe me, that's an awfully

CONTINUED ON PAGE 208

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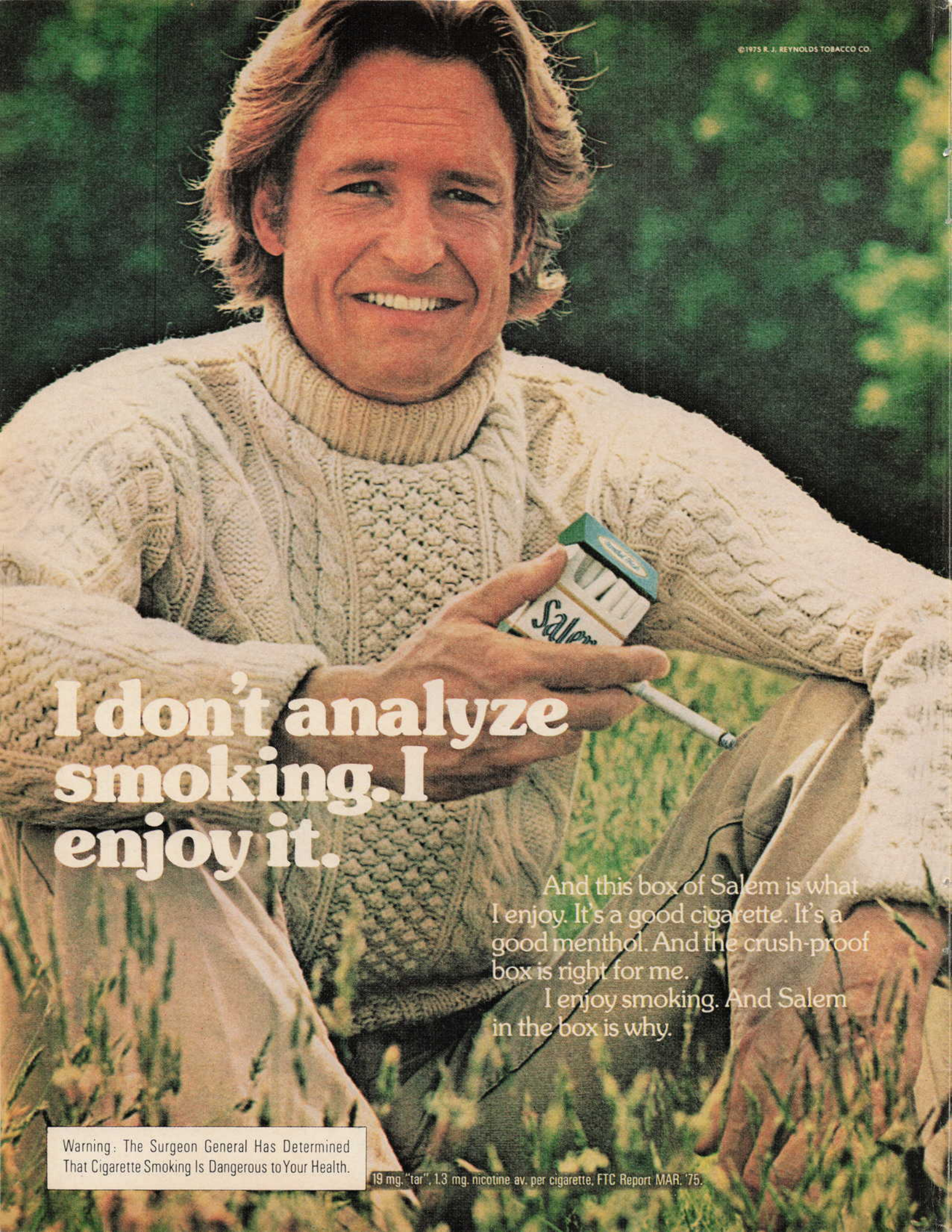
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Bloody Thomas. The best Bloody Mary you'll ever taste.



"I didn't find any firewood, but I met this funny little man...."



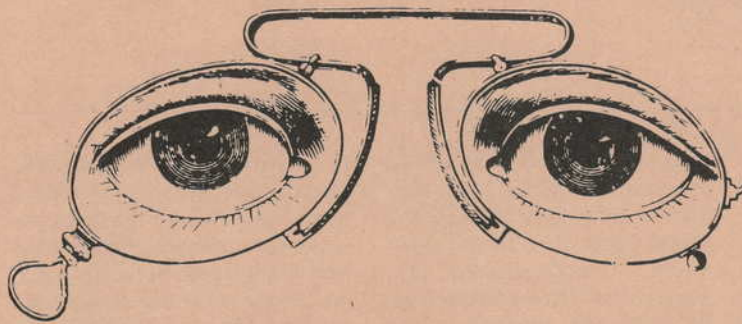
**I don't analyze
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And this box of Salem is what I enjoy. It's a good cigarette. It's a good menthol. And the crush-proof box is right for me.

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

UNMARRIED PERSONS: THE CASE FOR A NEW MINORITY

Unmarried adults are obviously the wave of the future. The number of couples living in unwedded bliss skyrocketed by nearly 800 percent in the sixties, and yet unmarried persons (UMP's as certain hip groups would have it) are also America's latest in oppressed minorities.

"It's not good enough to have lived together for five years. You're not married, and one of you might just walk off with the other's possessions. Theft insurance is simply out of the question."

"How can you expect us to accept your joint check? Your names aren't the same, and if you're indeed not married—why, you could easily split up tomorrow. Definitely an unacceptable risk."

"I'm terribly sorry, but company policy covers abortions only under the family plan. If you were married, of course, you'd have full medical benefits, but since you're single and pregnant, well, our directors just haven't provided for that."

Society simply hasn't provided for unmarried persons. Or rather, it's been arranged that they'll find it hard to provide for themselves. Like one unmarried pair from San Francisco. They tried every insurance man in the Yellow Pages before deciding that marriage was the only way out. As singles, car insurance would have cost them at least \$350 apiece, whereas marriage brought each fee down to \$125.50. Their new home's theft insurance would have required two separate policies—each with a minimum premium on \$5,000 worth of possessions, even though they had little more than \$4,000 worth of belongings between them. Once married, one policy was perfectly sufficient for both.

Landlords tear up leases, banks refuse credit ratings, insurance companies charge double. Abortions or maternity benefits? Only under the family plan. Make your will—for without it, inheritances go to next of kin or even the government rather than your surviving unmarried partner. The same goes for disability insurance, and for most pension proceeds: such income support is received by those relatives established only by blood or by marriage. And then, of course, there are taxes—society's most persuasive argument of them all.

After four years together, one unmarried couple in Massachusetts

Karen Beckhardt



finally dared the impossible: they filed a joint tax return, declaring their newborn "illegitimate" daughter as a dependent. An irate IRS agent righteously decided to audit, and eventually ordered them to refile, on separate returns. Their new tax forms wound up costing them an extra \$400. Two can live more cheaply than one? Not today.

Unmarried persons are literally bribed to sustain the institution of marriage: line up here for lower membership fees, insurance rates, tax brackets; sign this line for better credit ratings, bigger bank loans, second mortgages. Be a newlywed—receive bonuses, multiply all your benefits by two. Be a married student—housing and employment aids are yours at a discount. Make an airline hostess your wife—and travel for next to nothing the rest of your life. Are you a veteran? The GI Bill pays more to those with dependents. You're not American? Marry one and working papers are yours without question.

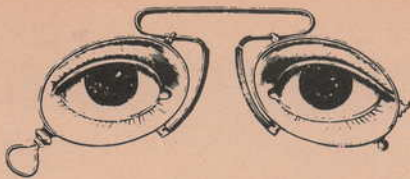
Finally, unmarried persons have a recognized cause. A new minority group, they're gaining in number, in spokesmen, in pressure groups, and in power. A "Bill of Rights for Unmarried Persons" was drawn up by the American Bar Association's Law Student Division in 1973. Since then, the ABA itself followed through with a resolution of similar tone, dealing with discrimination based on marital status. Locally, municipal rulings are being rewritten, also to prohibit inequity in employment, housing, and other areas that might be caused by a couple's "unmar-

ried" condition. A Department of Sexual Privacy has been established by the American Civil Liberties Union, to combat injustices stemming from prejudice against any individual's sexual activities.

Other groups of lawyers as well have been active in advancing the rights of America's downtrodden singles. The National Committee for Sexual Civil Liberties has even drawn up a joint-domicile agreement as a possible substitute for the marriage certificate.

Strange, isn't it, how everything must have its label? Marriage One, Marriage Two, progressive stages of commitment, three-year contracts, twelve-month pledges, all with "option to renew." Make your vow, sign the papers, sell your freedom, pay the fee. Maybe society's roadblocks serve somebody's purpose, but for those who would like to do otherwise, there's simply not much choice. "Darling, I want to marry you—I can't afford not to."

Karen Thorsen



SCENES

THE LAST AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS?

The vanishing American playwright could be the next addition to the endangered species list. People used to say that playwrights were disappearing because the theater itself was dying. Yet last season the American theater, particularly the Broadway stage, surged to its biggest boom in a decade, and American plays still weren't produced. Most of the plays last season were either British imports, revivals, or American efforts pre-tested at regional theaters. Even at a time when the theater box offices are raking in cash, the newer American playwrights remain virtually shunned by commercial producers. Which indicates that the American theater, though no longer in danger of dying, is very sick indeed.

"The market for plays is too deflated," Mitch Douglas, a young agent at the giant ICM agency, said. "Costs are prohibitive. It's terribly hard to build more playwrights. I know agents

now who won't look at a play, because the market is so bad. They'll only look at sure-fire things—and even those aren't going." Today's situation is a stark contrast to the Golden Age of American theater in the 1920's. Then ten or twelve major American playwrights' works could be seen on Broadway each season.

Part of the complex barriers American playwrights face is the incredible competition for the few full-scale Broadway and off-Broadway productions. And contemporary American playwrights also wallow in a production morass due to the overwhelming financial risks of play production and to the set minds of most commercial theatrical producers, whom one young playwright termed "gutless and shortsighted."

"They all ask where the new playwrights are, where the new actors and directors are. Never once have I heard anybody say, 'Where are the new producers?'" playwright John Guare grumbled. Thirty-seven-year-old Guare has had critical and financial successes (notably *The House of Blue Leaves* and the musical

Two Gentlemen of Verona), yet even he found that getting a play produced in New York was "a fucking nightmare. Producers kept diddling me—yes, no, yes, no. In New York, they're terrified of producing new American plays. The financial pressures are terrible. Marshall Mason had to found his own theater to get new plays on."

And Marshall W. Mason has had a hell of a time getting plays produced, too. His New York theater, the Circle Repertory Company, has been plagued by money shortages, even though "we're a national resource theater, because we've been the fountainhead for new American plays." But Mason has gone through agonies trying to get a play on Broadway. The sardonic, Texas-born director of *The Hot L Baltimore* told a harrowing tale of a two-and-a-half-year battle to get Jules Feiffer's new play, *Knock, Knock*, on Broadway. Feiffer, the celebrated cartoonist-playwright-screenwriter (*Carnal Knowledge*, *Little Murders*), and Mason, his chosen director, have wrangled with a half dozen producers who chickened out at various stages of negotiations. With disgust Mason noted, "Here I'm one of the hottest directors and Feiffer's practically a household word, and we can't get on Broadway. So no wonder new playwrights are having trouble."

One of those newer playwrights having trouble is Bruce Feld. In his early thirties with thirty-three plays to his credit, Feld has been produced for thirteen years off-off-Broadway and in regional theaters without achieving a large-scale New York production. "The competition is incredible," Feld exclaimed. "I've been in the office of theater managers where play manuscripts have been piled a yard high. Leafing through the stacks, I've seen scripts by Samuel Beckett, Imamu Baraka (Le-Roi Jones), and Harold Pinter—for Chrissakes, unproduced scripts. Even these gentlemen

go unread because of the sheer volume of submissions."

Part of the producers' reluctance to look at, much less produce, new or unusual plays stems from the very great financial costs and risks involved in each play production. Tom Eyan's sleaze-spoof *Women Behind Bars* cost under \$250 to mount in an off-off-Broadway showcase tryout where everyone worked for free. The same play cost over \$40,000 to produce off-Broadway last season. And lost. If it had been transferred to a big Broadway theater, *Women Behind Bars* would have cost \$125,000 and up—and up.

The odds of the average off-Broadway play paying back its costs—not making a profit, just repaying its investors—are eleven to one; the odds of a Broadway play making back its costs are seven to one. And that's why commercial theatrical producers are cautious. With those odds, it's almost a feat of legerdemain to maintain any kind of investor credibility for financing future productions.

"Most people produce for commercial audiences. I produce plays that I like," said Joseph Papp, who runs the New York Shakespeare Festival and produces over twenty plays—both new and classics—each year. But Joe Papp is virtually one of a kind. Like Mason, he works in subsidized, nonprofit theater situations. Mason, in fact, is convinced that the future of the American theater lies in nonprofit resident theater companies like Circle Rep.

Even in these nonprofit situations, theater folk dispute what kind of new plays deserve production. Although Papp has produced such hits as *That Championship Season* and *Hair*, his choices of new playwrights have often been panned by critics and audiences alike. "The writers I choose to produce write totally from the inside," Papp explained. "Everybody has a mystery inside of him. The play emerges from a certain kind of



Karen Beckhardt

The young American playwright: An endangered species?



Producing Tom Eyen's sleaze-spoof *Women Behind Bars*: Another off-Broadway financial casualty

wound. I like acts of emotional courage. I hate little neuroses. I like a good psychotic feeling. A play should jar you to your soul." He blamed most theater critics' conservative tastes ("fifteen or twenty years behind the times") for sabotaging many young playwrights' efforts.

Tradition-minded theatergoers are yet another problem. They stayed away in droves from Papp's unusual, "psychotic" plays at Lincoln Center. These plays have included: *In the Boom Boom Room* by David Rabe, whose controversial play *Sticks and Bones* was also produced by Papp; *Short Eyes*, a searing, sometimes unintelligible view of prison life, by Miguel Pinero, himself a Puerto Rican ex-con; and *The Taking of Miss Janie*, an award-winning drama about American race relations and rape by black writer Ed Bullins. The box-office response to such plays was so cool that Papp stopped staging new American plays at Lincoln Center, replacing them with revivals and classics that audiences find more palatable.

Still, Papp intends to shove contemporary American plays down Broadway's gullet. He's rented the Booth Theater (in the heart of the Broadway theater district) for a solid year, and will

use it for his productions of five new American plays, each to run for six weeks. "Major American playwrights must be restored to the Broadway stage," Papp pontificated, "so they can make some money and not be relegated to small audiences." Papp remains convinced that the public will eventually appreciate his soul-searing dramas and meaningful musicals: "The audiences themselves will change. Death will have a lot to do with it."

At their theater in the heart of Greenwich Village, Marshall Mason's Circle Repertory Company concentrates on "real plays about real people," in contrast to Papp. Yet like Joe Papp, Marshall Mason maintains a continuing commitment to his playwrights. Both concentrate on writers' long-term careers, not just single plays as commercial producers do. Circle Rep has a resident playwright system, in which such playwrights as Tennessee Williams and Lanford Wilson can have a semi-permanent home at the off-off-Broadway company. But Mason can't afford to keep playwrights on a year-round salary. Circle Rep now offers a playwright about \$500 for a six-week, limited run of a play. At his Lincoln Center theater, Joseph Papp "could give a writer from \$15,000

to \$20,000 and make it worth his while."

Joe Papp prides himself on being a patron to struggling young playwrights: "I took a guy out of his little job for \$109 a week in the Garment District. I give him money and a place to write for a year. I don't even expect him to turn out a finished play but just to write. I invest in my writers for life." This is for better or for worse.

The competition for Papp's favor—and largesse—is fierce indeed. Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival is inundated by about 2,500 new scripts for consideration each year. Mason's Circle Rep wades through 1,600 play submissions. Of course, both are high-prestige producers, so they get besieged. Even a more modest production group, the St. Clement's Church play-reading program (in which plays are given formal readings, not full productions), gets three dozen scripts per week.

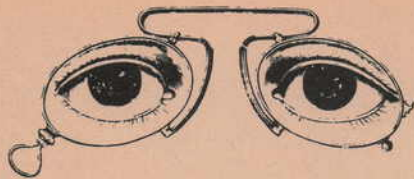
"The sad thing is that there are all these talented people, and yet their work can only be a sideline," John Guare noted. "Nobody can make a living at it." So, times haven't changed all that much from 1932, when George Bernard Shaw quipped that it was impossible to make a living in the theater—but that it was possible to make a fortune.

Today only a handful of Americans make their living as full-time playwrights. Many people consider an aspiring playwright rather mad. Or at least acutely eccentric. Bruce Feld's ex-wife even claimed his dogged insistence on being a playwright as



Wide World Photos

Joe Papp: The problem with tradition-minded theater critics.



grounds for divorce. She won. "It just shows how pathetic it is to be a playwright in the U.S.," Feld sighed. So why does he or any other modern American playwright continue plugging away at his craft? For Feld, the answer was simple: "Watching actors giving life to my blueprint is more exciting than an orgasm or the end of the Vietnam War." To John Guare, playwrighting's been a life-long vocation, ever since his first play was produced at age eleven: "I love the theater, and if you're a playwright, you can play all the parts. Theater is total collaboration, and when the actors and everybody move into your world, your play, it's as if you're saying, 'Come play on my block.'" Ed Kelleher, a thirty-one-year-old off-Broadway playwright, thought, "There's something about playwrighting that's a special profession. The writer is still held in high esteem. Film is much more a medium for the director, but theater should, ideally, be a medium for the writer, because it happens live, right in front of you."

Guare, Feld, and Kelleher have all done a lot of scrounging and scrimping to make a go of playwrighting. Full-time straight jobs are sometimes the answer. Bruce Feld is a book editor. Lanky Ed Kelleher earns a salary as a record company publicist, while he turns out plays like *The Donut Lady* ("an assassination comedy") and *Scar Tissue* ("seventy-five minutes of complete mental brutality"). Because he loves "really trashy films," Kelleher earned extra money by writing two horror films: the cult favorite *Invasion of the Blood Farmers* and *Shriek of the Mutilated*. Feld churned out *The Naughty Stewardesses*, a soft-core sexploitation flick that grossed millions of dollars more than all his plays put together. But these are just sidelines. For them, the play's still the thing. "Besides," Ed Kelleher smiled, "I've never really starved as a playwright. I've just been low on money. Like one

time when my roommate and I had eight cents between us for a cup of coffee."

For John Guare, the road to economic survival as a playwright required combining foundation grants and frugality. Things have changed a lot for Guare since the mid-sixties off-off-Broadway scene, where he didn't make any money, but plays were a lot easier to produce. He reminisced, "I once wrote a play on Thursday, and it was produced Monday. Things were happening." His new Broadway show, *Marco Polo Sings a Solo*, took over two years from completion to production. "The only true cliché about playwrighting," John Guare grinned, "is that plays are not written, they're rewritten. A play needs more time to grow, not just a few weeks' rehearsal. Only when you see it performed can you ask what's the best route to go on the rewrites." One of the reasons British playwrights are so much more commercially successful than Americans, according to Guare, is that the British get a greater chance for tryouts, workshops, and long rehearsal periods.

Many theater people feel that a lot of problems could be alleviated if a U.S. national theater were established. Producer Marshall Mason even believes that most great playwrights (i.e., Molière, Shakespeare) were products of stable repertory companies. But even without a national theater or more resident companies to nurture a playwright's work, it seems that the determined writer will still write plays and personally gather actors and directors in an informal theater community.

"What it all comes down to," John Guare concluded thoughtfully, "is that you have to create your own theater. You have to find the actors and director you feel comfortable with, so your work can come out of your head, form itself into a play. And then you hope to God it works."—*Meridee Merzer*

FILMS

ALL-AMERICANS

In each of the few films he's made over the past six years since *Downhill Racer*, Michael Ritchie has seemed deceptively ready for popularity. Not always good, and sometimes downright bad (as in *Prime Cut*), he nevertheless has an instinct for subject and situation, and a vigorous style, that puts him in touch with what I believe most of us go to the movies to see.

So it is ironic that his latest movie, *Smile*, has been so long in coming and so terribly slow in getting its distribution off the ground. You'd think it the most commercial project in the world. Ritchie's *Smile* is about a beauty contest. Do you know the figures on how many millions of us give away our Saturday nights to television every time fifteen semifinalists parade for Miss World, Miss Universe, or just Miss America?



Smile's beauty contest: Sexually sublime, socially ridiculous

Smile has more modest aspirations: a fictional contest to pick the teenager who will be Young American Miss on the state level—in Santa Rosa, California. There is something especially American about Santa Rosa, at least for the movies. Hitchcock used it as the typical American town that set off his archetypal American nightmare

Shadow of a Doubt more than thirty years ago, and some of the typicalness—and a bit of the nightmare—suitably updated, get into Ritchie's film as well.

At its worst the update on the American nightmare is a predictable bore. The city dignitaries who sponsor the contest, the local Junior Chamber of Commerce, and the quality of life they exemplify—all receive the kind of cutting attention any kindergarten satirist could handle blindfolded. The desperately eagertown-booster (Bruce Dern), the youngish matron (Barbara Feldon) who uses the pageant to compensate for the emotional poverty she brings to her marriage, even her discontented husband (Nicholas Pryor) who drinks as his only expression of personal protest—these belong to the most exploited folklore of social criticism, and there is not much point in having them out for yet another go. Like TV dinners, picture windows, wall-to-wall carpeting, and business-

in men's luncheons (all of which also figure in *Smile*), they belong to a long-since overpaid account that ought to be given a decent retirement.

The satiric background, the oldsters and their prepubescent offspring, furnish the movie with its plot line. But what really holds it together, and makes it worth seeing in the first place, is



Who will be Young American Miss?

its event—the beauty contest with its days of rehearsal, its idiot competitions, its eliminations, and at last its selection of somebody to be California's Young American Miss.

That, of course, is satire too, and very funny in places, and deadly accurate, as any beauty-contest buff (I, for example) can tell you. The talent competition with its singers who can't hold a tune but have lots of style, its monologist who—rather without meaning to—does a modified striptease to extol simplicity in dress and makeup (all the while quoting Shakespeare on the virtues of “to thine own self being true,” etc.), the girl whose talent is showing how to pack an overnight bag because that's all she is able to do, is absolutely on target. Even the quiet intelligent girl (Joan Prather) who actually plays the flute pretty well but isn't shrewd enough to tell the judges that her chief reason for flute-playing is “to help other people,” or her contest-wise pal (Annette O'Toole, my favorite person in the movie), who knows the whole thing's a sellout but who really wants the fame and fortune, and so goes through with it anyway—these all belong to a recognizable range of justly observed types. But they don't remain at that level, because nothing properly understood remains at that level, and because the film sees them ultimately as

redemptive rather than ridiculous. Ritchie, or his excellent screenwriter Jerry Belson, or somebody, knows that what you look for in a beauty contestant, perhaps next after breast size, is the presence of a soul.

So the girls save the movie. They save it with the graceful energy and even the innocence they bring to the dumb things they have to do. They are not overwritten or overanalyzed, or patronized or depersonalized to prove a point. Combining the sexually sublime and the socially ridiculous, they are somewhat like those characters in *Nashville*, who keep turning out better than you'd expect the film would allow them to. And *Smile* is also a little like *Nashville*—though not remotely as ambitious, or as good—in transforming an ironic occasion into a small-scale celebration that is both generous and warm.

I haven't seen it, but I know that a movie called *Walking Tall, Part II* has been playing around the country with considerable success. Maybe that success is deserved. But the real sequel to *Walking Tall* is *Framed*, made by the same director, Phil Karlson, and with the same actor, Joe Don Baker, again playing the element of righteous fury in a world gone sour with corruption.

I don't mean “sequel” in any simple sense. *Framed* isn't the further adventures of the late Sheriff Buford Pusser. But it is a reexamination of the basic elements of *Walking Tall*, and in this respect it shares with certain other recent movie sequels—for example, *French Connection II*—the quality of being deeper, richer, possibly better than the original. Movie remakes and continuations are really a fascinating subject in themselves, and it should never be assumed that the second time around is necessarily less impressive than the first. Some things improve after they are thought about.

If you saw *Walking Tall*, you'll

recall that the Tennessee sheriff finally does exact vengeance on the crooked gamblers, bootleggers, and vice lords—but not until after his wife has been killed and he has been reduced to something like a walking wound. He becomes a symbol of what he feels, and with a terrible directness, what he feels is translated into brute force.

Framed keeps the formula but reverses the terms. Joe Don Baker plays not a sheriff this time, but a gambler. And it is at the beginning of the movie that he is beaten to a pulp by a corrupt policeman—whom he kills, and for whose death he is sent to prison for four years. From that moment he begins learning—not the fierce rigidity of the *Walking Tall* hero, but a kind of flexibility, which includes the worldly wisdom of not trying to battle against the odds.

Ultimately he also gets his revenge, a very bloody revenge full of intimate violence (an ear shot off, a nose broken at the

Phenix City Story (1954), deals with a fight against an entrenched and all but faceless evil. The violence of Karlson's crime films is inherent in the material, and his directness seems essentially a matter of moral and artistic judgment. I think that he makes good movies and that *Framed* is one of his best. It is not exactly what you might call “quality.” Its decor is garish, its characterizations are elementary, and its devices are sometimes downright laughable—like the green baize-covered gambling tables set up for the convenience of the inmates in the Tennessee prison yard where Baker begins re-proving his worth. But Phil Karlson's *Framed* has more vigor, and more real ideas, than two-thirds of the fancier movies around. And there is nothing in the least simplistic in how it understands what it is about.

It also has some uncommonly attractive people. Marley and Dell are two; but also Brock Pe-

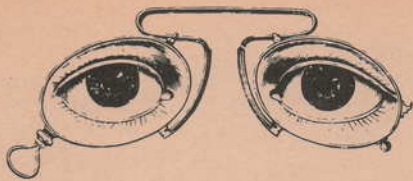


Joe Don Baker and Conny Van Dyke in *Framed*: A righteous fury

nostrils, etc.), but not before he has come to accept help from a crime boss (John Marley) and an amiable hit man (Gabriel Dell)—the very types that would have sent Sheriff Pusser into an apoplectic fit.

Phil Karlson has been directing movies for more than thirty years, and much of his most characteristic work, like *The*

ters as the black cop who befriends the hero when he's down; Conny Van Dyke as his plump and vulnerable girl; above all Joe Don Baker as the man himself, now somewhat fat and a little sloppy, but among the very few current actors who project individual and authentic presences on the screen.—*Roger Greenspun*



WORDS

CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS: BEYOND THE COFFEE TABLE

Enzo Ferrari's GT machines and racing cars were his dream, and he spent a lifetime building them into a polished perfection. In *Ferrari: The Man, The Machine* (Automobile Quarterly, \$27.50), the story of Ferrari's dream-come-true has been told—from tales of industrial espionage on through explanations of overhead cams, from famous drivers' and racing buffs' first-person accounts (Stirling Moss, Phil Hill) to an exclusive encounter with the great Ferrari himself (who would never go to races because he couldn't bear to see one of his creations crash). *Ferrari* is a handsomely illustrated 350-page volume, with over 700 color plates and detailed drawings of Ferrari entrails, almost worthy of da Vinci dissections. Unfortunately, *Ferrari's* editors chose not to include the histories behind the rare models' portraits—like that of the 1950 166 Mille Miglia. Bought second-hand for well under \$5,000 (now worth over forty grand), this car was a bone of contention in a recent California divorce suit. It ended with the husband sneaking his prize out of the state in a truck, and the car is now hidden away in Connecticut. Ferrari owners can be fanatics. For them, 200 special Christmas editions of *Ferrari* have been bound in red leather; these deluxe editions sell for \$47.50 apiece, and there's already a waiting list.

Different dreamers, different dreams. Those who aren't Ferrari freaks, for example, may be truckers at heart. Even women should like a book which reads: "She's just as much a trucker/ As any on the road/ For she's diesel fuel in her veins/ And smoke blowing 'cross her soul" (from the uncollected poems of Jack Hamilton, truck driver). Writer Jane Stern and her photographer-husband Michael traveled

three years of highways to chronicle the lives of those wild-catters whose rigs are their only homes. *Trucker: A Portrait of the Last American Cowboy* (McGraw-Hill, \$12.50; \$6.95 paper), is the result, a gear-jammer's journal of truths and legends, highways and women, truck stops and tears, a counterpoint of black and white portraits, poetry, and text. Merle Haggard sang it long before the Sterns did: "White line fever, sickness born down deep within my soul." The book works because the fever does.

Fevers of another nature, nightmares more than dreams, run through the writings of prize-winning, Polish-born Jerzy Kosinski. Author of *The Painted Bird*, *Steps*, *Being There*, and *The Devil Tree*, Kosinski now places himself—through his narrator, Tarden—at the controls of his fifth novel, *Cockpit* (Houghton-Mifflin, \$8.95). Tarden, ex-operative of a powerful government security agency, has become an equally successful, multi-identified fugitive. Tarden's world most closely resembles a vast private museum where he seems the solitary, desperate visitor. Events form a swift abstract succession of violently surreal experiences: a young bride is forced to submit



The all-American trucker as cowboy: Home on the road

to silent rape, a faithful dog is trained for self-immolation, a hunchbacked ski jumper is driven to an ignominious death—everything provoked by Tarden himself. Manipulator par excellence, acutely aware of the unawareness of others, Tarden poses hoaxes, disguises, and challenges, defying those whose lives he enters to threaten his identities with one of their own. They rarely do—and Tarden finds the resulting sense of power worth any intermediate pain or anxiety. An obvious nihilist. And yet, strangely moral, Tarden insists he is only attempting to expand the range of human perception: he wakes only those undeserving of rest, he punishes only those who abjectly surrender.

Equally bizarre, totally original, the Brautigan books aren't nearly so violent—nor do they probe

as deep. Ever since his best-selling *Trout Fishing in America*, Richard Brautigan's spoofs of American values have always left readers laughing at his twisting non sequiturs, wincing at his unexpected truth-telling. Now, five novels and seven volumes of poetry later, Brautigan has tossed off his latest: *Willard and His Bowling Trophies: A Perverse Mystery* (Simon & Schuster, \$5.95). In the beginning, Willard, a three-foot-high papier-mâché bird, sits inscrutably among his bowling trophies much like the nude Miss Hawklane among her musical instruments at the start of Brautigan's 1974 Gothic western, *The Hawkline Monster*. From there, things only get stranger. To the sounds of bowling-pin thunder and lightning (Brautigan's storms are always perfect 300 games), a father spends his days wishing life were as simple as automo-



Michael Stern

Jane Stern, author of *Trucker*

tive transmissions, three brothers spend their nights holding up gas stations, and couples finish lovemaking like two haunted houses, staring blankly across weedy vacant lots. With a vague sense of apathy, an abstract disgust, Brautigan paints an all-too-laughable American future: people becoming what they've always despised. Quite clever—but Brautigan almost goes the way of his characters.

Two guides of sorts are available, recent additions to a group of works already published. The first, *Foxfire 3* (Doubleday, \$10), is third in the ten-year-old series of Appalachian readers put together by the high school students of Rabun Gap-Nacoochee, Georgia. Started as a regional newspaper to involve disinterested students, *Foxfire* (that small mountain fungus that glows in the dark) explores local folklore and the people that made it, those "grandparents who are moving daily out of our lives." Tales of hunting and snake lore; of boogers, witches, and haunts; memories of tornadoes and "T-model" Fords; of pea-thrashin', faith-healin', and courtin' are all there. From log-cabin building to animal care and hide-tanning, from the making of banjos to the fine art of moonshining, the "how-to's" are told with the local dialect's lilt and with pictures of the good lives in progres. Full of laughter and tears, the *Foxfire* books bring the "good ole days" to both city and country.

Nowhere near as wholesome, however, is a second "guide": *The Unexpurgated Code: A Complete Manual of Survival and Manners* (Delacorte, \$10). J. P. Donleavy, already known for his clever tongue (*The Ginger Man*, *The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar B.*, among others), has here turned acerbically on social climbing, where "the smile ranks only after money and ass-kissing as the major tool." With chapters on dueling, nose-pick-

ing, right down to placing the blame for a dose of the clap, Donleavy teaches when to riposte, sock, or sue. He signals occasions where a "remark of the bootless and unhorsed" may suffice (i.e., "Get stuffed, sister") and those where we should simply answer in Pukka, the language of those "arrived." (In Pukka, brandy and cigars affect an after-dinner fart by "adding not only impact to the concussive elements of the egress but also to the acerbic fustiness of its fume.") Of course, Donleavy at no time guarantees social success; but at least faithful students will deserve "E, for effort"—and all those other tiresome nose-in-the-air chaps merit an immediate "F, for Fuckpig." Donleavy wins both. It was much more fun when Balthazar B. did the talking.

Or, if not Balthazar B., there are other forms of simple distraction. Two books of suspense and passion, without any auteurist intervention (that psychic anguish of Kosinski and friends), are *Pleasure Man* (Dell, \$1.50) and *Clara Reeve* (Knopf, \$8.95). The prices are right in line with the quality. The first, by Mae West, is a predictable romp from bedspring to bedspring, despite the womanizing vaudevillian hero's ("Call me Rod") rather

bloodcurdling fate. Good for train stations and bathtubs, even those Westian one-liners ("Many a family tree was started by grafting; thanks to Rodney, Mary Ann will have her own little orchard") fall pretty flat. *Clara Reeve*, however, is quite another story. Under the pseudonym of Leonie Hargrave, some obviously brilliant author has produced the ultimate Gothic novel. Mystery, murder, dark castles, and incest come together in the most impeccable nineteenth-century prose, while a mild-mannered heroine, Clara, faces off against the sinister ménage-à-trois of her husband, mother-in-law, and valet. From its opening moments in London's Highgate Cemetery to its apocalyptic resolution on the slopes of Vesuvius, not a single cliché mars the 450-odd pages. Highly cultured, faultlessly styled, *Clara Reeve* never loses momentum. A good long read—for a rainy day followed by the darkest of nights.

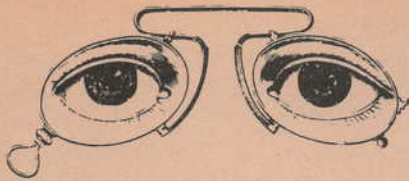
Time spent between book covers has always been suspended somewhere between reality and illusion. Now, the Peacock Press series of large-format paperbacks (Bantam \$5.95) offers us a graphic excursion into that fascinating fantasy world. From books on individual illustrators—Howard Pyle, Arthur Rackham,

Dulac, Kay Nielsen, Frazetta—to collections of artwork chosen for the agelessness of their themes—temptation, dreaming, even Christmas—the volumes are all equally handsome and all well worth their price. *Temptation* alone spans six centuries of enticement, from Fra Angelico to French contemporary Jacques Brissot. *The Christmas Book* includes covers from *Colliers* and *Ruck*, as well as illustrations by Norman Rockwell, Grandma Moses, and N. C. Wyeth. Momentarily frustrating for lack of an index, and for titles printed on each picture's flip side instead of on the opposite page, the Peacock books are still recommended for any coffee-table romantic.

Postcards are an unlikely Christmas gift, but when packaged by William Ouellette in *Fantasy Postcards* (Doubleday, \$14.95, \$7.95 paperback), the idea suddenly becomes intriguing. Ouellette's collection of postcards includes political comment on the Kaiser, kitschy nudes, potential acts of bestiality, women's lib logos, surreal collages, and greetings from the mud baths. Fortunately, all postcards are from the turn-of-the-century when the postal service was speedier and imaginations ran wilder than shots of Niagara Falls.—Karen Thorsen



"Beauty and the Beast" from *Fantasy Postcards: Turn-of-the-century erotica through the mail*



SOUNDS

ROCKABILLY AGAIN

Rockabilly is back, and I can't think of any better antidote to the inflated arrangements plaguing pop music today. In the history of rock, rockabilly has always been the real thing: no strings, no brass, just frenzied vocals, raw electric guitars, thumping boogie-woogie piano, and the beat, the beat, the beat. Full of redneck craziness and youthful rebellion, it's what made Memphis famous—and still makes Nashville nervous.

Folks in Music City never quite got used to the idea of white boys singing loud "nigger"

come "overnight" sensations. Now the pop music industry is looking to "progressive" C & W and neo-rockabilly for the Great White Hope who will do for them in the seventies what the British groups did in the mid-sixties and what the kids who merged blues and country in the fifties did when they invented rock.

Rock is country. And it always has been, no matter what C & W's official custodians may claim. I know his music doesn't sound like it, but for my money Hank Williams was the first modern rock star. A national headliner at twenty-four, he played electric guitar to awed crowds, dressed in flashy white suits with musical notes running up and down the

country heavyweights Jerry Lee Lewis, Johnny Cash, Carl Perkins, Roy Orbison, and Charlie Rich.

Rockabilly inspired a second rock generation when the soon-to-be Beatles picked up their instruments and tried to reproduce the classic Sun sound; at the height of Beatlemania, the good ole boys from Liverpool featured songs by Carl Perkins on three of their best-selling albums. That Bob Dylan and the Band came under the influence of rockabilly should be obvious from the recently released *Basement Tapes*.

Today's crop of Nashville hit singers is another outgrowth of the rich Sun tradition. The most promising of the unreconstructed rockabilly singers, Narvel Felts, began his career back in 1957 by recording a number of tunes for Sun Records which were never released. These tracks and more, on a half-dozen different labels, may see the light of day now that Felts has hit the country and pop charts with his stunning vocal work on "Reconsider Me." Anyone who thinks the return of rockabilly is mere nostalgia should listen to Felts pull a phrase apart, punch out falsetto notes, and lay on vibrato here and there just for kicks. This could be the definitive rockabilly voice, echoing other singers' styles yet unmatched in its technical control. Appropriately enough, *Narvel Felts*, his debut album on ABC/Dot, wasn't recorded in Nashville, but in neighboring Muscle Shoals, Alabama.

Many of the neo-rockabilly discs are being produced outside the Music City mainstream and then sold for distribution to Nashville's majors. Houston producer Huey P. Meaux cut a tune called "Before the Last Teardrop Falls" with a fifteen-year veteran of the local Tex-Mex recording scene, Baldemar Huerta. Better known as Freddie Fender, none of the big C & W labels would sign him. Meaux released the single himself and

garnered a number-one hit in the Houston area. One of the companies which had passed on Fender then contracted for the bilingual record. The result was a top pop-and-country hit with sales of over a million copies. As it was recorded this maudlin tearjerker can hardly be called rockabilly. In concert, however, Fender proves to be a premier guitar picker of the old Sun school. His playing is lean, his solos expressive, the tone of his instrument as crisp and pungent as a dollar cigar.

Those artists who do get recorded in Nashville may have similar rockabilly roots, still their sound tends to be more eclectic and more elaborately produced. That certainly hasn't kept them from turning out rollicking tunes with a foot-thumping beat. Some fifteen years after writing "Lover Please" (a huge hit for R & B singer Clyde McPhatter) in a high school English class, Billy Swan conquered the charts himself with a roller-rink riffed goodie called "I Can Help." His voice resembles Ringo Starr's, but Swan remains a highly original songwriter and arranger happily reexploring the textures of fifties rock 'n' roll.

And back from the fifties, Jerry Lee Lewis seems to have been shaken up by all the rockin' activity. His latest recorded effort, *Boogie-Woogie Country Man*, is his most spirited in years. Elvis, too, is reaching into an up-tempo bag these days for his uninterrupted streak of best-selling country tunes; "T-R-O-U-B-L-E" comes close to recapturing the excitement of Presley in his prime.

It's just a matter of time before the same thing starts happening in other parts of the country. How much of an impact rockabilly is making on the pop music audience should be clear as soon as the long-haired country bands start picking up on it. Old-fashioned boogie-woogie may just save us from today's earsplitting Southern boogie bands.—Steve Ditlea



"Rockabilly" Swan: Exploring the textures of fifties rock 'n' roll

music and wriggling like their pants were on fire. After a solid decade of seeking middle-aged, middle-class, middle-of-the-road respectability, several of Nashville's more independent-minded labels have now scored number-one country hits with the latest incarnation of rockabilly—as well as a couple of pop chart-toppers. Artists who've been on the scene for a dozen years or more, with odd names like Narvel Felts, Freddie Fender, and Billy Swan, have be-

sleeves and pants, got kicked off the Grand Ole Opry, lived outrageously, and died tragically before he reached thirty. One year later, Elvis Presley, a nineteen-year-old truck driver from Tupelo, Mississippi, wandered into Sam Phillips's Memphis recording studio to cut a song for his mother's birthday. Phillips signed Presley to a Sun Records contract and the rockabilly era began. From 1954 on, the yellow Sun label also featured the recording debuts of rock and

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THE PHOENIX MURDERS

THE CIA'S PHOENIX PROGRAM WAS DESIGNED TO "NEUTRALIZE" THE VIET CONG LEADERSHIP. INSTEAD, TENS OF THOUSANDS OF VIETNAMESE CIVILIANS WERE KILLED, THE VIET CONG NOW GOVERN SOUTH VIETNAM, AND WILLIAM COLBY, WHO SUPERVISED PHOENIX, IS NOW THE DIRECTOR OF THE CIA.

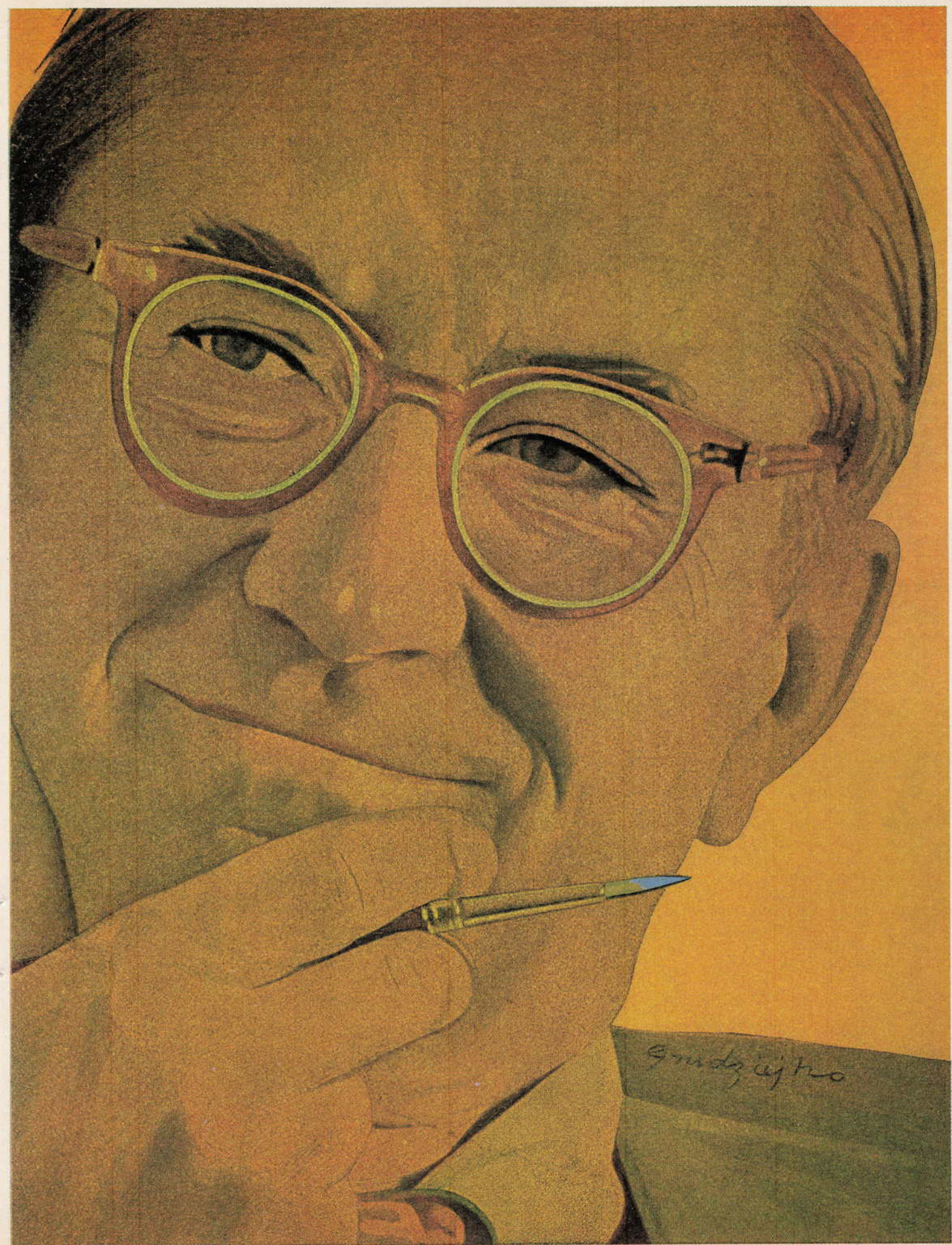
Back in those difficult days in the White House when the war in Vietnam was getting bigger and seeming more unwinnable every day, it must have looked like such a beautiful plan: get the CIA to pull together all the intelligence people on our side—the South Vietnamese police, the military, everyone who knew anything about the Viet Cong; pinpoint the enemy's political leaders, the men who called the shots; then send in commandos to neatly, surgically take them out of the picture. You risked only a few men. You ripped out the heart of the hated Cong. And the insurgency collapsed from within.

It was simplicity itself. But what became known as "the Phoenix Program" was one of those concepts that did not move gracefully from the drawing board to real life—at least not in the hands of the CIA.

In fact, Phoenix—the CIA's bird that never flew—will probably go down in history as one of the agency's messiest blunders. As it unfolded in the hamlets

BY JOSEPH B. TREASTER





and villages of Vietnam, Phoenix was a bumbling, slipshod operation, poorly supervised and controlled, shot through with corruption and ineptness—a tragically lethal operation in which tens of thousands of ordinary South Vietnamese civilians were murdered, swept into prisons and, often, horribly tortured. In the end, Phoenix failed completely to even dent the so-called Viet Cong Infrastructure (VCI)—the political apparatus whose members are now governing Communist Saigon.

Nothing worked the way the planners of Phoenix had hoped. Precise intelligence on the Viet Cong's political leaders never surfaced; most of the data was sketchy and inaccurate. At best Phoenix "targeted" low-ranking Communist functionaries; at worst the victims were the political or social enemies of the local Saigon government province chief. President Nguyen Van Thieu liked Phoenix (there were charges he used it to dampen the spirits of would-be rivals), but many of his subordinates did not. So, the ranks of Operation Phoenix were layered with incompetents and castoffs and, apparently, not a few sadists.

None of the various agencies involved in Phoenix—least of all the CIA—was willing to share its best information. South Vietnamese agents proved to be unreliable and failed to penetrate deeply, while the big-nosed, white-skinned Americans could not operate covertly at all. Meanwhile, Viet Cong agents wormed their way into nearly every important office in the Saigon government and probably infiltrated the ranks of the CIA's local agents as well. So surprise thrusts into the Viet Cong heart were virtually precluded even if the intelligence had been developed.

By all accounts, only a small percentage of the deaths attributed to Phoenix came as a result of any kind of planned intelligence effort coordinated with a specific attack. Most often, the casualties occurred in standard military operations and the dead were identified *after the fact* as members of the Viet Cong Infrastructure—sometimes accurately, sometimes not. Phoenix, in reality, was not the scalpel that had been envisioned, but a coarse dragnet that snared not the wily Viet Cong political chiefs, but the unfortunate junior cadre—the messengers and the tax collectors—or unwitting civilians who got caught in the cross fire.

Phoenix, which in Vietnamese is "Phuong Huong" (the mythical bird that brings news of peace), not only failed to eliminate the key members of the Viet Cong political apparatus, but, if anything, may have speeded the Communist takeover by further alienating the people of South Vietnam with its reckless terror and haphazard harassment.

Most of the Americans who were personally involved with Phoenix in the field agreed to discuss it with me only on the condition that their names not be published, either out of embarrassment or be-

cause years of intelligence work had made them automatically seek anonymity.

Phoenix was one of several projects the CIA got into in Vietnam which took it far beyond the role of collector and analyst of intelligence that Congress had originally intended. In the early 1960's, for example, the agency organized a small army of hill tribesmen in the central highlands of Vietnam, not unlike the army it built to fight the "Secret War" in Laos. This army, the Civilian Irregular Defense Force, which grew to 42,000 men and was directed in the field by Green Berets, established a chain of forts for frontier security and sent squads on forays into Laos and Cambodia.

Later, the agency created "Counter-Terror" teams that tried to systematically return the violence the Viet Cong had visited upon Saigon government officials, and presaged the Phoenix program. Then came the fifty-nine-man Rural Development or "RD Cadre" units that were assigned to every province to dig wells, bolster village spirit, gather intelligence, and counter local guerrillas.

To tackle these assignments and Phoenix, as well as to handle its ostensibly basic mission of collecting intelligence, the CIA put between 400 and 600 agents into Vietnam—reportedly the largest force it has ever fielded in a single country. Agents were plucked from posts all over the world and dozens of soldiers of fortune were hired on contract to help out, too. Many of the veteran cloak-and-dagger men resented the paramilitary work and argued that it wasn't what they were supposed to be doing.

But Robert W. Komer, a former CIA analyst, White House special assistant, and head of the American "pacification program" in Vietnam, contends that President Johnson was adamant that the United States effort in Vietnam should not be strictly military, and had specifically called the CIA into the fray.

Komer, a blustery, hard-driving man who was known in Vietnam as "Blowtorch Bob," says it is "just ridiculous" to argue that CIA operations in Vietnam violated the agency's charter "when there's been a long record of application [of this sort of thing] in places like Cuba, Laos, and Iran."

A strange argument, it would seem, when most critics are contending that the Bay of Pigs invasion, the Secret War in Laos, and the overthrow of the government of Iran are precisely the kind of activities the agency should not be involved in.

But Komer did not earn his nickname by chance, and he charged on, hardly pausing for breath: "Any insider knows that the impetus for all these things came from the top—the president and his special assistants."

As authority for the CIA's ventures beyond the realm of intelligence, Komer cites the section of the National Security Act which states that among the duties of the agency is "to perform such functions

and duties related to intelligence affecting the national security as the National Security Council may from time to time direct." Thus, as in Watergate, "national security" seems to be an excuse for an administration to do whatever it wants.

To this day, no one knows exactly how much Phoenix cost the United States (the General Accounting Office told Congress it didn't know) and no one can say with certainty how many Vietnamese lives were taken in its name. By mid-1972, five years after the birth of Phoenix, the official figure on deaths given by the United States government was more than 26,000. A year earlier, the South Vietnamese government had put the death count at more than 40,000. Phoenix continued until the Saigon government collapsed, but no further statistics were issued. At any one time, there were probably 50,000 to 70,000 prisoners in South Vietnam's jails. But an attorney who served as legal adviser to the Phoenix program for more than a year says there was a constant turnover of prisoners and estimates that more than 250,000 persons passed through the prison system annually. This is an especially interesting figure since the CIA estimated the *total strength* of the VCI to be between 70,000 and 150,000. But we must always remember that the numbers of arrests, deaths, and even the strength of the VCI, like most other aspects of Phoenix, were generally regarded as being hopelessly unreliable.

"Forget the figures, they don't mean anything," said the Phoenix legal adviser. "The fact is, there could have been twice the number of civilians assassinated or killed—or one-third the number. There's just no way of knowing one way or the other, the reports and the basic intelligence were that bad."

Of all the Americans who have been involved in Phoenix, undoubtedly the man most closely identified with it is William E. Colby, a thin-lipped, ascetic-looking devout Roman Catholic who has spent most of his life as a covert intelligence operative and is now director of the CIA. Colby, a Princeton and Columbia Law School graduate, was one of the principal architects of the program, working first as chief of the CIA's Far East Division; later as deputy to the American head of pacification in Vietnam, who oversaw the Phoenix operation; and finally as chief of the pacification program himself, during the nearly three years from late 1968 to mid-1971 when Phoenix was at its peak.

Colby is described by acquaintances as soft-spoken, with a casual manner and a forthright style. Despite the likelihood that working as a spy has forced him to dissemble and misrepresent, he is said to have a strong personal sense of honesty. "If you ask him a question on a sensitive subject," one acquaintance said, "he'll answer you directly. He won't lie, but he won't tell you any more than precisely what

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

Every party needs an Imp.

The Imp is Imperial.
A whole new kind of
smooth that mixes great
with everything.

Especially people.

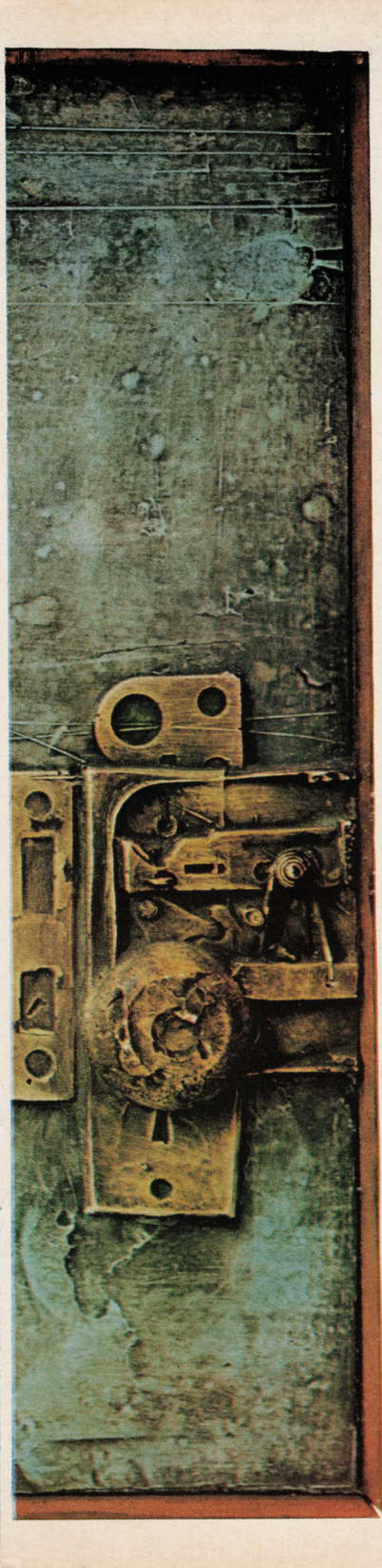
Livens up the evening,
nicely. Without coming
on like a guy with a
lamp-shade on his head.

Invite an Imp.

Then start the party.







What it's like to be the
absolute rulers
of "society's garbage can."

THE WARDENS

W

arden Theodore West, in his crisp beige summer suit, strides through the noisy clusters of black and brown bodies like a British gentleman appraising his safari staff. He knows well that the natives are dangerous, perpetually angry, but it would only inflame them to show concern. So he glides through them, pointedly defenseless, eyes straight ahead—aloof, casual, immaculate—amid their defiant and rumpled chaos.

The inmates line the endless concrete corridors of New York's Rikers Island jail, their hoots and howls echoing maddeningly. The young guards, like timid lion tamers, try to prod them into orderly rows and salute the passing warden simultaneously. As each metal gate clangs shut behind him, the noise diminishes until the warden reaches his office, a sterile, soundless, air-conditioned retreat from the 1,300 sweating savages who are now being locked in their cells for the night.

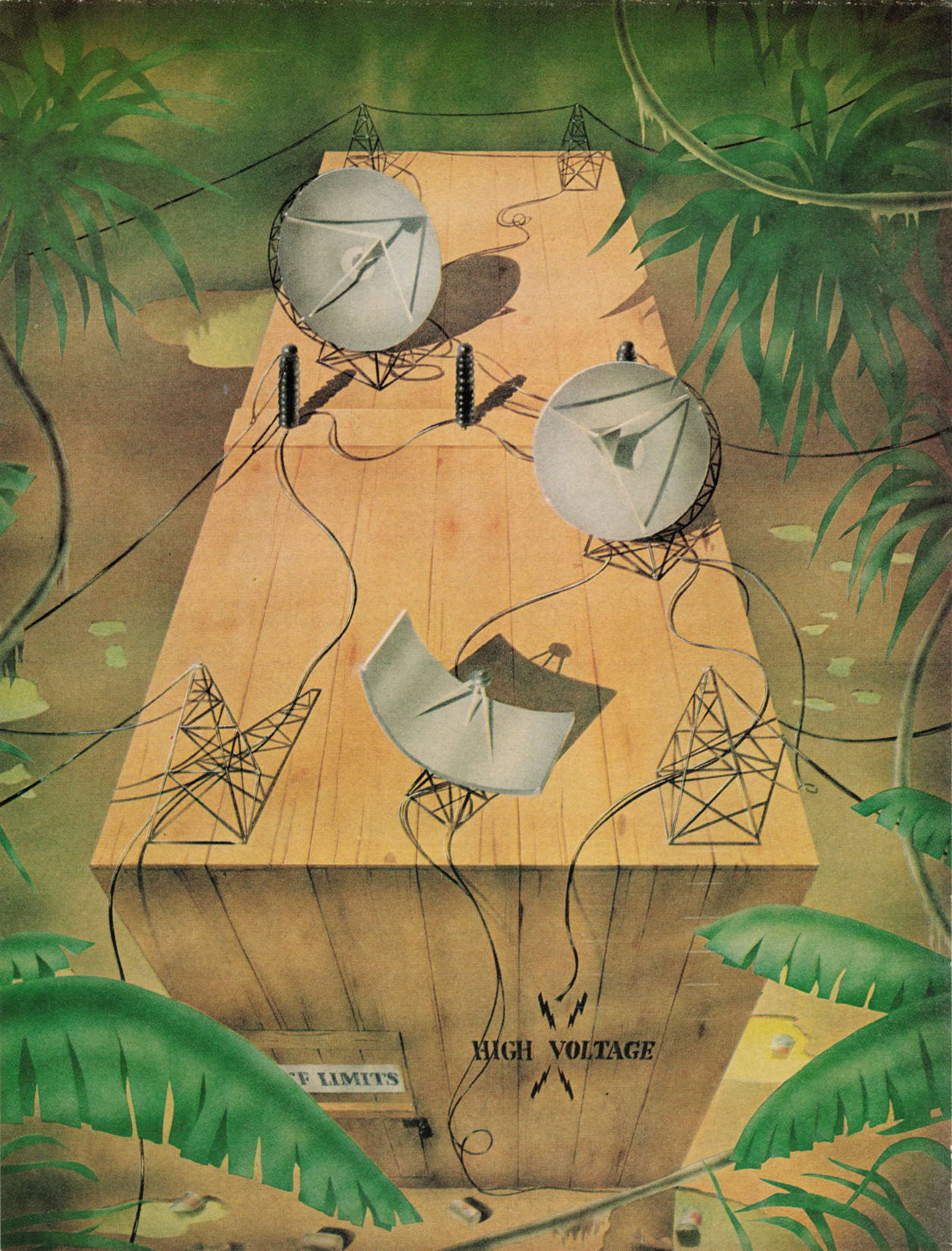
"Yesterday some of my inmates asked me why I should have an air conditioner while they swelter back in the blocks," he says. "I told them why I have an air conditioner. *I learned it. I worked.* I moved up the ladder. And now I'm going to keep the damn thing running till I have to put a coat on. Because I sweltered all my life. I came up in the slums, too—these guys don't have a copyright on that. And I worked in the blocks for years, sweating right along with the cons. But I made it. I'm a warden now. It's *my* turn."

New York City's 6,500 prisoners (over 4,000 of whom are pre-trial detainees who can't make bail) are incarcerated in eight jails: one each in the boroughs of Queens, Brooklyn, and the Bronx, and five—one for women, one for adult men, two for adolescents, and one for sentenced misdemeanants—on Riker's Island, the city's 409-acre penal compound. To man these institutions and their supportive services, the city employs thousands of people, including an army of uniformed custodial personnel consisting of 2,900 correction officers, 300 captains, 70 assistant deputy wardens, 20 deputy wardens—and 12 wardens, who rule with much of the pomp usually reserved for warlords and kings, who earn \$39,000 a year, and who are protected by the gilded armor of civil service.

The wardens are the Horatio Algiers of the correctional system. From humble origins—all of them—they started out as guards back in the thirties, forties, and fifties. The correction system provided a ladder of success, with well-defined, accessible rungs. So they endured and participated in the brutality of jails. They worked midnights, and they worked overtime. They took orders and learned to give them. They were loyal, they held their tongues, they observed and waited. When things were quiet, they studied for civil service examinations. And slowly, like embodiments of the American dream—soaring proof of the ultimate justice of things—they ascended. Finally, they achieved lordship in a realm that is often likened to a feudal kingdom—a kingdom in which inmate-serfs clean wardens' private bathrooms, shine their shoes, launder their shirts, wax and tune up their cars (for a couple of packs of cigarettes), and prepare and serve their meals in the "Blueroom" (as contrasted to the inmates' "mess hall" and the officers' "cafeteria"). But the victory of wardenhood is ambivalent; today, the crown is becoming a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 171

BY SYLVIA KRONSTADT



HIGH VOLTAGE

LIMITS

THE CAPTIVITY OF CAPTAIN RUCKER

The Editor
Man's World

Dear Sir:

I want to comment on the article in your last issue of *Man's World* entitled "Escape From Terror—I Was a VC Captive," by Captain Charles Rucker (ret.).

It was a crock of shit.

The Vietcong didn't capture Captain Rucker, we did. And it's about time we got credit for it.

My name is Terry Orth. I was Finance Officer at Sinh Or, which, you may remember, was Captain Rucker's base. I arrived there on a terribly soggy, humid day in January 1973. From the helicopter, Sinh Or looked like a small fleet of houseboats floating in a yellow sea. I learned when the helicopter splashed down that the yellow sea was mud. My boots squishing, I sloshed through the mud to Captain Rucker's hut.

Captain Rucker sat behind a table, writing in a large book. I noticed a helmet on the table, which surprised me, since I had been told there had been no military activity in this area for two years.

He returned my salute and stood up. He wasn't very tall, and he looked about thirty-five. He had receding brown hair and dark eyes that dodged around the room. His uniform was clean and creased, as if it had just come from the laundry.

"Writing in my war diary," he said. He shook my hand. "I'm Charles Rucker." We traded formalities, and then he said, "I understand you studied history in college."

"Yes, sir."

"Good. I'm glad to have somebody who understands history, and the perspective here."

"Sir?"

"The perspective of the war. The meaning of it. It's good to have somebody educated here. Not many of the men here understand what's going on."

"Yes, sir." I wasn't sure I understood what was going on either, but I was willing to try to learn.

"Glad to have you here, Terry. Go out and have a look around."

I started sloshing down the wide river of mud between the huts, looking for something to look at, and immediately ran into a tall, sunburned man with rumpled hair, a rumpled uniform, and a grin accompanied by an outstretched hand.

"How do you do, lieutenant," he said, "I'm Sergeant Mars."

"Sergeant Mars?"

"No, sir. Sergeant Mars." I looked at his name patch, which said "Meyers."

"I'm from Georgia," he grinned. "I guess you could tell. Welcome to Sinh Or. Would you like a beer?"

For the next hour, as we sipped beer in the shade, I learned that our mission at Sinh Or was to dig holes for fuel tanks, which had not arrived, for an air base that had been cancelled three years ago. I learned that the holes had been started four months ago, but, after a heavy rain, they had filled with mud and no one could find them. "Watch where you walk," Sergeant Meyers warned.

I learned that Sinh Or was relieved of the sea of yellow mud only once a year, in July, when it was replaced by a sea of brown mud.

"Damndest thing you ever saw," commented Sergeant Meyers.

I learned that our camp had the best collection of blues and soul tapes in Southeast Asia, and a number of stereo systems that, in complexity, cost, and sheer number of chrome knobs and dials, made the Apollo Program look cheap.

I learned that Sinh Or was affectionately known as "The Armpit of Asia."

I learned that Sergeant Meyers, who had faithfully served the Army since 1958, was now sick of it and wanted to get out and open a sporting goods store in Atlanta, Georgia. I

"We fed him nothing but cold Spam and cornflakes in water, we played Donny Osmond singing 'Puppy Love' over and over when he tried to sleep. Captain Rucker took it all wonderfully, refusing to divulge a thing."

BY DAVID SIEFKIN

learned a lot about the beauties of Georgia, particularly the absence of yellow mud.

I learned that absolutely everyone at Sinh Or was stupendously bored, with the exception of Captain Rucker, who seemed to be having a good time. He urged everyone else to work hard, too. For this reason he was known by the men as "Our Own Mother Rucker."

I learned that everyone was following the meetings of Kissinger and Lee Duc Tho, then going on in Paris, and that everyone was hoping for a cease-fire so they could leave Sinh Or. Everyone, that is, except Captain Rucker.

"Rucker's an odd squirrel," Meyers said, as I watched my fourth beer can float away. "He hasn't been here much longer than you. He's only been in the army for a year. He was in ROTC in college, and then taught civics in a high school in Ohio. But he *believes* in the war. Not the politics or the anticommunism or anything, just in the general idea. He joined up because he thought he was missing being part of something. He told me once he had missed the best parts, the Tet Offensive and Hamburger Hill, and the good old days of '70. Odd squirrel."

"Terry, I don't think the men are taking this war seriously enough," Captain Rucker said, frowning as he examined a stack of handwritten papers on his desk. "I asked the men to write a short essay on what they thought our purpose was here, our role in the effort, and here one man has written 'Our role is to draw the mosquitoes away from our brave brothers up at the front.' Now I don't think that's funny, not at all. War is a very serious business. It's not pleasant, but it has to be done. The men should have a better attitude than this. Have Sergeant Meyers order *The Alamo* from Saigon; we'll just have to show it again."

One day, January 29, I heard whooping and hollering. When I looked outside I saw men pushing each other and falling with great yellow splashes into the mud.

"The cease-fire, they signed the cease-fire," someone was yelling. "We're going home!" The stereos started playing at extra volume, and armadas of beer cans were soon floating around the huts.

Sergeant Meyers and I toasted each other. "To your future," he said.

"To your sporting goods store," I said, clinking my beer can against his.

Captain Rucker took it badly.

"I stayed up all night," he said grimly, "writing in my war diary. I think this is a *terrible* mistake. We can't just sign a paper and back out of a war. This is a test of our honor and courage and we can't just *quit*, for God's sake!"

"No, sir."

"Listen to this," he said, picking up a sheet of paper. "People of Texas and All Americans in the World," he read slowly. "I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual bombardment and can-

nonade for twenty-four hours . . . the enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion, otherwise, the garrison are to be put to the sword, if the fort is taken. I have answered the demand with a cannon shot. *I shall never surrender or retreat.* Then I call on you in the name of liberty, of patriotism and everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. . . . If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country. Victory or Death . . . William Barret Travis, Lieutenant Colonel, commanding the Alamo."

He looked up at me solemnly. "Immortal," he said. "Because they died, Texas was saved. Imagine being part of that." He looked blankly at the wall. "Imagine."

The next week an odd thing happened in Sinh Or. In the middle of the camp, I found a group of men nailing together an enormous wooden crate, the size of a boxcar, and fastening wires and spindly radio antennas onto it.

"What is this?" I asked.

"I don't know, sir. Captain Rucker ordered it."

"What's going inside of it?"

"As far as I know, nothing, sir."

"Nothing?"

"As far as I know, sir."

In two days the box was finished, and it stood there, silent and ominous, taller than any of the huts, bristling with antennas.

"Why would he build something like that when we're going to be leaving?" Sergeant Meyers asked me.

"I don't know."

"What's going in it? Why would he build an empty box? And why did he round up every loose antenna and fasten it on there? What for?"

"I don't know."

"You can see it for miles away. It's so big. What does he want to do with it?"

"I don't know."

That night, late, I knew. I lay in my bed and suddenly I knew. I pulled on my pants and ran splashing across to Sergeant Meyers's hut, and up inside, and shook him awake.

"I know what it is!" I said excitedly.

"Wha, what what is?" he said sleepily.

"What the box is."

Meyers looked at me. "All right, what is it?"

"It's bait. Bait for a trap. We're the trap. Rucker wants the Vietcong to think this is some kind of important secret communications base, so they'll break the cease-fire and attack, and kill us all. Then the American people would be so upset they'd start the war again. This is Rucker's Alamo."

"But he would be killed too."

"He doesn't care. He'd be immortal."

Sergeant Meyers rubbed his forehead and yawned. "Somehow, that sounds like Captain Rucker."

We discussed the matter.

"We've got to turn him in," I insisted. "He's nuts."

"Didn't you see *The Caine Mutiny*?" Meyers asked. "Do you want to spend the rest of your life in army courtrooms? There must be some way for us to work this out." He yawned again. "Shit, I just want to get out and open my sporting goods store."

But after a great while, we thought of a way.

The next day Sergeant Meyers strolled from hut to hut, chatting with the men. And that afternoon, the camp seemed unusually active.

Captain Rucker was in a particularly cheerful mood, whistling, humming, and tapping his fingers as he wrote in his war diary. He even strolled with me out onto the porch of his hut. He looked startled.

"Where did all this mud come from?" he demanded.

"I understand it's been here for some time," I said.

"Well, it looks terrible. Have Sergeant Meyers do something about it."

Precisely at that moment, 10:16 A.M., February 8, 1973, the siege of Sinh Or began. There was a loud pop, and a tin can sailed out of the trees beyond the camp, over the fence, and landed in the mud with a splash. A soldier recovered it, handed it to me, and I handed it to Captain Rucker, who looked at me with wide eyes. He pulled the top off, pulled out a piece of paper, read it hurriedly, and then reread it. He sighed, and handed it to me.

Carefully printed in pen, it said: "To the commander of the American garrison: You are surrounded by an overwhelming and powerful force of the North Vietnamese Army. Surrender immediately, and we will be merciful. Otherwise, neither you nor your men will be spared. I await your reply. The North Vietnamese Commander."

"This doesn't sound too good, sir," I suggested.

"No, Terry. Have Sergeant Meyers call the men and get them out on the perimeter. I have to get dressed."

"What about reinforcements and air support?" I asked.

"No time, no time!" Rucker shouted, then quickly thought and said, "No, I'll take care of that, don't worry. Now go tell Sergeant Meyers." I hesitated, and he lay a hand on my shoulder. "You know, Terry," he said, "this is a big moment. This man we're up against has a sense of history. Just look at that note. Direct, eloquent."

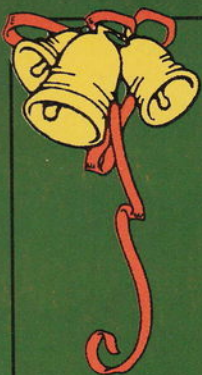
"Yes, sir." I was glad he liked it; I had spent half an hour working on it.

Now I've been told that battles in Vietnam were generally short, nasty affairs—bursts of gunfire that came out of nowhere in the darkness and rain, confusion, men screaming and shouting in pain and anger, then silence.

Our battle was nothing like that. Our battle had class.

An enormous explosion ripped the air and shook the hut, throwing a spray of yellow mud over the roof; then a second

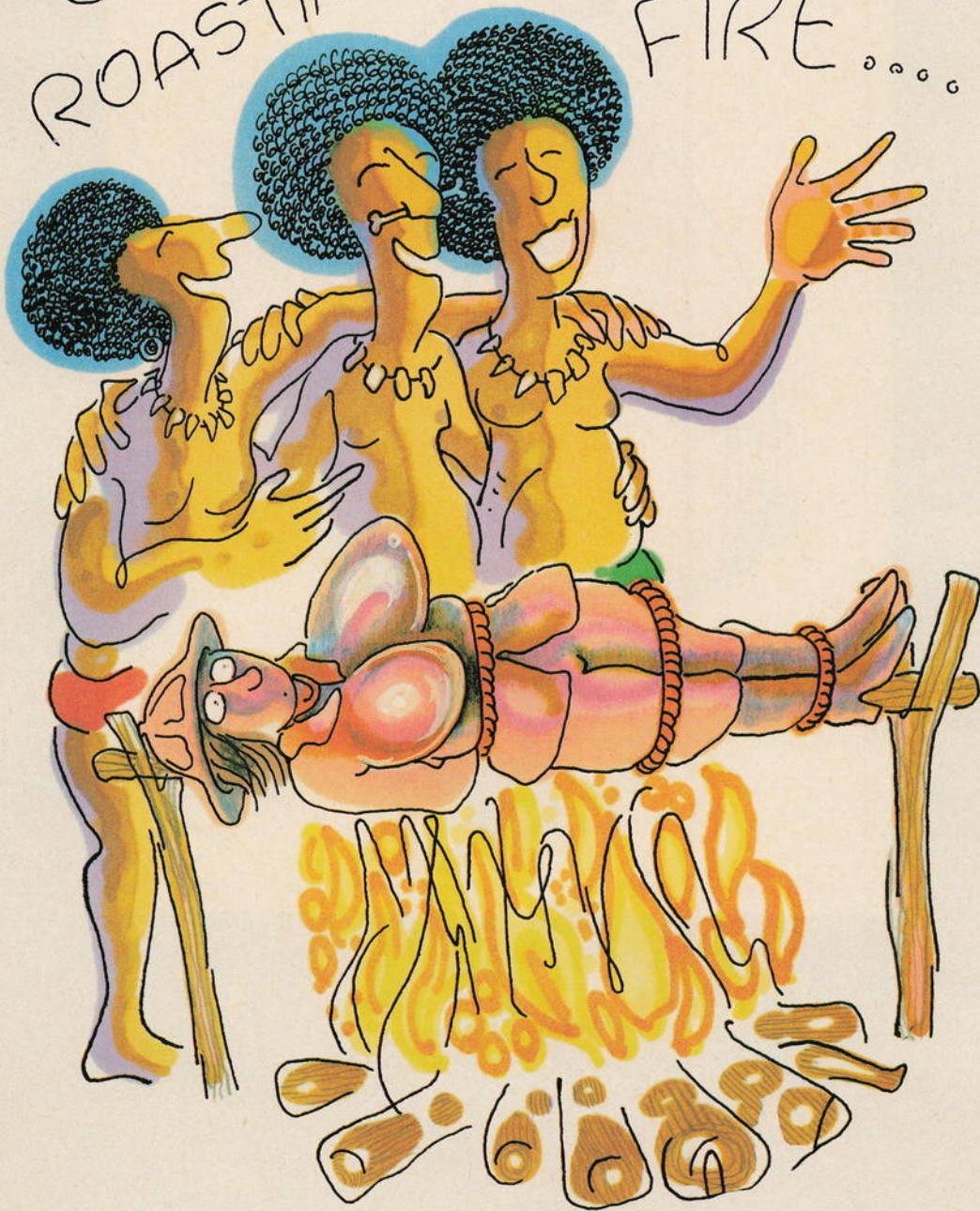
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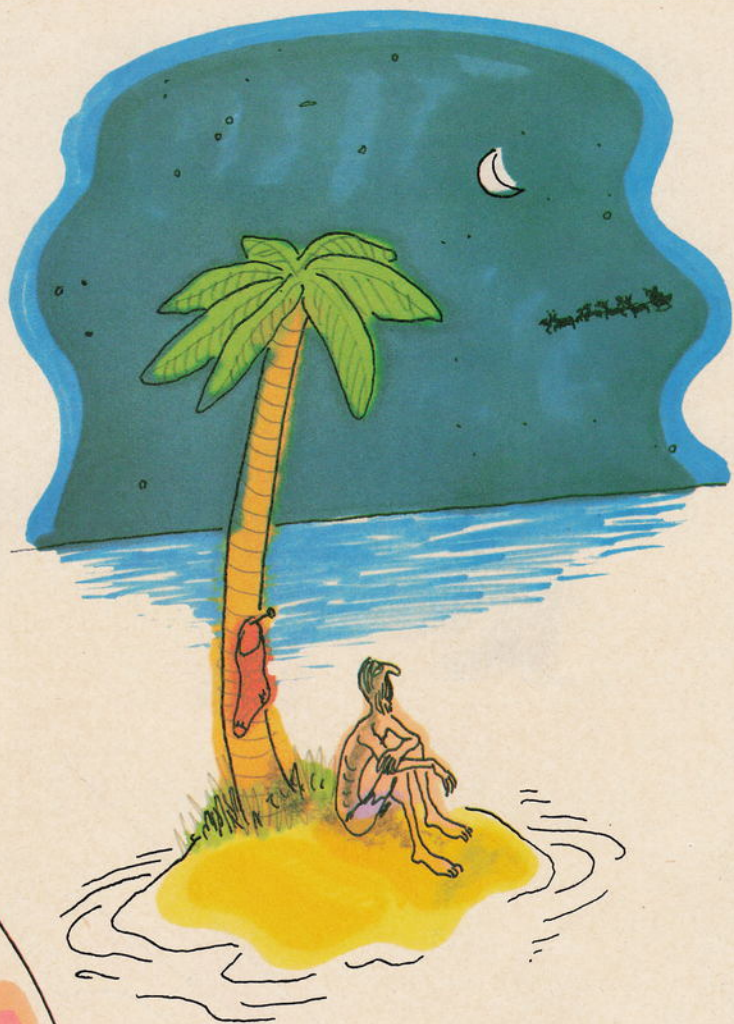


PIECE ON EARTH

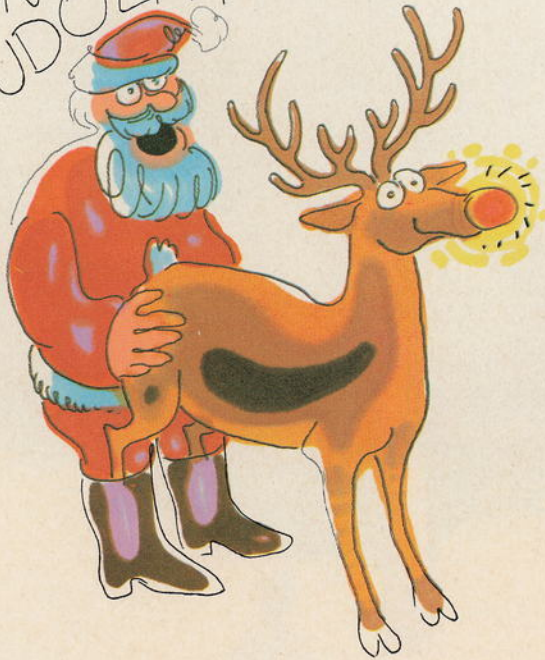
A potpourri of Christmas cartoons that go beyond visions of sugarplums. From the irreverent pen of satirist Bill Lee, who insists that he still believes in Santa Claus.

"CHESTNUTS
ROASTING ON AN OPEN
FIRE..."





ON
RUDOLPH



"Go back and tell the boss that Ebenezer
Scrooge has just been turned onto Christmas."





"Of course, you realize that this means the end of Hanukkah for us."

CAPT. RUCKER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

and a third, seemingly right behind us. Captain Rucker and I stood frozen as a row of terrible red-orange flowers bloomed with cracking thuds in front of us, dissolving into smoke and scenting the air with a pungent chemical sweetness.

"Go!" Rucker gasped, turning back into the hut. I rushed down the stairs and ran splashing to Meyers's hut. Inside, Sergeant Meyers was totally unconcerned, as he fiddled with several bundles of wires and a large, greasy battery.

"Listen to this," Meyers said, touching two wires together with a white snap of sparks. Four more explosions ripped the air outside, and water and mud rattled on the tin roof. "Sergeant Pearl did this for me," he explained. "He used to run the fireworks at Disneyland." He reached for more wires.

I joined the rush of men, helmets on and rifles in hand, sprinting toward the sandbag-ringed pits inside the barbed wire fence, running wide around the red-topped wooden stakes that one by one were flying away in fiery explosions.

Captain Rucker himself came out, and I hardly recognized him in his helmet and green camouflage. He wore two ammunition belts, eight hand grenades, and had two .45's in holsters strapped across his chest and a third one in his hand. "They're not going to get me cheap!" he shouted.

I drew in my breath as he ran directly toward a red-topped stake, which that second blew away in a fiery gush of smoke and mud. When I opened my eyes, Captain Rucker was standing beside me, yellow from head to foot.

"They're not going to get me that way!" he yelled. "Where are the bastards?"

I realized then that a terrific noise was coming from the trees two hundred yards in front of us, the popping and snapping of rifles, the punching thud of a machine gun, mixed with a weird shrieking of voices.

"Here they come. Down, sir!" I hollered. Captain Rucker instinctively dove into the foxhole in front of us, disappearing under four feet of mud. I eased myself in after him until I was waist-deep. After a second Captain Rucker surfaced, his face streaming with mud.

"Thank you, Terry. You saved my life," he said tersely.

There was no chance for me to reply. The noise of gunfire and the angry choir of voices in the trees was overwhelming.

"A human wave assault!" Rucker shouted over the wild noise. "Listen to the music. The Deguello!"

I looked at him, uncomprehending.

"The Deguello! The song the Mexican band played at the Alamo! The song of no quarter! Death!"

I listened to what he called the Deguello. I heard, mixed with the roar of noise, Janis Joplin wailing from the trees.

"Yes, sir!" I shouted. "Excuse me, sir." I reached over and flipped his helmet off his head, and Sergeant Meyers, who was standing behind him, bashed him over the head with a wooden plank.

Here the battle of Sinh Or ended. The unconscious Captain Rucker was carried into the huge box he had built, and a dozen men retrieved their stereo speakers from the trees, carefully rolling up the wires that led back to the amplifiers in the camp. A dozen tapes, including one of Janis Joplin, were returned to their boxes.

When Captain Rucker awoke, he was a captive of the Vietcong. He saw a poster of Mao Tse-tung smiling at him, and then the unsmiling face of a Chinese officer.

"You are lucky, imperialist dog, you are alive," the officer said. "We no kill you. Maybe you wish you dead before we through if you no tell us what we want to know." He bowed stiffly. "Me Captain Wong."

"Who is this man?" Wong demanded, holding up a picture of President Nixon. "Who this?" holding up a picture of Walter Cronkite. "What this weapon do?" he asked, holding up a picture of an electric toothbrush. "No? You no talk? Okay, stand up! Sit down! Stand up! Raise right arm! Raise left arm! Stand on one leg! Don't move! I come back tomorrow. Maybe you talk then! I bring bamboo splinters."

Outside the prison, Captain Wong unpinned the paper red stars from his shoulders, took off his cap and became ordinary Dennis Wong, an orderly from Boston. But inside...

"Stand up! When Captain Wong speak to you, you tremble. Understand? Tremble! More! Okay, today you confess to war crimes. Repeat after me, 'I murdered ten thousand women, children, water buffalo, rice paddies with secret poison gas!' No? How about five thousand? Five hundred? Imperialist Pig! Sit down! Stand up!"

"Hit yourself in the mouth! Harder! Harder! Here paper and pencil; write 'I am CIA lackey' ten thousand times. If you no finished by morning, we pull your teeth out."

"Stand up! Here paper and pencil; you have one hour to draw map of U.S.A. showing state capitals. Include Alaska and Hawaii. Otherwise we break your toes and hang you upside down from the ceiling."

"Study these carefully; remember details!" Wong threw down copies of *Doctor Zhivago* and *War and Peace*. "Now, stand up! Kick yourself in the groin! Shout 'One, two, three, four! Victory to the People's War!'"

We fed him nothing but cold Spam and cornflakes in water; we played Donny Osmond singing "Puppy Love" over and over when he tried to sleep. Captain Rucker took it all wonderfully, refusing to divulge a thing.

We kept Captain Rucker captive for three weeks, but then we began to worry that someone in Saigon might wonder why they hadn't heard from him.

"You are going to be marched to Hanoi today," Wong announced in the morning. "There you will be interrogated by General Giap himself, and then shot in the public square. Get your shoes on!"

Wong blindfolded him and led him out of the box, and then marched him around and around the camp as we watched, fascinated. At last Wong and I led him out the gate and far into the trees. We stopped at a convenient spot.

"Yankee planes!" I yelled. We made a commotion. "Run, run! Leave the prisoner!" Wong yelled. We made a lot more noise, and then crept off into the bushes to see what Captain Rucker would do.

He just stood there.

"He doesn't want to escape," I whispered to Wong. "He wants to be shot in the public square." I shook my head. "Shit, now we'll have to recapture him."

We walked back to camp. Captain Wong changed uniforms and faded back into the American Army; I put on a helmet, picked up an M-16, and took several men out to liberate Captain Rucker.

He was standing right where we left him. I rushed up to him and ripped off the blindfold. "Sir, thank God you're alive!" I said. He looked a little disappointed that it was me and not Captain Wong, but he brightened as we told him extravagant tales of the attack on the camp: of rockets and bombs flying through the air; of a black wave of Vietcong pouring into the camp; of desperate hand-to-hand combat with knives, fists, and can openers; of the enemy wavering and then retreating, carrying off Captain Rucker. His return to the camp was hailed with loud cheers, and a handshake from Sergeant Meyers.

We were all evacuated from Sinh Or the next week. Looking back from the helicopter as we crept away under dismal gray skies, I could see Captain Rucker's box, a lonely and stranded galleon amid a fleet of houseboats on a yellow sea, now darkened with rain.

Sergeant Meyers and I both left the army soon after we got home. Sergeant Meyers found that he couldn't afford a sporting goods store, and went back in. He now runs the golf course at Ft. Benning, at an enormous profit. I went back to graduate school in history to find out, in Captain Rucker's phrase, what was "going on." I still haven't found out.

Captain Rucker received the silver star and returned, awash in glory, to become principal of his high school in Ohio, where, I understand, he regularly holds school assemblies and civic clubs spellbound with tales of his captivity. In fact, the local American Legion post renamed itself the Sinh Or Post to commemorate the battle. Someone even did some research in the public library and discovered that Sinh Or translates as Yellow Mud.

Sincerely yours,
Terry Orth
Hinsdale, Illinois



"It's a girl!"

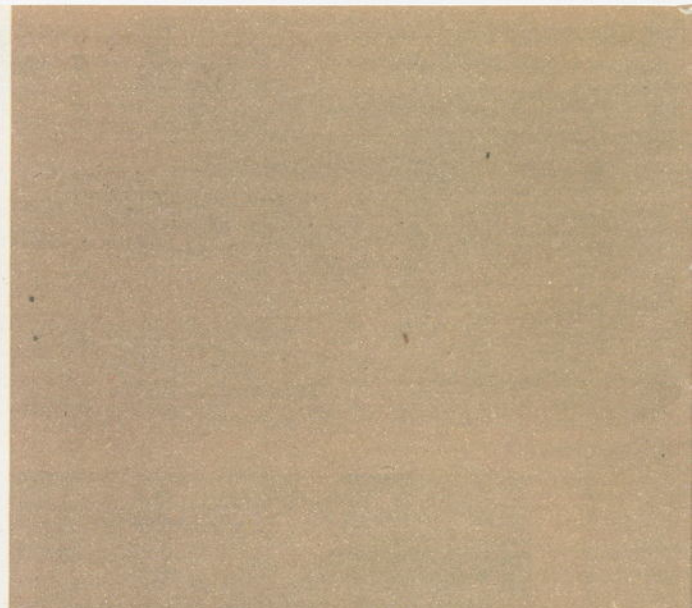




Mirror Image

The great philosopher Aristotle once said, "A friend is a single soul dwelling in two bodies." And the deep affinity between Stephanie and Paula is just that—a friendship which is more than transient affection or an experiment in sensuality.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



The two women have freely chosen to share each other's thoughts, dreams, desires, and bodies. A soft whisper into an ear, an easy laugh, a gasp as thighs twine together. All these things—and more—are given freely and freely returned. "It's not that we've grown cooler to men," says





Stephanie. "In fact, being this close to Paula has made me more sensuous with my boy-friends than I ever was before. We even trade dates now. We're open to experimentation. There are none of those old ego-trips that used to keep us apart." And Paula agrees, "Knowing Stephanie this intimately has made me . . . well,

more free, more complete a person than I ever dreamed I could be. When we're together, each exploring the other's mind and body as easily as if they were her own—the feeling is so total, so overwhelming, that it's like being swept away by a tidal wave. I only wish that we could share this happiness with the whole world."



The idea of the cello came to Harry at thirty thousand feet. The sound of it, however, came at eight thousand—at the precise moment that the plane shot up through the cloud cover over John F. Kennedy and into the brilliant October sky high above New York.

Straining forward, his pants bulging at the crotch, listening intently through the stereo earphones, Harry gasped and almost swallowed his tongue. A long, intense glissando caught fire at the base of his spine and burned its way upward and out

Harry's Cello

His life, marriage, and career were on the rocks. But he didn't care. He had his cello to keep him warm.

BY JOHN WALLACE

through the top of his head as he, the plane, and the cello rocketed into the sun. Harry sucked in his stomach. An unbelievable power had seized him.

At ten thousand feet, he ejaculated.

"Jesus!" Harry groaned, "What was that all about? He covered his lap with a magazine. It took three nervous cigarettes and twelve urgent mental messages to the Captain for Harry to get the seat belt sign to go dark. Finally, he was able to ease himself out of the seat and make for





the restroom at the tail. In that tiny space, he somehow managed to force his pants off over his shoes. He stuffed his wet underwear down the sanitary napkin disposal and stared at himself in the mirror.

"Harry," he said, "this is a mess. A god-damned mess." He lifted himself up on his toes so that he could view his still half-aroused cock in the mirror. Harry whistled. He squeezed it tentatively and smiled. Then he giggled, "Jesus! What the fuck was that all about?" As he watched the insane grin spreading across his face, Harry slapped his forehead, covered his eyes with his hands, and peeked out at himself from behind his fingers.

The thought of video monitors brought Harry to his senses. What if others were watching him—standing there seminude, giggling, watching himself squeezing his cock in the 747's restroom? Suddenly convinced that he was the in-flight movie in the cockpit, Harry dressed hurriedly and returned to his seat.

During the five hours to Los Angeles, Harry was unable to concentrate on anything but the cello. He endured Beethoven, Ives, and Vivaldi as the tape reel wound slowly around to the Villa-Lobos piece. Throughout the second playing he curled up in a ball against the window and, pretending to sleep, sucked his fingers. During the third, he buried himself from the neck down beneath a blanket and played with his cock. Hotly aroused, red faced, and gasping for air, Harry would have shot off again if the stewardess hadn't shaken him and asked, "Are you in trouble, sir? Would you like water? An aspirin?"

"I'm not in trouble," Harry answered with a thick tongue. "No, no trouble."

But to himself, Harry admitted, "Trouble? Jesus yes, I'm in trouble! What in the hell is going on with me?" By the time the plane landed in Los Angeles, Harry was a nervous wreck.

Sarah didn't waste any time in calling. The phone was already ringing as he walked into his apartment.

"Honey, how was the flight?"

"Unusual," Harry replied and immediately regretted having said so.

"Are you all right, Harry? Did something terrible happen? Harry, I'll get on a plane and come out there right away."

"Sarah! Things are fine, *really* fine. It was a little bumpy, that's all."

"I miss you already, honey."

"Yeah," Harry said.

"It's going to be a long winter, Harry."

"Yeah, I know."

"What will we do Harry? How will we get through it?"

"I know what I'm going to do," Harry said.

"Harry! You're not going to *fool around* out there?"

"For God's sake, Sarah, cut it out. Nobody talks that way anymore. Anyway, I don't want to spend my time like that. I'm going to do something practical, some-

thing to improve myself."

"What, Harry? What's practical?"

"Well . . . actually Sarah, it's, I've . . . Look, Sarah, I've decided to take up the cello." Harry blinked as he said it. He was surprised by the dryness in his mouth, the quickening of his breathing, and the sudden tug of guilt in his stomach. He rushed on defensively, "The cello's a magnificent instrument. This has been my secret ambition since high school."

"Oh Harry, I didn't know that. What a wonderful idea! A cello! I love the cello, if it's the one I'm thinking of. It goes under the neck, right?"

"Between the legs," Harry said, matter of factly.

"You're right! It *does* go between the legs. It's that other thing that tucks under the neck—not the violin, everybody knows that one—you know what I'm thinking of, Harry?"

"The viola," Harry said.

"The *viola*! Anyway, I think it's a great idea. I like to think of you out there with a cello between your legs rather than a you-know-what." She laughed a bit thinly.

"It came to me on the plane," Harry said.

"What did Harry?"

"The cello! The goddamned cello! Jesus, Sarah! What the hell do you think this entire conversation has been about? Don't you ever listen?"

"Harry, I'm sorry. Don't be angry. I wasn't thinking. I know this is important to you Harry. Harry? Harry . . . do you hear me Harry? I *know* this is important to you. I really do."

"Yeah, well I'm serious about this. I *really* am."

"Harry?"

"Yeah?"

"You won't get so wrapped up in the cello that you'll forget to write?"

"Of course not," Harry snapped.

"Remember dear, you can't fuck a cello, ha-ha."

"Fuck-a-cello, fuck-a-cello, fuck-a-cello," Harry sang as he jumped into bed later that night. In the darkened room, he was aware of being happy, deliriously happy. He pictured the cello and laughed. Harry hadn't laughed like that in a very long time. His head raced wildly from idea to idea. Sentences splashed foolishly about in his mind.

"Meet my friend, Annette Fuck-a-cello."

"Fuck-a-mello-cello."

"A cello makes a sound that is halfway between an overripe banana and an eggplant."

"Give a cello for Christmas."

"Give cello!" he shouted insanely.

"I am here, she is there. I suppose I could learn to play the cello with my big toe—yearning across all strings like Houdini waiting for locks to open, the cello moaning between my legs."

"Calm down, Harry. You'll never get to sleep playing that old sleepytime game 'Grand Central Head.' Oh, all the trains are

arriving at the same time tonight. Or are they all leaving? Calm down, Harry! Think about practical things, shavings of reality things. Okay, think about the cello as any seasoned, dedicated musician would. Think about what you *really do* know about the cello.

"Cello. C-E-L-L-O. The cello is a four-stringed instrument. The strings are A, D, G, and C. It is difficult to master. It was invented in the sixteenth century by the Italian saint, Giovanni Botticello and shaped to its present form by the efforts of a long line of devoted sons, grandsons, and great grandsons including Giuseppe Botticello, Cesare Botticello, and Violon Botticello."

The room grew very hot. Harry kicked off the covers and began playing with himself.

"A cello is curved," he murmured, "belly ripe, richly bottomed, streaked warmly with panels of Brazilian rosewood. It has a graceful neck and a substantial back that the player can really wrap his legs about."

Harry grasped his erect cock tightly and jacked it back and forth.

"Calm down, Harry," he breathed heavily. "Harry, this is ridiculous! You *know* this is ridiculous."

He continued his inventory, "Augmented fourths are awkward. They strain the left wrist terribly. When the music says 'Pizz,' that means you are to put aside the bow and pluck. *Arco* means to start bowing again."

Harry blissfully imagined himself bowing his cello, and the smooth flowing movement quieted him. In the middle of a long, sustained *andante* he fell into a deep sleep. He dreamed of a cello with large breasts and golden pubic hair, shaved and shaped into a heart.

In the morning, he went searching for his cello. He soon discovered that a cello, richly bottomed and streaked warmly with panels of Brazilian rosewood, is as rare in Los Angeles as a silver unicorn or a black swan with emerald eyes. Like multiplying roaches, guitars were everywhere.

"A cello? Well, *no*, we don't—but we do have guitars. We have Gibsons, Goyas, Fenders, Harmony Houses, Yamahas, Martins, Les Pauls, Stratocasters, Guilds, nylon stringers, steel stringers, country flat pickers, gold laminated, acid burned, snow powdered speed frets, Folsom Prison guitars, guitars with Paul in darkened ivory bas-relief. . . ." He paused to catch a breath and continued, "We have guitars that squeal like stuck pigs, guitars that whine with self-pity, yesterday's fish-market-pussy guitars, furry-tongued guitars that can actually suck you off, and guitars with fuzz tones that really penetrate! You see, sir, in Los Angeles, the guitar has become the focus of practically all human pursuits and endeavors."

"Cellos? Well, frankly *no*. The only one I personally know of that might be available is, at the moment, a coffee table in the San Fernando Valley. I suppose you could saw

the legs off, get rid of the rings with a good furniture polish, and restring it. But that seems like a lot of trouble to go to for a cello. How about letting me sell you a guitar?"

"Fuck you!" Harry said.

It was the sackbut that found the cello for Harry. Staring vacantly into the windows of the small shop off Wilshire Boulevard, Harry very nearly missed the sackbut—he thought it an old upright vacuum cleaner. But the sign at the base of the instrument read differently.

"This," said the sign, "is a sackbut. A medieval forerunner of the trombone, the sackbut was the cello of the early wind ensemble." Another sign proclaimed, "We have everything." And much to Harry's delight, Balducci's Bow 'n' Hole indeed had the "everything" he cared about. They had a cello—belly ripe, richly bottomed, and streaked warmly with panels of Brazilian rosewood.

The dark beauty of the thing nearly overwhelmed Harry. He choked and swallowed, moving his lips like a stunned trout. He ran his fingertips over the deeply grained wood, grasped the long slender neck, and pulled the cello to him.

"I have no choice," he murmured in a voice that suggested the scrapings of dried insect wings. "No choice at all." He shivered; his teeth clicked and rattled, and his tongue became all raspy expectations. There was a propeller jammed up his ass and his balls were tightly packed bundles of rubber bands. With the cello pressed against his chest, Harry swayed among the ancient instruments that lined the walls of Balducci's Bow 'n' Hole and sang softly to the cello.

The clerk gave a nervous, embarrassed cough. "You like this one then?" Getting no response, he tugged at Harry's elbow. "Do you wish to buy the cello?"

But Harry seemed incapable of comprehending anything. His eyes were like those of a hypnotized chicken. Involuntary shudders swept through his body. To the clerk, Harry seemed a man about to have an orgasm or—more likely—an epileptic seizure. He treated Harry gently. It was apparent that this man was no ordinary buyer of cellos.

Harry brought his cello home in a taxi. Ignoring the stares of an inquisitive neighbor, he hurried into his apartment. Once inside, he didn't relax until all of the blinds were drawn and the cello lay safely on its back in his bed, its rosewood panels gleaming in the soft light of a single candle. Harry lit a stick of coconut incense, poured a large glass of red wine, and sat down in a chair at the foot of the bed.

"We're safe, honey," he said to the cello and drank the wine in a single gulp. From where he sat, Harry could see directly into the empty peg hole at the base of the cello. He felt a surge of embarrassment and covered the cello from the waist down with a

bath towel. "There, that's better," he told the cello and poured himself some more wine. For several hours he sat at the foot of the bed, smoking and drinking. As he drank, Harry spoke softly to the cello. He told her much about his life. He told her that he didn't love Sarah, that he didn't know why he got mixed up with her in the first place. The cello listened.

Finally, when he was quite drunk, Harry reached for the bath towel and slipped it off the cello. Lying there naked on its back, it seemed particularly vulnerable. "It's all right, honey," Harry said, "I won't hurt you."

In the candlelight, he caught the rays reflecting back from several strands of gold barely visible at the edges of the peg hole. Harry rubbed his eyes and leaned forward for a closer look. There was no question about it! The hairs were golden and they were of the coarser genital kind. Harry's hands shook as he reached for the candle. Crouching before the cello's bottom, holding the light close, he peered into the hole. He was astonished. The interior was a kaleidoscope of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, lapis lazuli, jade, and obsidian. At the very center, a smooth azure shape pulsed like a great star. And hanging everywhere on long, golden strands of hair were orchids of many colors and descriptions.

"Oh my God," Harry murmured. "Oh my God!" Tentatively, he slipped his finger into the peg hole. It was as though he had popped his finger up a unicorn's ass—a hot, moist wind sucked at his finger, pulling it deeper into the hole. Harry was immediately aroused. He tore at his zipper in

a frenzy. Once free, his cock soared upward, towering like something hatched from a magic bean, arcing finally under its own weight.

Harry fell on his knees before the cello and licked her bottom. He ran his tongue rapidly around the outside of the peg hole. The cello vibrated! Harry very nearly fainted. He grasped the cello about her curved waist and plunged his tongue deep into the peg hole. The cello hummed! Harry was beside himself. Vibrations snaked through his body like serpent fire and set his balls to dancing like turbulent grapes. Harry sucked her off in earnest.

Harry's tongue was bewildered. He could have been sucking—all at the same time—honey dew, night-flowering jasmine, green figs, his mother's cake-icing spoons, and Canadian cheddar.

"This is heady stuff," Harry screamed, thrusting his tongue ever more deeply into her. The cello moaned, and the room was filled with a brilliant D Major chord that swelled and diminished, then swelled again like a chorale from goldfish lungs. Sparklers ricocheted off the backs of Harry's eyeballs and long waves from the far end of the spectrum colored the rainbow arc of his cock. In the darkened bedroom, the cello strings were ribbons of fire.

Harry threw himself on the cello and rammed his cock into the peg hole.

"Fuck-a-cello!" he screamed. "Fuck-a-cello, I love you!" he shouted. "Do you hear me Fuck-a-cello? I love you!"

That night in Los Angeles when he first went to bed with his cello was the turning point in Harry's life. Although he was no



stranger to alienation, he was not prepared for the feeling of total separation from others that followed in the wake of his new love. He took to reading the history of music in hopes of finding some thread of connection. But Harry had already been introduced to the True History of Music, the one that forever eludes the seedy musicologists who toil unceasingly in countless university libraries tidying up ecstasy by rolling it into neat, little shitballs. After just one simultaneous vibrational climax with his rosewood beauty, Harry was unable to comprehend these men with eyes like vacant cauliflowers who waited impatiently in darkened concert halls for the triple forte trombone passages in the Verdi *Requiem* to fart surreptitiously. Harry read massive tomes on Mozart's use of the upbeat and cried out loud in protest against the outpourings of these victims of syncope sphincter yearnings. He grew to hate these extreme cases of advanced hardening of the categories with a passion matched only by his love for his cello.

Harry turned to the writings of the composers themselves. And it was there, in their letters and private journals, that he discovered that his situation, rare though it seemed to be, was not unique. Harry's heart went out to Beethoven when he discovered in the composer's letters, that pathetic outburst, "A normal life has been denied me!" Beethoven! Poor Beethoven. The humiliation! If his hearing hadn't become so wretched, he would never have been caught in *flagrante delicto* with a certain contrabassoon of Italian make.

Harry could not suppress a giggle when he discovered that even old Papa Haydn

was not above making an ass of himself over a viola da gamba with a sultry middle. And he took careful note of Mozart's refusal to travel anywhere without that French oboe, the one with the strangely fashioned bell.

But historical precedent in the final analysis meant very little in Harry's case. He soon discovered that it is never easy to be a true lover of the cello. The sexual revolution, though certainly more than skin deep, was at this point in time still all about skin. And although people were proving everyday what it means to be slick and cool by fucking a fairly incredible assortment of Nubian ibexes, warthogs, super-heavy hippos, superbearded goats, and plain pink pigs, the deeper plunge to the very bottom of honky-tonk sexual spirituality was yet to come. Harry really had no choice but to become a closet Casals.

Even so, Harry's November in Los Angeles wasn't all tightly pulled draperies, chain locks, and paranoia. There was a lot of joy too. Harry adored his cello and never tired of showing it. He did all of the things that hopelessly fucked-up over love lovers do. He brought her a single red rose each day, surprised her with impulsively purchased gifts and treats, and wrote her poems. These were silly bits of doggerel, the kind that lovers hide for each other at the bottom of the sugar bowl. Harry knew, from her humming that her favorite went like this:

I know a lovely cello,
Her breasts are rosy red;
She hums the Mozart symphonies,
And *dolces* up my bed.

In the mornings the apartment rang with baroque trumpets. Late at night they listened to the icy glitter of harpsichords. Except for Sarah's incessant telephoning, it was all very nearly perfect. Harry detested Sarah's long-distance anxiety attacks, but in the peculiar logic of such situations, the more he showed his displeasure, the more she called. Harry had the phone disconnected.

Near the end of November he quit going to work. He had never cared much for his job anyway, and now that the cello had entered his life it had become meaningless. Harry knew that she didn't like his having to leave the apartment. Although she tried not to show her feelings, one morning Harry heard the high, piercing F sharp distress signal down at the corner where he was waiting for the bus. Rushing back to the apartment, he found her lying helplessly on her back on the floor. She had become so agitated upon his leaving that she had rolled off the bed. Harry gathered his darling up in his arms and rocked her, very slowly and gently, to sleep. After this fright he stayed home, leaving only briefly for essentials.

On Christmas morning, Harry awoke to an intense itching at the very center of the top of his head, and despite the application of medicated shampoos and various salves and ointments it steadily grew worse. Harry scratched and rubbed his head throughout the holidays, but on New Year's day, much to Harry's relief, the itching disappeared as mysteriously as it had come. In its place, it left a lump the size of a pea. Harry thought it a pimple and managed to ignore it.

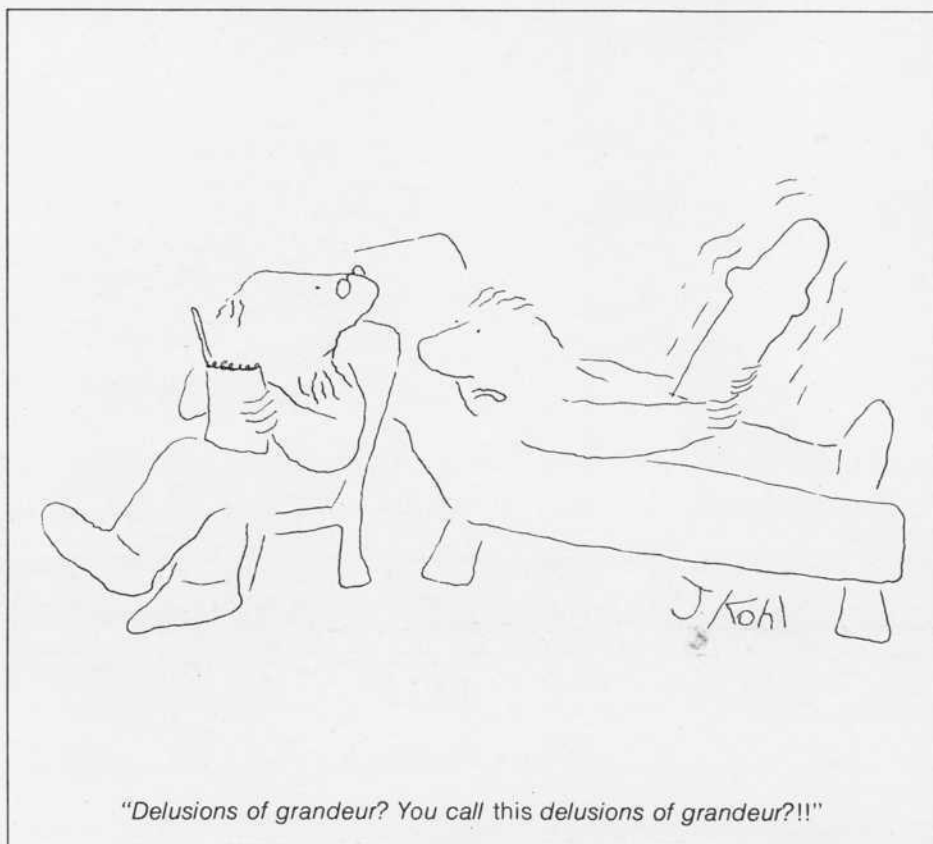
But by the second day the lump had grown to the size of a golf ball. Harry inspected it in the bathroom mirror with alarm. The thing was still growing! He watched in horror as the lump expanded slowly to the size of a largish apple. To Harry's probing fingers it seemed to have the texture of an eggshell.

That evening, as he washed the dishes, a loud, cracking sound came from the top of Harry's head. Racing to the bathroom mirror, he saw that a fissure had appeared in the lump. "Do I dare peel my head?" he wondered aloud, and then immediately decided that he dared. He was surprised to find it as easy as removing the shell from a hard-boiled egg.

There beneath the surface of the lump, to Harry's amazement, was a piece of rosewood. "A splinter," he muttered, "I must have picked up a splinter from her." But even as he said it, Harry realized it couldn't be a splinter. It was too large.

He showed the top of his head to the cello. She vibrated enthusiastically and hummed a sensuous major ninth chord. Harry was immediately excited by her evident pleasure at the piece of rosewood. He jumped into bed with her and they fucked their brains out.

Afterwards, he lay exhausted in the dark, compulsively tracing the rosewood



"Delusions of grandeur? You call this delusions of grandeur?!!"

*"I'm just sexy in a very
natural,
normal way."*

SUSAN



"I'm not a manufactured sex goddess like Marilyn Monroe," says sumptuous Susan Waide, our Pet for December, "I'm just sexy in a very natural, normal way." That's quite an understatement for a woman to whom being natural has been coming naturally since her formative years on the beaches and in the surf of her native California. Nevertheless, it's obvious that some of California's most beautiful features can be glimpsed right here as elements of Susan's 36-24-35 extremely *natural* beauty.

A sensitive twenty-one-year-old Cancer, Susan embodies the laid-back lifestyle that has made California girls legendary. Her relaxed approach carries over from life into love. "Atmosphere makes a big difference," says Susan. "When it's right it can really stir my mood. If I'm outdoors on a clean white beach and the sun is setting over the ocean...well, it takes my breath away. And if I'm there with a man that I really care for, I'm in heaven."

But although Susan admits to being a free spirit who at times can be carried away by the joy of a moment, she is fully aware of what makes love work out for two people. "Caring is the most important part of a relationship. Everything flows from that. You see, in love, what you give is what you get. If I show my man that I love him, respect him, and care for him, he'll give those same things back to me. And when that happens you can really become

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDDIE ADAMS

CALIFORNIA DRIFTER

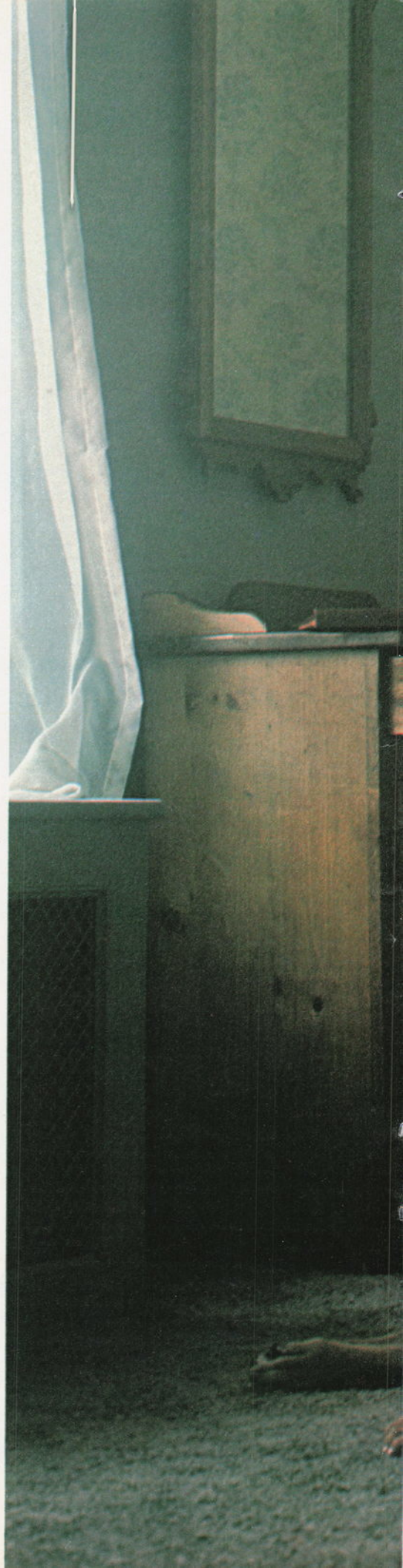




comfortable with each other. I only get completely turned on by a man when I'm comfortable with him. Then we can have a very sexy affair.

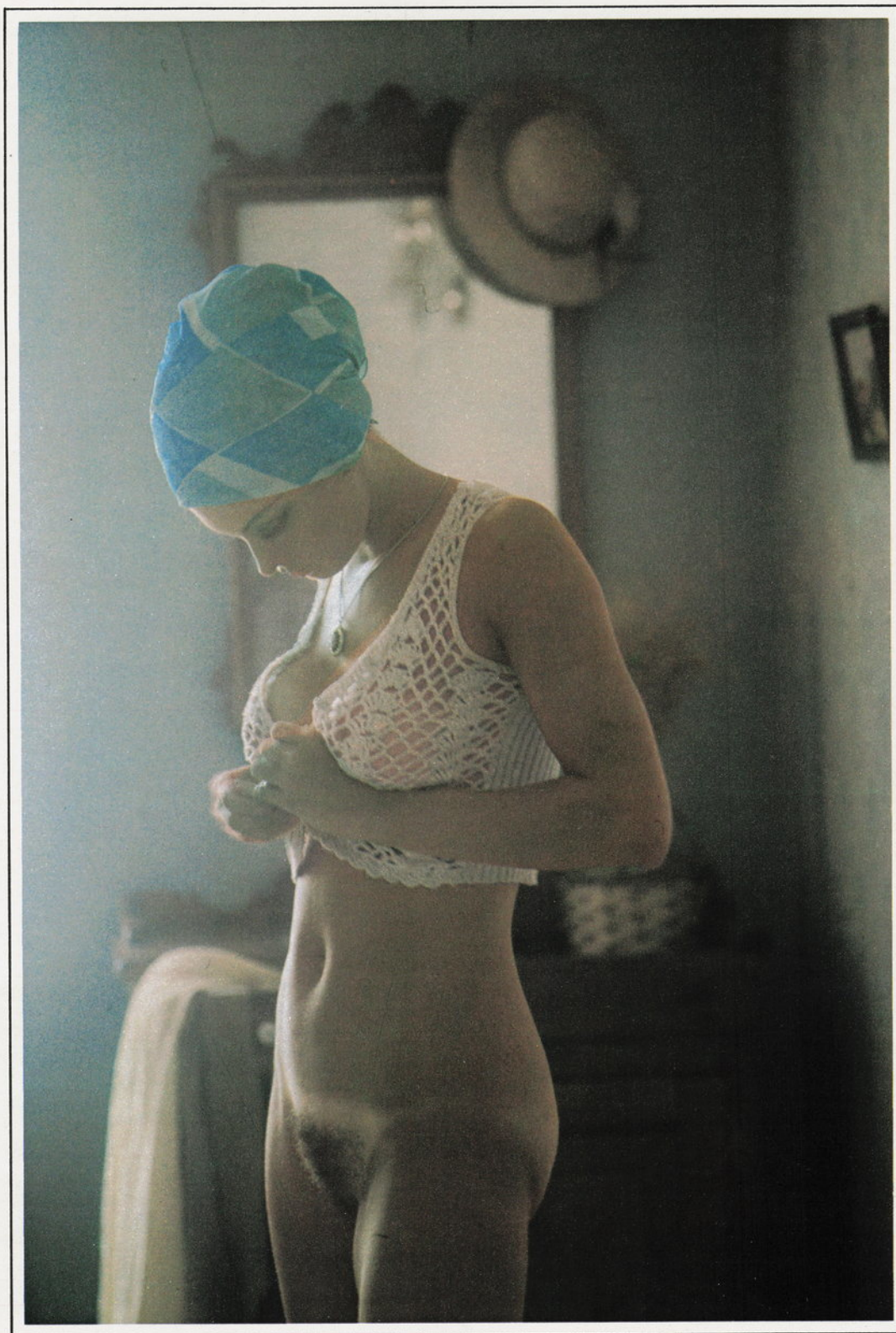
"To me, a man's a good lover when he wants to take his time and explore with me. When he's gentle and truly interested in me then he can stir my innermost moods and desires. Of course, he has to be romantic as well. Candles, soft music, flowers—all those old-fashioned things—they're the best parts of being in love."

Beyond romance, Susan has some forthright opinions on today's woman in today's world. "In the business world the possibilities for influence, advancement, and rewards should be equal for men and women. After all, women have just as much going for them as men do—in some cases,



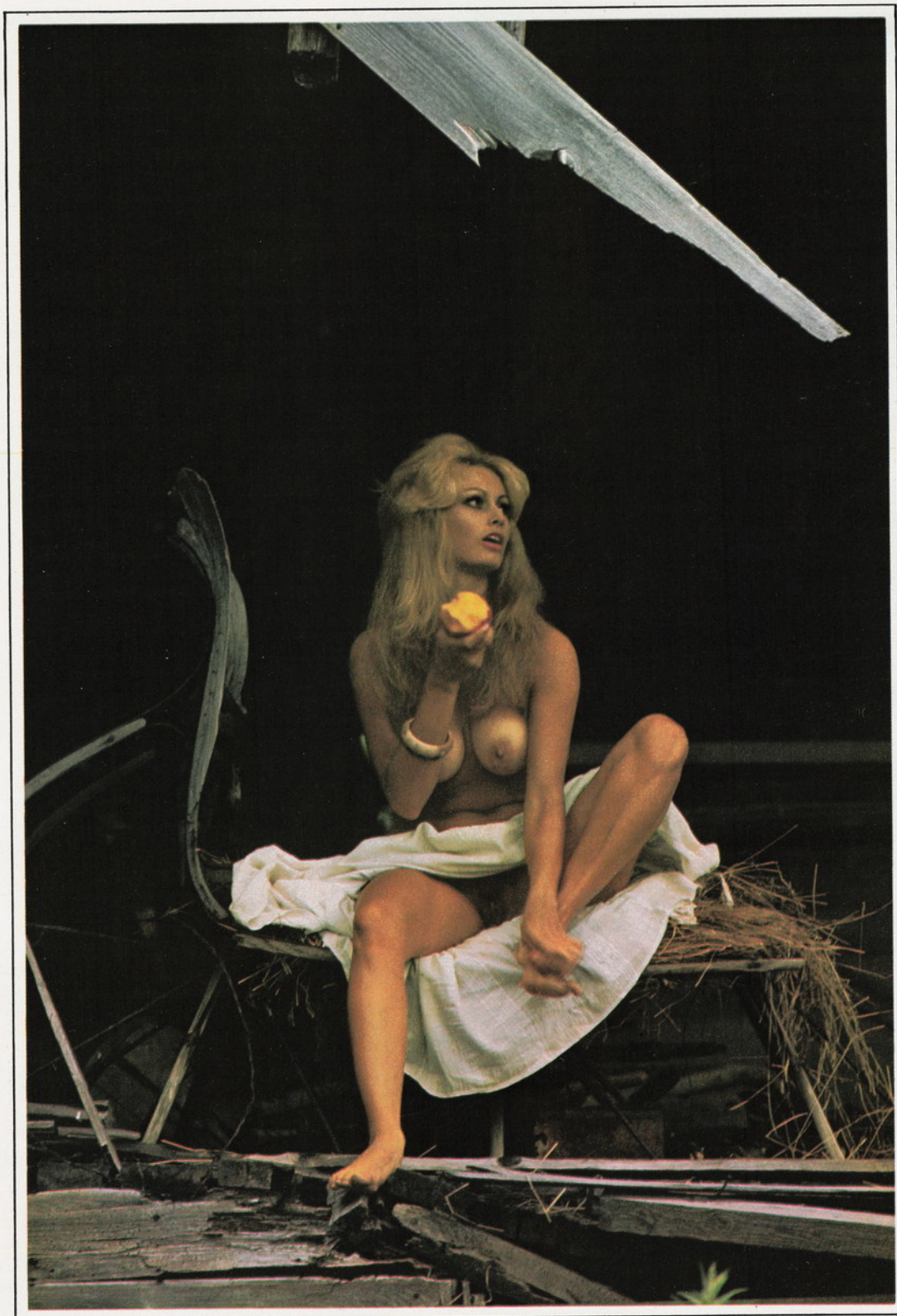






*"If I'm outdoors on a
clean white beach... it
takes my breath away. And if I'm
there with a man I really care
for, I'm in heaven."*





*"Candles, soft music,
flowers—all those old-
fashioned things—
they're the best parts
of being in love."*



*"A man's a good lover
when he wants to take his time
and explore with me . . . then he can
stir my innermost
moods and desires."*



more—but there are some jobs women should stay out of. Like being police officers, for example. Somehow, a woman just doesn't look right in the uniform—with all those guns and clubs and handcuffs. You lose your femininity in a job like that, and I think that's something a woman should never sacrifice."

Susan, who now works in Manhattan, has a footloose perspective on her future. "I want to travel more. Maybe go back to Europe and live there for a while. There's something magical about the culture over there . . . something beautiful. And from there? Well . . . who knows? I just want to experiment more, learn more, and experience more in life. Too many people don't take advantage of the experiences that are open to them." True enough, Susan, but looking at you is one experience that we'll remember for a long time to come. ○ —



MISS SUSAN WAIDE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





HARRY'S CELLO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

extrusion with his fingertips. He was filled with wonder. "What does it all mean?" he asked himself over and over before falling asleep.

The question was answered when he awoke. The itching had returned, but this time it was centered at the back of his neck and across his shoulders. In the mirror, Harry observed the rosewood scroll of a cello jutting several inches upward out of the top of his head.

At the beginning of the second week of January, Harry was very unhappy to hear Sarah at his door. He shouted, "Go away! Go away! I don't want you here. I don't want to see you!" But Sarah wouldn't go away. She banged on the door even more insistently. Fearing a neighborhood scene, Harry had no choice but to let her in.

"Harry! Harry, you bastard you!" She struck him on the chest. "Why didn't you write me? Why didn't you call?"

"There's nothing to say."

"Nothing to say! Oh Harry!" She threw herself on the sofa and began sobbing uncontrollably. Harry just wished she'd go away. He stared at her across an ocean of indifference.

"What did I do to you, Harry? Do I deserve this? Why are you doing this to me?"

"You didn't do anything," he said. He wanted to add, "Now go back to New York," but he didn't.

"I don't understand it—I don't understand it at all," she wailed through a megaphone of Kleenex. Then, sitting up suddenly, she studied him closely. "Are you sick, Harry? Why are you wearing that overcoat and hat?"

"I was getting ready to go out," he lied.

The rest of the afternoon with Sarah went from bad to unbearable. At one moment she was openly abusive; in the next, she became frankly seductive. Harry watched her agitation with indifference, his overcoat and hat accentuating the severity of his attitude. She ranted and raved, promised and pleaded, threatened, screamed, and finally passed out from sheer exhaustion. Even in sleep she seemed to quiver with self-pity.

The argument had upset the cello terribly. Her vibration, normally of a steady crystal-clear serenity, plunged to a low-octave, minor third tremolo. Harry comforted her as best he could. He rubbed her all over with a mixture of warmed apricot oil, cloves, and avocado cream. He tried to brighten her spirits by dressing her in a cheerful red velvetene smock.

"So *that* is your goddamned cello!" Sarah barked from the bedroom door. "I never saw anything so ridiculous in all my life—rubbing a cello like that, dressing it up. It's—," she searched for the right word, "it's *bizarre*." She hissed it like a self-righteous snake.

"I don't give a shit what you think," Harry snapped and brushed past her.

But she followed him into the kitchen. "I see what's wrong with you, Harry. You're *sick*, Harry. Do you know that, Harry? You're *sick*!"

Harry ignored her. He heated a can of noodle soup and put some crackers, butter, and milk on the table.

"And I don't think you're wearing that overcoat and hat because you were getting ready to go out. You're wearing them because you're *sick*. This whole scene is *sick*!"

"Shut up and eat," Harry ordered. He brought the cello in from the bedroom and placed it at the head of the table.

"How nice," Sarah said, "a *menage à trois*." But when Harry placed a bowl of

soup in front of the cello, she burst into tears. Her sarcasm had given way to confusion and apprehension. She avoided looking at him during the rest of the meal.

After supper, Harry demanded that they watch the symphony orchestra television broadcast. He propped his cello up in a stuffed chair and sprawled on the floor beside her.

Sarah barely heard the metallic clatter of the Bartok. Her eyes darting wildly from the television screen to the cello and then back to Harry, she sat tense and wary on the sofa. Before her on the television screen there was a congress of passionate tongues, hot mouths, and exploring fingers. In the woodwinds, the instruments sucked and nibbled at the lips of the players. Flutes and piccolos disappeared under the long, black, formal gowns, and trombone slides poked gleefully at crotches. Violins and violas curled themselves sensuously about the fingers of the members of the string section. Along the back of the orchestra, bassists and double basses swayed together like lovers in a ballroom. Sarah could not bring herself to look at the cellos.

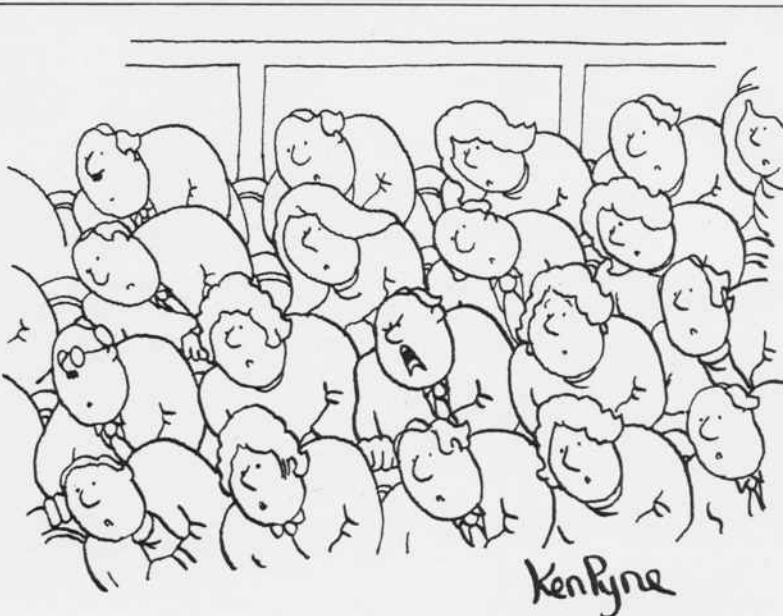
She jumped to her feet and cried out wildly, "Those things! Harry, those *things* ... *they're alive*!" With widening eyes she stared at Harry and his cello. Then, reaching over suddenly, she ripped the hat from his head.

Once Sarah had started screaming, she couldn't stop. She turned and raced into the kitchen. Harry heard her crashing wildly about and moved quickly toward the kitchen door, but Sarah, catching him by surprise, streaked past him. With the meat cleaver held high above her head, she raced screaming through the living room, heading directly for the cello. Responding instinctively to the high F sharp distress signal, Harry threw a heavy glass ashtray across the room with terrible force. It caught Sarah at the base of the skull and she fell in a heap just short of the cello.

Harry carried his cello to the bed and covered her with a warm blanket. Returning to Sarah, he could see immediately that she was dead. After stuffing her corpse into a spare closet, Harry returned to crawl into bed beside the cello.

It wasn't until early March that the landlord came looking for Harry. He discovered Sarah's body in the closet. And on the bed, he found the two cellos lying together like spoons. Hoping to get something of the rent money Harry owed him, he carried the instruments out to his car before calling the police.

The landlord sold both cellos to a music store off Wilshire Boulevard. They, in turn, sold the older one almost immediately. It went to an amateur cellist, a successful pediatrician in Santa Barbara. The newer one took a bit longer, but eventually it sold too. Ever since she had seen that clever coffee table in the San Fernando Valley, the producer's wife had kept an eye out for a cheap cello. 



"Not only are the contents of this film obscene—they're also impossible!"

Winston's box makes a difference.

The box fits in my jeans or jacket and doesn't get crushed. That makes a difference.

Winston's taste makes a real difference, too. No cigarette gives me more taste. For me, Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.



Various sage reflections on the prevalence of punkdom in our time.

DON'T TRUST ANYONE

At the height of last year's football season, it was possible for the unfortunate television addict to stumble upon Joe Willie Namath giving the old promotion push to ladies' panty hose. There he was, yesterday's hero, being vulgar for money on the video snake-oil circuit.

It had long been known that Joe Willie was weak in the knees. But it took an exceptionally juicy contract for him to demonstrate to the world that the infirmity had traveled upward and was now lodged firmly between his ears.

When he did the commercial he was thirty-one years old.

Flashback: *A light snow is falling on some fifty-two thousand people sitting in Shea Stadium! It's also falling on the N.Y. football team and whoever they were playing at the time (1967). A final, desperate pass. It's good! Touchdown! And Joe Willie Namath has just set the all-time record for ground gained in a single season—4,007 yards.*

Panty hose, for God's sake!

Don't trust him—or any of them. They're no-goods. All, all no-goods.

Now, your average punk thinks that the world started on his birthday. He believes that people older than he is are actually dead, and, of course, he's right.

And if you really want to prove that to the average kid there was no yesterday, ask him what these words mean: General MacCauliffe, phonograph, Ty Cobb, tooth powder, Laura La Plante, "two cents plain," Hupmobile, Judge Crater, Panama hat, Nicholas Murray Butler, running board, ice pick, Luther Burbank.

He knoweth none of these.

Maharaj Ji. That he *doth* know along with:

- (1) God is dead.
- (2) Christ is a big star.
- (3) John Denver is a bigger star.
- (4) "Work" is for ethical Protestants.
- (5) The way to say hello is to slap palms like black basketball players.
- (6) Catfish Hunter is the president of the United States.
- (7) The United States is located in, like, America.

They know.

Kids think the world stinks because the old folks stunk it up. They don't realize that it took ten thousand years for it to get into

this rotten shape. Why, it's not even six thousand since Cain blew Abel away (Old Testament). Okay, so go ahead and ask some kid what the Old Testament is—say "Nebuchadnezzar" to a kid, he'll want to know who's playing lead guitar.

Unisex. Mondo Bondage. Those they know.

Four hundred colleges in the United States now give courses in what is called "remedial reading." It seems that today's freshmen can't understand the words in the books. Seniors are obliged to help them write home for money.

In Canada, the schools are offering "remedial" classes in math. The freshman classes are unable to make change.

Evel Knievel they know.

Ask a kid who wrote "a trip to the moon on gossamer wings," he'll tell you it was David Bowie.

Four hundred members of a matriculating class at Harvard were asked, "What does 'to matriculate' mean?" Three hundred and eighty-seven said, "don't know." Of the other thirteen, four said, "to make coffee"; nine said, "to play with yourself."

French fries with ketchup and Big Mac—they know.

For the past couple of years it's been common knowledge that today's youth is the smartest little old group in recent history. Common knowledge, that is, to the retarded. The simple truth is that there has never been a dumber, more distasteful pack of punks since before sliced bread.

"To know a people, listen to their music."—Abe Snake.

And what does the music tell us? In the first place, the "songs" are all as alike as polkas. Country and Western tunes are obviously "written" for the simple. Look down the street—any street. Here comes an arm. At one end of that arm is a transistor radio; at the other, an imbecile. The imbecile is listening to the Top Forty as chosen for him personally by Cousin Ignatz. It's called the "Cousin Ignatz Show," which follows the "Cousin Pertwhistle Show," to be followed by the "Cousin Howling Dog Show." All the Cousins speak very rapidly in very short words, giving the imbecile the impression that Something is Happening. What is happening is an endless succession of youthful people muttering, screaming, or just ad-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 203

UNDER THIRTY-TWO

By Henry Morgan

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

BOB AND RAY

In this day of formularized radio, featuring loud cacophonous rock, boring sports reports, endless talk shows, and an unrelenting stream of unhappy news bulletins, it's nice to know that there is still a dash of refreshing absurdity and freewheeling comedy in the air.

Every weekday from 4:15 to 7:00 P.M., WOR Radio in New York presents Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding, also known as "Bob and Ray, the Two and Only." These two veterans of the airways dish out an enormous amount of original comedy material in a special and unique way. Combining a glib disregard for reality with sensitive and penetrating perception, they have managed to create forty or more mythological characters that they call on at whim to keep their bumper-to-bumper audience entertained. These masters jump from one character to another, modulating their voices and modifying their deliveries, recounting improbable tales, giving suggestions of dubious value, and interviewing guests of questionable sanity—all in the good name of audio humor. It adds up to gentle afternoon madness, anarchistic humor for a not too orderly rush hour.

Each member of this laudable team has his favorite characters. Ray does Dr. Arlington Garment in a segment entitled "You and Your Systems." Dr. Garment gives medical advice in the state of New York only because it is one of the few states in which he is not being sued for malpractice. Ray also does Mary McGoon, the archetypal woman broadcaster who supplies household hints and recipes, and Mary Backstayge, a leading figure in "The Backstaygers," the longest-running soap opera on radio. Mary Backstayge is married to Harry Backstayge, played by Bob; the two form a bungling Lunt-Fontanne acting team, who are often starring in one of playwright Greg Marlowe's works: Greg, whose name is magic in theatrical circles, is of course secretly in love with

Mary. The other major characters in the Backstaygers are "Pop Beloved," a retired stage doorman, and Calvin Hoogevin, the Backstaygers' neighbor in Skunkhaven, Long Island, and together—day in and day out—this unlikely bunch gets embroiled in one incredible mess after another. The model for this all too convincing soap was "Mary Noble, Backstage Wife," a vintage tearjerker of the 1940's.

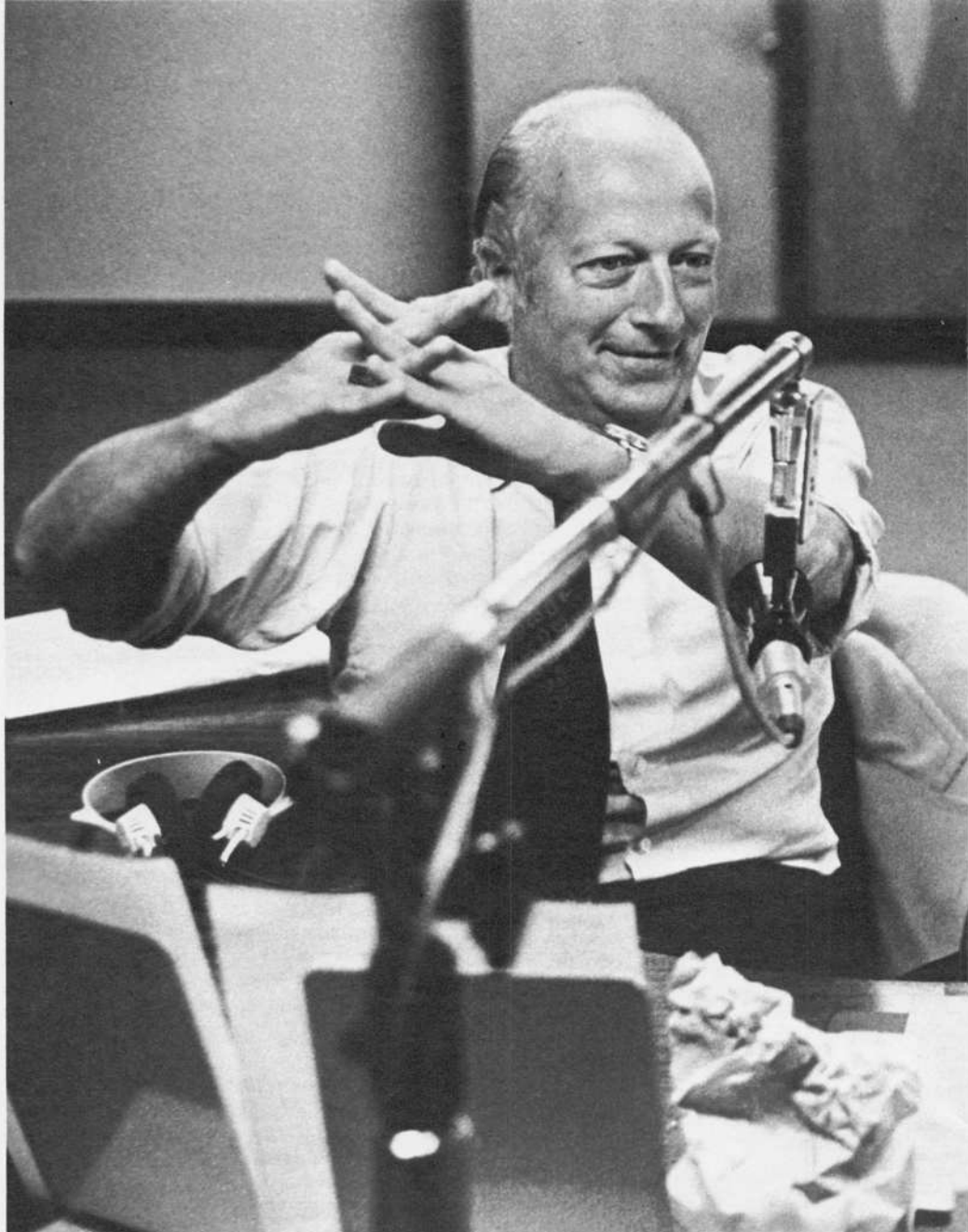
Bob's two favorite characters are Kent Lyle Bardley and Wally Ballou. Kent is a veteran announcer from way, way back in the old days of radio, who presently spends a fair amount of time at the Times Square Tap where he has long, late, liquid liches. Wally Ballou is an ace reporter who was recently widely urged to run for mayor of New York City. At the crucial moment, however, it was decided that he wouldn't enter the primary, and he has gone back to just being an award-winning reporter. In fact, if we're fortunate we may hear one of Wally's inimitable stories during the upcoming interview. The model for Wally Ballou was Wally Blue, a janitor at

the Boston station where Bob and Ray got started many years ago.

And so it goes—as sports reporter Biff Burns, author Chester Hasbrouck Frisbie, farm editor Dean Archer Armstead, and a host of others visit with Bob and Ray every afternoon.

Lest you think that all Bob and Ray sketches are unrelated to the real world, they have singled out the high cost of medical care as a target for gentle satire. One such piece is "The Orderlies," the continuing story of life among the personnel of a big city hospital; and we'll hear more about them and their convoluted problems—medical and personal—in the interview.

Predictably, some of the characters are now missing, while others have been committed. Most all the characters have a real-life model, but it is the extraction of the essence and its portrayal that make Bob and Ray special. It is their brand of disorderly, disjointed, kinky humor that has made them undisputed kings of afternoon radio and kept their audience ratings extremely high.





The characters of the two men are quite different: Bob is quiet, almost shy, an introvert, a contemplative who prefers the city's lifestyle to the country. Ray, on the other hand, is an extrovert with a booming voice that is used to advantage when doing deep male voices and admirably disguised when doing high females. Both Bob and Ray are New Englanders and family men. Through their thirty-year association, they have always lived at least fifteen miles apart. Their families are friendly and they visit occasionally, but they don't actually see a great deal of each other socially. They have never had a major disagreement, and both completely agree that their partnership has been a very happy one. Their new book, *Write If You Get Work*, has just been published by Random House.

One story that has now become rather famous serves to sum up their personalities. In 1970 they did a very successful Broadway show called *Bob and Ray, the Two and Only*. They received only one bad review. Bob framed that review in silver

and hung it prominently in his home; Ray never read it.

This interview was conducted by Bob Shewchuk and Andre Nigolo at the Bob and Ray studio in New York City.

Penthouse: Today we're interviewing Bob and Ray—Bob Elliott over here and Ray Goulding over there.

Since we're in print and people can't see you, how would you describe yourselves?

Bob: Well, I'm six foot three, 178 pounds, with wavy blond hair.

Ray: A lot of people think Bob is really Yul Brynner.

Bob: I'm tall and I've got that same pointed nose.

Ray: I get taken for John Wayne a lot.

Penthouse: Well, now that we've covered how you look, what was your early childhood like?

Ray: I was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1922.

Bob: I was born in Boston in 1923 but grew up in Winchester, Massachusetts. I was an only child and very artistically inclined

from quite an early age. Bright in school.

Penthouse: When did you decide that you were going into radio?

Ray: When I was a kid. Radio was a new thing then. My father had the first radio in the neighborhood, so radio was very important to me. I got started in 1939 as an announcer in Lowell. I was seventeen.

Bob: I always wanted to go into radio. It was very exciting and romantic, I guess you'd say. I started in 1941 in Boston at age eighteen.

Penthouse: The Bob and Ray team began in 1946. How did it get started?

Ray: Well, we were both staff announcers at this radio station in Boston. Bob was the disc jockey in the morning, and I was doing the news. After the news I would stay around and kibbitz and kid around and that's how it developed, because of the small success we had there in the morning. I don't know if it was good, bad, or indifferent.

Bob: It was terrific! When we fell first into this thing, we patterned our characters on people on radio or on some who worked

around the station.

Ray: Sorry to interrupt, but as you probably know this is hayfever time and correspondent Wally Ballou is standing by with a special report from Kendallville, Indiana. So come in please, Wally Ballou.

Wally: This is radio's own Wally Ballou, speaking from the Municipal Greenhouse in Kendallville, Indiana. Beside me is the town Director of Public Health, Dr. Otto Schimmelpfennig. Dr. Schimmelpfennig, I understand that Kendallville has taken the lead among smaller cities in doing something about ragweed control and hayfever.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig: We certainly have, Mr. Ballou. A few years ago, Kendallville had about the average number of hayfever sufferers. Then we began to dig into this ragweed control business. Today, our local doctors report that they get almost no hayfever cases at all.

Wally: Certainly is a wonderful record—just how did you go about the monumental job of ragweed control?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig: Well, the first thing we did was to take a survey of the vacant lots and open fields in and around Kendallville. The results were pretty startling.

Wally: You had a lot of ragweed did you?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig: No. We had almost none at all. What we did have was somewhat stubby and stunted in growth and wasn't doing well at all. We realized immediately that we had a tremendously difficult ragweed control job on our hands.

Wally: Well, what did you do, Doctor?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig: The first thing we did was to get the Parks Department to give us this greenhouse for cultivating a more hearty strain of ragweed.

Wally: Well, these plants you have here certainly look strong and healthy to me.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig: Yes, we had shoots of ragweed sent to us from all over the country, until we found the type best suited to our soil. We finally picked this variety, which we call Type 321-A.

Wally: You cultivate the ragweed plants here in the greenhouse and then you transplant them to vacant lots? Is that the idea?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig: That's right. Ragweed control has been a big job for us. We had many lots with no ragweed plants in them at all. And of course that meant we had to start from scratch, cross-pollinating and so forth.

Wally: And now, I understand that Kendallville has more ragweed in it than any other town of comparable size in the whole country.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig: Yes, we're very proud of our pollen count, which is four to five times as great as that of surrounding communities. We have controlled this ragweed, brought it along here until now we have a good sturdy plant, growing in all parts of town.

Wally: Well you certainly have done a wonderful job, Doctor. There's just one

thing I don't understand. How could you possibly have fewer hayfever cases in town than you used to?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig: Well, the people with hayfever couldn't stand it and they all moved away. The only ones we have left are the folks with nasal passages that are immune to anything.

Wally: So we've heard the story of one community's approach to the ragweed and hayfever problem. Now this is radio's Wally Ballou in Kendallville, Indiana, sending it back to Bob and Ray in New York.

Ray: Thanks, Wally. Now we can get back to the interview.

Penthouse: What were some of the comedy teams that influenced you?

Ray: In radio, Stoopnagle and Budd were a very early influence. I would be in hysterics listening to them when I was a kid.

Bob: Ray Knight and the "KUKU Hour" were popular too.

Penthouse: Your present show consists of four or five formal comedy sketches per day interspersed with numerous improvised bits. In terms of comedy, how do you relate to one another?

Bob: Most often if it's an interview, Ray is more likely to be the character, I think. Although, at times, I play the character, too. Or we'll both be characters.

Penthouse: Which of your characters do you like to do best?

Ray: I guess Webley Webster would be my favorite. There must be thirty-five or forty characters now. Quite a lot of them have been committed.

Bob: I like to do Kent Lyle Bardley and Wally Ballou. We ran Wally Ballou for mayor of New York City but he didn't win. Wally Ballou was recently on assignment on the trophy train. The trophy train is a steam engine with three cars that we continuously send around the country to honor the award plaques that we've won and the mementos of our early years. It's a moving souvenir stand where the people can come in and pay their two dollars and a half and buy the replicas of some of the awards we've earned. Ray's first baseball mitt and the pair of shoes that I broke into show biz with are on the trophy train. They are all set up there. The train also has food service.

Ray: You can buy Belgian waffles and Maryland crab cakes on the trophy train. You can also buy the famous Bob and Ray pickleburger. It's a quarter-pound nice slice of pickle with a little hamburger on top.

Bob: And you can get cotton candy and fried clams. You're laughing, but fried clams in Nebraska are a delicacy. They don't often get them.

Ray: The trophy train is currently on the other side of the Rockies. Speaking of hospitals, a very popular sketch of ours is called "The Orderlies." In it I play Chief Orderly Schnellwell and Bob plays Orderly Weincoop. Would you like to hear what the orderlies are up to?

Penthouse: Do we have a choice?



"I'm expecting quite a few gifts this Christmas—so long as Santa doesn't catch me wacking off!"

Bob: And now the Rotman Corporation, maker of fine buggy whips for more than nine centuries, presents "The Orderlies"—a dramatic behind-the-scenes glimpse of life in a big city hospital.

Orderly Weincoop: You dispatched an official command for me to report, Chief Orderly Schnellwell?

Chief Orderly Schnellwell: I did, Weincoop. But I can't understand why you always come in here gasping for breath so that you scatter my papers all over the floor when you exhale. If you don't have the physical qualifications to report on the double, ship out.

Weincoop: Oh gee! I keep in top shape to meet any crisis that might develop in a big city hospital, Chief Orderly Schnellwell. But I just had to run all the way from the ninth floor where I was dropping trays to make the patients' sedatives wear off.

Schnellwell: The little sprint from the ninth floor is hardly an excuse for mouthbreathing, Orderly Weincoop. Perhaps you'd like to be trapped in a charity ward at forty-six dollars a day for a painful checkup into the cause of your malingering.

Weincoop: Oh no! Please don't put me in the charity ward again, Chief Orderly Schnellwell. I'm still trying to pay off the last of my bill from being there two years ago. You remember—when that patient with the migraine broke my jaw for clattering his venetian-blind slats.

Schnellwell: I remember. And I hoped your confinement in a charity ward would have taught you how the hospital deals with orderlies who goof off.

Weincoop: Oh, it surely did, Chief Orderly Schnellwell! But I'm deeply appreciative of your reminder that it could cost me another eight hundred and fifty if I don't shape up. And I'll sprint right back to the ninth floor without the slightest trace of fatigue!

Schnellwell: Not so fast, Weincoop. I didn't call you down here just so you could prattle about your personal problems. I have a report on my desk that you served a breakfast to 926 this morning.

Weincoop: Yes. I sure did, Chief Orderly Schnellwell. I remember because 926 is the only patient on the floor who doesn't complain about the hospital food to the point of throwing it at me.

Schnellwell: I see. So you can remember serving him, but you couldn't remember to look at his chart where it specifies that he's to have intravenous feedings only. Is that it, Weincoop?

Weincoop: Well, I saw that on his chart. ... But I figured it had to be a mistake because 926 is just here for hammer toe treatment. He eats like a horse.

Schnellwell: Weincoop, I thought I was dealing with a mere dereliction-of-duty problem when I received this report. Now, if I understand you correctly, you read the chart and then concluded that one of your superiors had made a mistake.

Weincoop: Oh, I'm not hurling any wild accusations, Chief Orderly Schnellwell! But I never had a patient who could stand

the food before. And there was no reason to deprive him of it, especially when he'd pulverize me if I tried to stick that needle in his arm.

Schnellwell: So that's why you decided that there was no reason to deprive him of breakfast, is it? And I suppose it never occurred to you that there's only a nominal charge for meals, while the hospital rate for intravenous feedings is thirty-five dollars.

Weincoop: Gosh, it never occurred to me, Chief Orderly Schnellwell. I just saw how he relished his food and was building himself up to clobber me if I came around with the needle. I lost my head and forgot that the financial benefit of the hospital is always the first consideration. Only a rookie would do a bonehead thing like that, Chief Orderly Schnellwell.

Schnellwell: There, there, Weincoop. It's not as damaging as if 926 had been discharged before you regained your perspective. The mistake can still be rectified by gouging him in both arms for lunch.

Weincoop: Well, of course, he'll break every bone in my body. But the call to duty is clear. And you can count on me to go at him like he was a pincushion, Chief Orderly Schnellwell!

Schnellwell: Now you're showing the kind of moxie that makes you a credit to the uniform you wear, Weincoop. And as you're bouncing off the walls up there in

926, just remember that I was proud to call you a colleague.

Bob: And so, under pressure, under the strain of long hours, and under constant intimidation, the hospital orderly marches on in the name of man's inhumanity to man. Join us next week when the Rotman Corporation, maker of fine buggy whips for more than nine centuries, will present another gripping story of "The Orderlies."

Penthouse: Well that certainly adds to the continuity of the interview. Were any of your characters controversial?

Ray: We did a takeoff on Senator McCarthy, of course. His name was Carstairs. We eliminated him only because Senator McCarthy was eliminated.

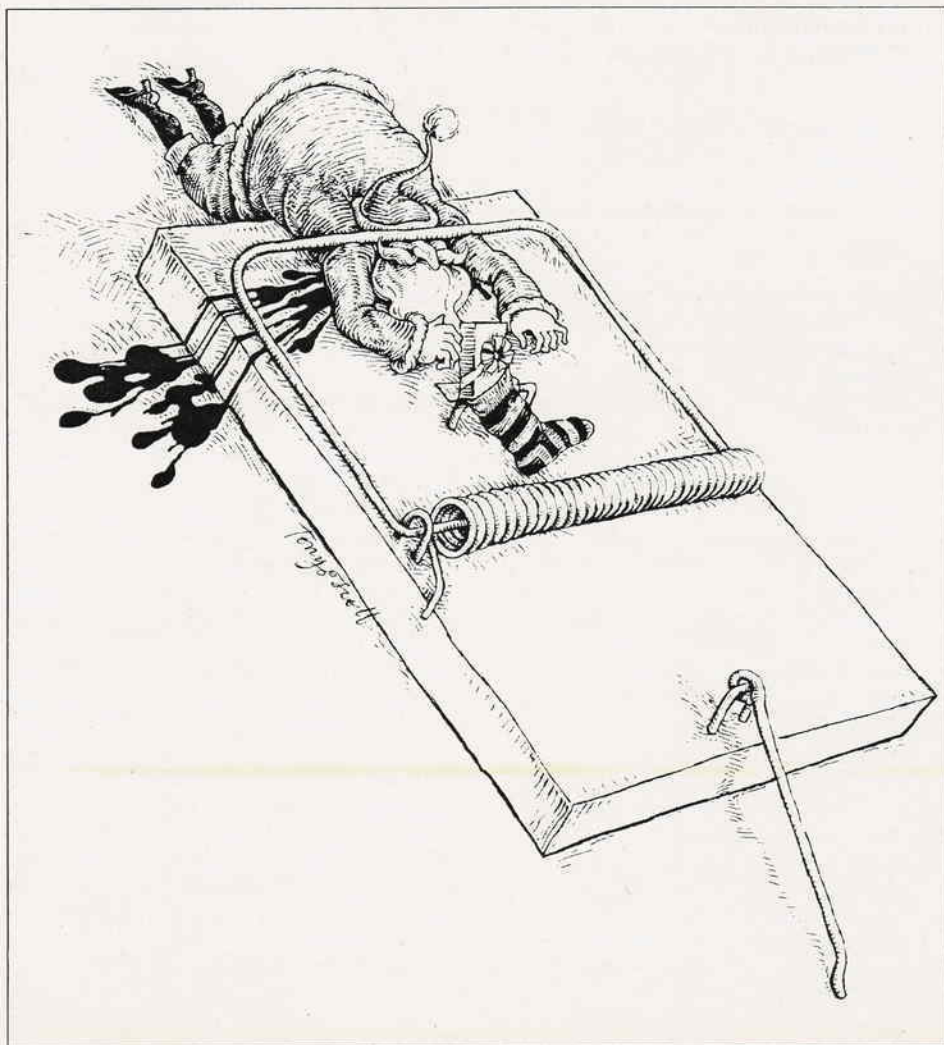
Penthouse: "Mary Backstayge" must be the longest-running radio soap opera.

Bob: It's older than its original, which was "Mary Noble, Backstage Wife." Chester Hasbrouck Frisbie, the writer-producer, doesn't pay the actors much and that's cause for great discussion and disillusionment. But if they kick about it they are in danger of being written out. Frisbie has them come down with a terrible disease. I think they get paid by the line. At least that was it the last I heard.

Ray: Like seventy-five cents a line, but with a maximum of two-fifty a show.

Bob: Well, look who just walked in!

Ray: Hi! I'm Webley Webster.



Bob: Webley was originally from Canton, Massachusetts. He was the president of the Garden Club there.

Webley: That's right, but I've changed since then. I now live in Skunkhaven, Long Island, next to the Backstaygers, Harry and Mary.

Harry (Bob): Hi, I'm Harry Backstayge.

Calvin (Ray): And I'm Calvin Hoogevin.

Harry: How are you, Calvin?

Calvin: Very good. Say, I was talking to Greg Marlowe the producer.

Harry: Oh, the young playwright secretly in love with Mary?

Calvin: Yeah, he went two years to Yale, you know, and he flunked out. He never finished college.

Harry: He never mentioned that to me.

Calvin: You'd think he could get through Yale, a birdbrain like that.

Harry: I would think so.

Marlowe (Ray): Hello, I'm Greg Marlowe, whose name is magic in theatrical circles. I just had two years at Yale. It was very interesting but classroom work never appealed to me. I wanted to get out and actually do the real thing. You know the old saying, "Teachers teach but people go out and do the real thing." And I came to New York and became a producer because I had money and saved it.

Penthouse: Did you come from a wealthy family?

Marlowe: To start with, of course.

Penthouse: So you don't have to work.

Marlowe: No, I could stay home, but I think that the Broadway theater needs me and it keeps me active.

Penthouse: We don't remember too many of your past successes though.

Marlowe: Westchester Furiioso ran for a while. Then I had the musical *Bad Seed*. You'll recall that it starred Marshall Van All-shot and Sherman Stirdly. Both now, of course, gone to Hollywood. And Clyde Summerstopper, who is also gone.

Penthouse: To his final reward?

Marlowe: Yes, he went home.

Calvin: I heard you've been sick for a few days, Harry.

Harry: Well I had peanut fever for about ten days. It's an occupational disease you get working in a peanut butter factory. There aren't any real symptoms. You just suddenly have it. And it makes you walk like you're sitting down. With the proper serum, which you can get in Philadelphia. . . .

Calvin: Oh, isn't that too bad!

Harry: It straightens you up.

Calvin: You have to go to Philadelphia to get the serum?

Harry: Or send somebody.

Calvin: But who would go?

Harry: You wouldn't want to go to Philadelphia in a sitting position.

Calvin: In any position.

Harry: By the way, Calvin, why did you give Greg Marlowe that exploding cigar?

Calvin: I got upset when Mr. Marlowe went into the kitchen with Mary to make cocoa so often. That's why I really did it, I guess. I thought it would be a funny thing to do to a

man—to give him an exploding cigar. However, I didn't know they packed so much explosive in the cigar. When I saw Mr. Marlowe's face completely disappear like that, it was really horrible. But the wonders of plastic surgery are great. Mr. Marlowe doesn't look like he used to. He's different—quite a bit different as a matter of fact. His nose is not nearly situated where it used to be.

Harry: But he can smell just as. . . .

Calvin: Oh, does he ever! He's independently wealthy so the surgery was no problem, of course.

Penthouse: Listen fellows, we've got an interview to finish up here.

Harry: Oh I'm sorry. Come on Calvin; we'll get a cup of coffee at the Times Square Tap.

Penthouse: Thanks, Ray. Once again you've added to the continuity of this interview. Does the heavy load of commercials cramp your style?

Ray: It's a two-edged sword. If you don't have commercials then you're not there, and if you're successful you have to have commercials.

Penthouse: You don't believe in all the stuff you advertise, do you?

Bob: I think for the most part when we get a new product we try it. I've tried almost everything we advertise—except for ladies' cosmetics. You develop a kind of hide.

Penthouse: Do you get along well with your sponsors?

Ray: Well, one of our favorite sponsors is the United States Mint, makers of money; remember, for sheer wealth there's nothing quite like money. Get some soon!

Bob: You can't beat it and it's awfully nice to accumulate it and keep it for your very own.

Penthouse: Dick Cavett was once quoted as saying that you were immaculate performers. What did he mean by that?

Ray: That we wear very clean suits and our fingernails are always clean.

Bob: And we don't do blue material.

Ray: I don't know what he meant by that. I guess he meant we're immaculate.

Penthouse: Who are your favorite present-day comedians?

Ray: We like ourselves considerably. I think self-appreciation is to be admired.

Bob: To be a legend in your own time is something that you don't pass off lightly.

Penthouse: Do you like a live audience for radio?

Ray: Well we don't have anything against it. But we do radio every day and it kind of gets in the way. You see, we're lazy and we like to sleep a lot. If the audience is sitting there you can't do that.

Penthouse: Where did the Bob and Ray Fusileers come from?

Ray: On Friday nights they officially close and lock the studio doors until Monday when we return. They're a uniformed guard numbering thirty-five career soldiers and that's all they do. They live in the Bob and Ray Barracks, which is about a quarter of a mile from our studio, and all they do be-

tween their appearances on Fridays is to shine leather so that their shoes and buckles and belts are all just spotless. And their hair cannot touch their collar.

Bob: It's a moving ceremony, every Friday night, that we look forward to.

Ray: Being a Bob and Ray Fusileer is an honor which is beyond description.

Penthouse: What are the qualifications?

Ray: They have to be six-foot-two and in great physical condition; not over twenty-five years of age and they've got to have a lot of desire.

Bob: And loyalty. One thing we will not put up with is disloyalty in the ranks.

Penthouse: Do you think you'll ever let women into the Fusileers?

Ray: I think that's a very interesting question. I am sure that some women will want to become members. I have no fears about allowing them in as long as they can fulfill the physical requirements—six-foot-two and 185 pounds, twenty-five years of age, and hair not below the collar.

Penthouse: Where does Elliott Goulding Graybar come from?

Ray: This company is Goulding Elliott Graybar. Elliott Goulding is another of our companies engaged in foreign intrigue. There is no Graybar. It's the building we're in. He's the excuse. If Goulding and Elliott don't want to do something, we say Mr. Graybar won't permit it. He's our out.

Penthouse: How would you recommend a young person get started in radio today?

Ray: I'd say be a Sarnoff, definitely. Be born a Sarnoff and you could get right in there at NBC. Start at the bottom and in thirty days you'll be in the front office. Ideally, that's the situation. And I would also recommend having a very rich, influential father.

Bob: Or get yourself into a position where you don't have to work, where you're independently wealthy. I've noticed that a lot of people have ended up in radio that way.

Penthouse: Do you get a lot of visitors coming in here?

Ray: Process servers, people like that. We've had strange people, yes, and process servers.

Bob: I get more of those than he does.

Ray: A lady came in the other day and broke open her lunch. She smelled up the whole place with it—not to mention the bottle she had in the brown paper bag.

Bob: I was hoping it was tea, but I had to give up that idea.

Penthouse: Everybody remembers your commercials about the famous brewery magnates, Bert and Harry Piel. How did the whole thing get started? And where are Bert and Harry now?

Ray: Well, Bert and Harry are down in Argentina. I don't know how they're getting along with Mrs. Perón. That's the last we've heard. They were created at the Young and Rubicam Agency by Ed Graham and Jack Sidebotham, who developed these characters with us in mind. They'd come to us with an essential idea and we'd ad-lib it; then they would draw the commercial to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139



THE DUEL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

*"You will oblige my honor, sir,
by appearing in
the glade tomorrow at dawn."*

When their thighs first met, Daniel and Laurie knew instantly that no power on earth could keep them from coming together. Of course there was the piddling problem posed by Laurie's husband—a born killer who, since he couldn't raise his manhood from the vertical, took his sordid pleasure in beating and humiliating her. So in less time than it takes to rip off a corset, desire triumphed over any possible fear, and Laurie quickly agreed to lead Daniel to her bedroom while her husband's rantings and ravings kept him occupied with the guests downstairs....

Now, as Daniel feels her shuddering passion grip him, he knows that he has found something rare indeed—a woman so sensual that





he will risk anything...even death. And as fate will have it, his courage is soon tested, when the bedroom door—foolishly unlocked—crashes open and the husband stalks in.

The heavy leather glove stings Daniel's cheek. "You will oblige my honor, sir, by appearing in the glade tomorrow at dawn with your seconds. There we will settle forever the question of who possesses this wanton little strumpet—her lawful wedded husband or her lover."

"Wedded, perhaps; but not bedded, you cuckold! For the love of your wife, I shall be honored to exchange fire with you," replies Daniel. "And protected by her love, I shall place my bullet squarely in your balding pate, sir."





In the ashen dawn the two men stand rigid, pistols raised and jaws trembling, their thoughts as grim as a banker's heart. In the husband's beady eyes hell smolders; in Daniel's eyes there is only quiet determination. He looks quickly at Laurie, who stands to one side near the carriage, winking lewdly.

"Gentlemen, prepare," comes the call. "At five paces on my count turn and fire. One...

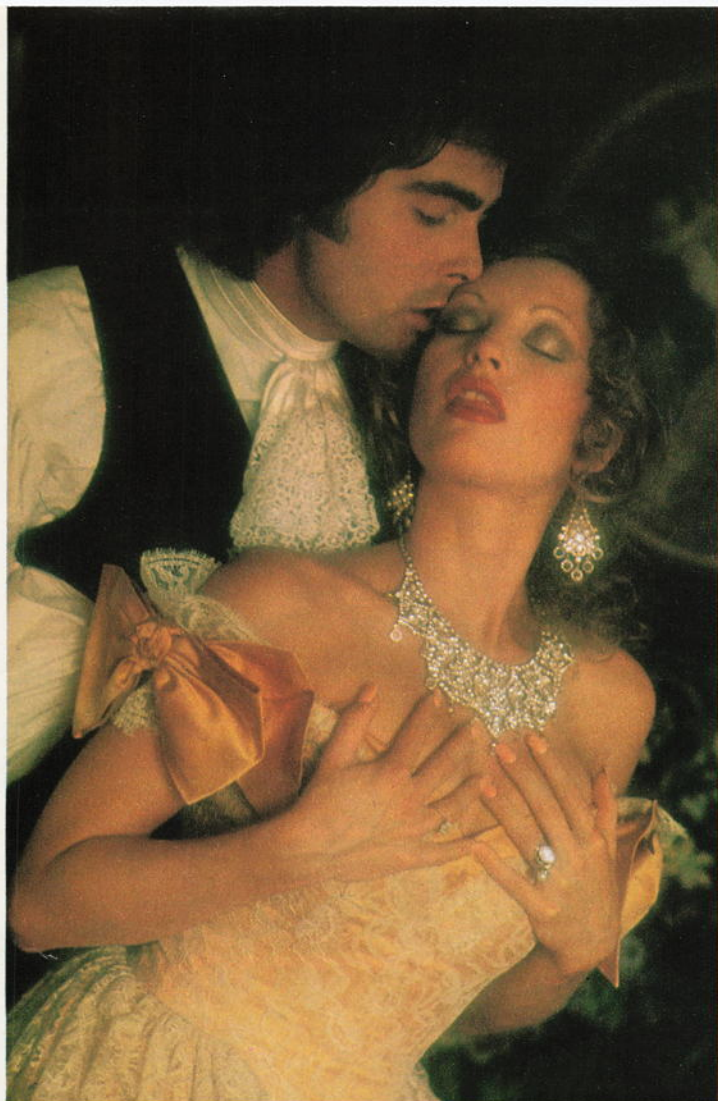




two...." There is a soft crunch of footsteps over the dry leaves. "Three...four...five!" The sharp crack of pistols split the morning sky and it is finished.

Laurie's husband stares at Daniel, a strange smile twisting his lips, "You, sir, have killed me..." is all he says.

"That's the first kind thing you've ever said to me," replies Daniel as his hand presses against Laurie's breast.



And later that day, as Laurie moves over his body like a soft wet wind and Daniel moves into her, he knows that the reward has been more than worth the risk. He has never had it like this before.





For not only is he having it, he is getting it. Laurie is no stranger to a ripe, young male body with a clear eye and a quick trigger finger. After all, there's nothing like a deadly duel to really set a young woman's blood to boiling. Her nipples, acknowledging the victor, stand up and salute as Daniel's lips pass over them. Her thighs part.... Like a great stallion he mounts her and drives her on. Her breath comes in quick gasps, and nothing remains in all the world but wet heat and unendurable pleasure. For a spanking new widow, she really knows how to live.











Daniel is amazed. She leads him into areas of pure animal passion that he has never dreamed possible—and afterwards throws him aside, exhausted but content.

"You were *wonderful*," says Daniel, gazing down on her satiated beauty. "But I can't stop thinking about your husband. He was a right bastard, but I guess his death was necessary. . . ."

"It was, my love," she says. "You really don't know *how* necessary."

"Just the same, you must have loved him once. How did you meet, anyway?"

"Oh, I thought you knew," says Laurie as she flicks her tongue along his thighs. "I met him on the day before my first husband was killed. You see, dear, he won the last duel that was fought over me."



Ballonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"If you sing one more Christmas carol I'll scream!"

BOB & RAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

what we said. They ran a long time I think. Eight years, all told.

Bob: And they won national awards—though they were only seen in New York and Connecticut and parts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Piels is a regional beer.

Penthouse: You did a lot of commercials after that. How did you like your Skippy Peanut Butter spots?

Ray: I liked the product, but I didn't like those commercials. We didn't write them. We were just hired to come in and walk through those things.

Penthouse: You have nothing against peanut butter in general?

Bob: We wouldn't be where we are today in this country without peanut butter.

Penthouse: You had a comedy revue several years ago, *Bob and Ray, the Two and Only*, which ran successfully in New York and several other cities around the country. How did you find the audiences nationally?

Ray: Very good. I guess the producer picked safe spots where he knew we'd do all right. Like Toronto, where we'd been on the radio for years, and Stanford University, where we did really great business: the Coconut Grove in Miami was all right too. But Fort Lauderdale—forget it! Fort Lauderdale is a walking hospital ward. Oh, those blue-haired ladies at the Wednesday matinées....

Bob: They would sit and darn and knit and crochet. I felt like I was playing to Madame Defarge.

Ray: It's called "Cleveland-by-the-Sea" you know. We were brought in as a substitute for a musical that had cancelled out, and they just didn't expect a two-man show. The people there are retired and very well-off, with diamond rings and minks and hearing aids. And they just want to be seen by the others; what's on the stage is secondary. There was a fellow in the first or second row who had his hearing aid cranked up so he could hear the feedback. But we also played three weeks at Ford's Theater in Washington, and that was a real good experience. To look up there at the box—it's hard to take your eye off it.

Bob: Booth wasn't there when we were there.

Ray: But it looked like he was skulking around up there. It keeps you on your toes.

Bob: We got terrific reviews in New York. The show ran for six months on Broadway, and then we played it for two weeks here and three weeks there for almost a year, I guess. We ran out of places and we got tired of it.

Penthouse: Didn't one critic actually give you a bad review?

Bob: The worst person in the world, John Simon. He gave us a bad one.

Penthouse: What did he say about your performance that you thought was bad?

Ray: One of the sketches had Wally Ballou interviewing a fellow who raises cranberries. In the background there is a bank robbery going on—robbers, guns, a real story. Well, Wally missed that. And that's the joke. John Simon wondered what kind of a broadcaster would talk to a fellow about raising cranberries when there's a bank robbery going on. He's got a real great sense of humor. Oh boy!

Bob: He was the only critic who gave our Broadway thing a bad review—except for *Women's Wear Daily*, which didn't like our jackets.

Penthouse: What do you think is the function of a Broadway critic today?

Ray: He tells you to save your money—and who is *he* to tell you that? That night he could have had a fight with his wife before he went to the show.

Bob: Or eaten at the Bob and Ray Cafeteria.

Penthouse: Has John Simon ever visited your cafeteria?

Ray: We wouldn't let John Simon into our cafeteria. We have *some* standards.

Bob: He goes to a Hungarian restaurant.

Penthouse: You've appeared on numerous talk shows over the years. Do you like doing them?

Ray: I guess we like talk shows. But we don't like sitting on sofas, and we hate interrupting Zsa Zsa.

Bob: We usually just give them three hundred and twenty dollars worth of material and leave.

Penthouse: What do you do during your off-hours?

Bob: As a hobby I paint and I like to do carpentry. I built a house once. A good part of it. Not the whole thing.

Penthouse: I have this image of a crooked house.

Ray: It's not plumb.

Bob: It's perfectly plumb.

Ray: You walk uphill to the living room.

Bob: And when I broke through, I found I had a sunken living room.

Penthouse: Ray, are you a plumbing expert?

Ray: Sure; I've got to be. I live in the pilot house of a sunken fishing trawler off the coast of Long Island. You know, Bob also goes riding in Central Park a lot. He gets all dressed up in a cowboy hat and fur chaps and packs a cap pistol.

Bob: I never fire it though.

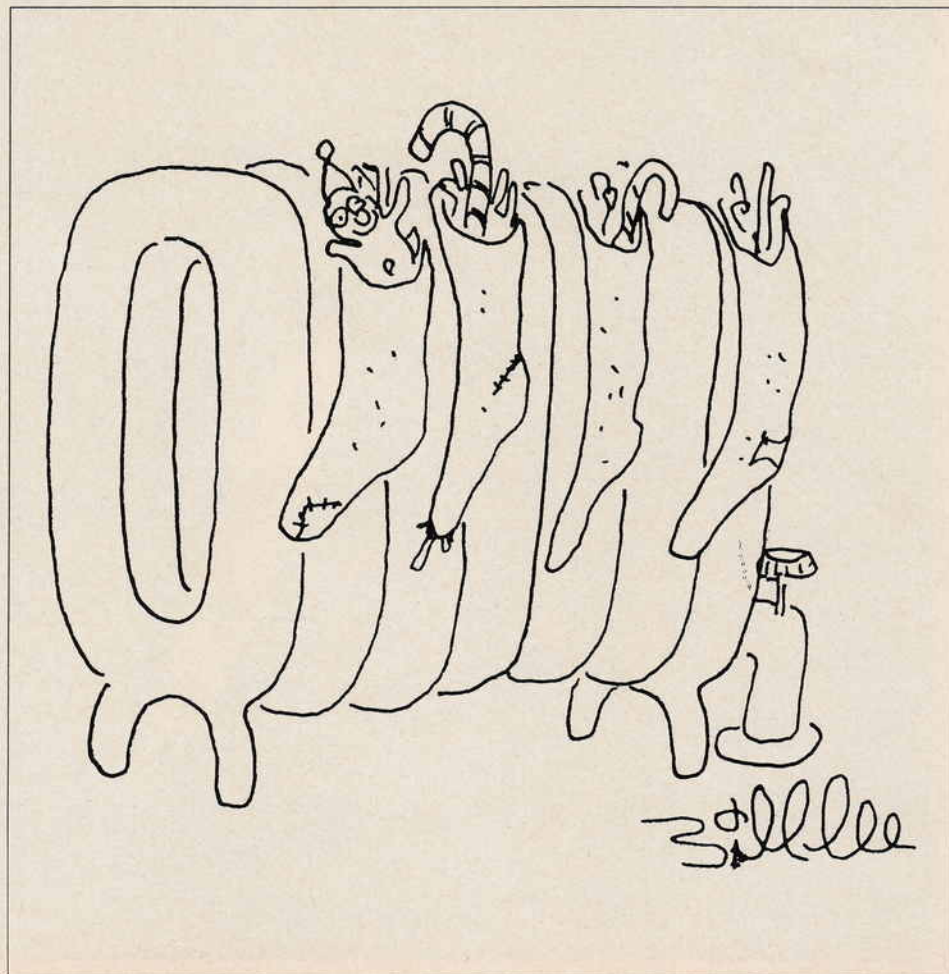
Penthouse: We understand you gentlemen ran the Bob and Ray Coffee Shop as a sideline.

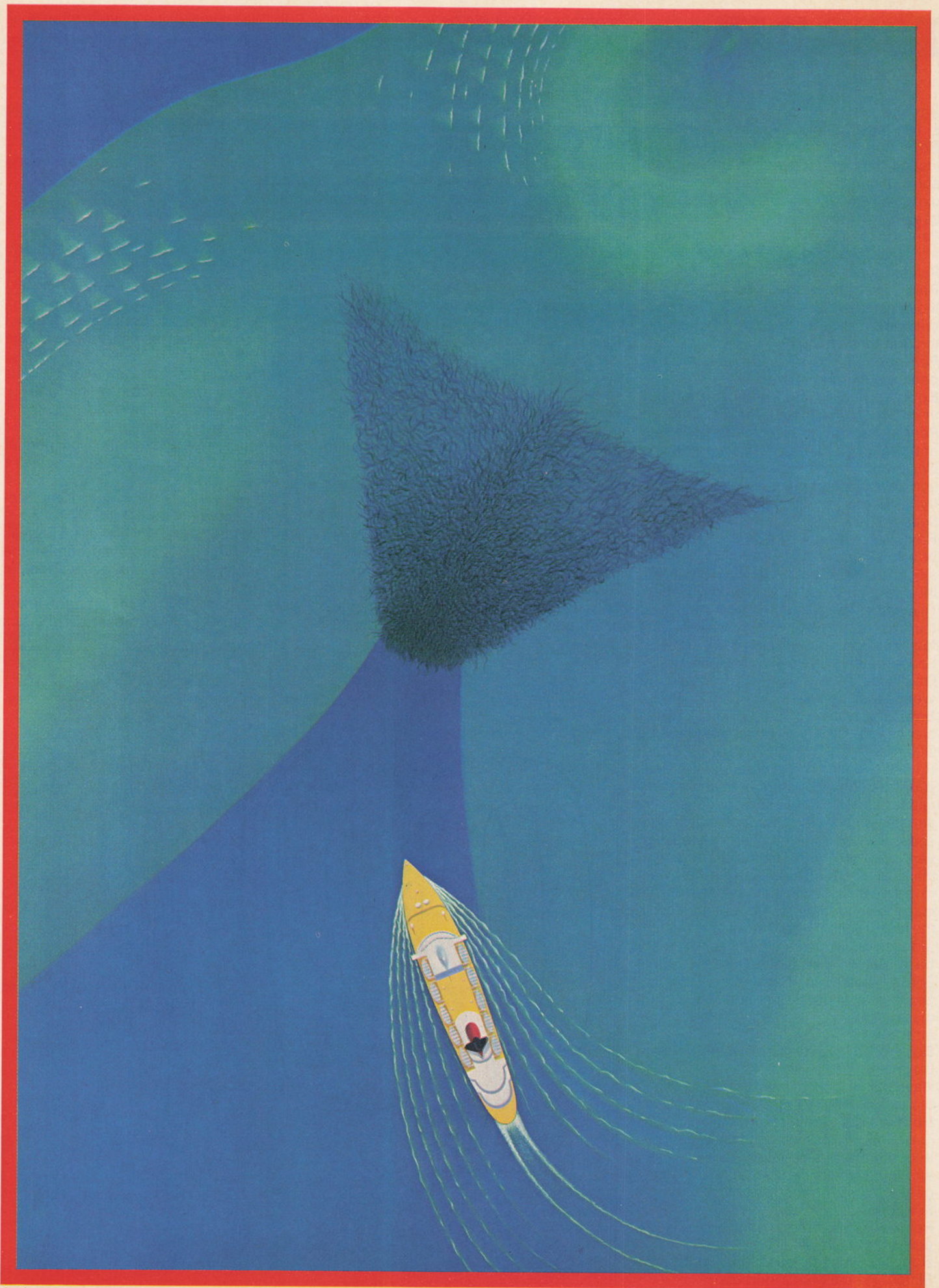
Bob: This was last year, and I can't remember too much about it.

Ray: We specialized in things like English muffins, grilled-cheese sandwiches—the gourmet type of food that people seek at lunchtime.

Bob: We tried for the trucking trade in the textile and Broadway areas, but the fact

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For untold eons it lurked beneath the sea.
Throughout recorded history its existence and purpose
had only been whispers in the night.
Then came that fateful day when the dauntless
Professor Von Donut learned the ghastly secret of

THE BERMUDA VAGINA

The implications of the story I am about to reveal are so frightening to me that I seriously considered disobeying the professor's dying wish. Perhaps when you finish reading this you will wish I had disobeyed. It all started on a rainy October afternoon when I received an urgent call from Doctor's Hospital telling me that Professor Erik Von Donut was in critical condition and asking for me. I was extremely busy working on a magazine assignment, but quickly put this aside and rushed to the hospital. Professor Von Donut was the world's greatest authority on ancient civilizations, and had been instrumental in my winning the Pulitzer Prize. I was the first person to learn about his discovery of some remarkable petrified wood far beneath the Caribbean Sea, in a location most experts concede is the site of the world's most famous ancient civilization. Von Donut proved beyond a doubt that those petrified wood artifacts could have been used for only one purpose, thus leading to my best-selling book, *The Boardwalk of Atlantis City*. Professor Von Donut is, of course, best known for his own book, *Tricycles of the Gods*, in which he postulates that Earth was originally a nursery school for the children of extraterrestrial astronauts. His work sent shock waves through the fields of Geology, Anthropology, Archaeology, and Psychology, with its hypothesis that the Grand Canyon was really a man-made facility for potty training.

When I arrived at Doctor's Hospital in New York, Professor Von Donut was unconscious. The physician in charge of the case, Dr. Cassius Grultman, informed me that the professor had been discovered—very weak and delirious—on a small uninhabited island in the Caribbean. He had apparently been stranded on the island for some months before being sighted by a passing fishing boat. His condition was worsened considerably by the strange fact that he had somehow managed to have sexual relations with a giant tortoise, and, as a result of this, he was now

also suffering from a severe case of shell shock.

Professor Von Donut regained consciousness several hours later, and I was allowed into his room. His appearance stunned me. From a healthy, robust, bear of a man, he had shrunk to a gaunt, trembling, stuttering creature with a greenish complexion. I stayed in that hospital room for four days and four nights. Professor Von Donut alternated between lucidity and incoherence, and it's taken me several weeks to piece together a straightforward version of his strange story from my scribbled notes and rambling tape recordings of our conversations.

In addition to his weakened physical condition, the professor was suffering from emotional trauma and a debilitating fear that strongly affected his ability to discuss even briefly what had happened to him and what he had discovered. Thus the four days it took me to extract all the details.

Recently, the professor had evolved one of his unequivocal theories on "the way things were" that are commonly known as Von Donut Stands. This one concerned the destruction of Atlantis. He felt the Atlantean cataclysm was linked directly to the sexual mores of that highly evolved island-nation. Recruiting a small and trusted crew and acquiring a specially equipped research vessel with extraordinary retrieval capacity and diving-support systems, Von Donut set off for the secret site in the Caribbean which he believed to be the exact location of the ancient supercivilization. Two weeks of preliminary diving and exploration kept the professor and his crew quite busy, until the day he had been waiting for finally arrived. On this day, Professor Von Donut took his specially designed diving bell down to depths never before plumbed in that area. He saw huge man-made pillars of marble-like consistency, but with a texture never seen in marble. He saw beautifully formed statues of beautifully formed men and women. He saw a

Illustration By Bob Giusti

BY JOSHUA DASH

giant machine of some kind, and though it had suffered extensive damage from both time and the cataclysm, it was easily identifiable as some sort of power generator. Needless to say, these discoveries, the culmination of years of research and speculation—and ridicule from his fellow scientists—sent waves of joyous excitement surging through the professor's body. He said he had never felt such a feeling of complete success and fulfillment. But what came next was even more thrilling. Underneath one of the larger pillars, Professor Von Donut found a box made of some rubbery substance, obviously designed to withstand the pressure and erosive qualities of the sea. He felt his heart palpitating and realized that this was it. Somehow he knew this was the most important discovery he would ever make. Without guessing at the box's contents, he manipulated the diving bell's retrieval arms to secure his find, and then signaled the crew to bring him up. Von Donut lost no time in opening the box, though he had to use a laser beam to do it, so strong was that outer protective lining. Inside the box he found dozens of metallic sheets covered with the strange Atlantean hieroglyphics he had spent so many years studying. You can imagine his exultation at seeing familiar figures on these ancient sheets.

Instructing the crew to set a course for New York, the Professor locked himself in his cabin with the hieroglyph-covered sheets and began to unravel their message. The writings were nothing less than a complete record of the final days of Atlantis, compiled by a group of women scientists who predicted the cataclysm, but were generally ignored by the population of the island. They therefore set about making preparations of their own. At this point in history the Atlantean culture had made all sexual activity a crime that was punishable by death. Sex was known as the Worst, and a total ban was placed on all its manifestations—including fornication, masturbation, and especially on homosexual encounters. Those who denied their biological sexual preferences were known as turn-arounds, or "turns," and there was no greater crime than taking a "turn" for the Worst.

The only sexual activities permitted were for purposes of procreation. This led inevitably to an island simply swarming with children. As a result the island's societal foundations were weakened. Bands of unmarried men took to roaming the island, sexually assaulting women. In fact, the records discovered by Professor Von Donut contained a series of charts on the increasing incidence of these assaults in a report entitled *The Graphs of Rape*.

The women scientists, who called themselves the Atlantis Braves because they dared to circumvent the dictums of

the island's authority figures, were furious at the entire male population of the island, who they blamed for their current predicament. They decided to take positive action. The Braves decided that the best thing they could do was in some way to preserve their sexual energy for posterity, saving it for a day in which it would be needed to restore the glory of Atlantis. Using the technical skills for which their civilization was famous, they constructed a mammoth female idol. It was fifty miles high and twenty miles wide. The idol was designed to float free on the day of final destruction, and then move east, gently sinking to the bottom of the sea at a spot near Bermuda. The most amazing feature of this giant female figure was its genital triangle. The Braves had discovered a means of transmitting their sexual energy to the triangle, and secretly recruited tens of thousands of the women of Atlantis to contribute their sexual energies to the project. Since they weren't using them anyway, the women were more than willing. Realizing the tremendous power of these energies, the Braves designed a number of safeguards and protective devices. One of these converted the sexual energies into a magnetic force that is activated whenever groups of men invade the sea or atmosphere over the idol. These magnetic powers were channeled to destroy any men so foolhardy as to trespass over this memorial to the women of Atlantis by sucking them into the sea.

Within days after the completion of the Braves' secret project, it happened. A combination of forces too terrible to contemplate led to the complete devastation of a magnificent civilization. The tremendous quantities of children born during the days of procreative sex had matured and their increased weight was just too much for the island. And the men of Atlantis, prevented from any form of sexual release, without even the women's outlet of contributing their sexual energies to the Braves' project, simply exploded in one fatal orgasmic burst. The island was doomed, and in their final moments, the women launched their female idol.

You can understand why I stayed in that hospital room for four days and four nights. By his discovery, the professor had single-handedly solved two of the great mysteries of the centuries: the cause of the destruction of Atlantis, and the secret behind the so-called Bermuda Triangle, an area of ocean over which thousands of *men* had disappeared forever! But the professor never got a chance to rejoice in his discovery. Some final passages in the records of the Atlantis Braves produced great anxiety. Without directly identifying its form, the women scientists wrote of developing even more destructive powers which they built into the genital area of their

idol—powers designed to be unleashed in the final quarter of the twentieth century, if by that time in history men had not finally acknowledged the complete legal, emotional, and intellectual equality of women.

The professor never had the opportunity to complete his translation of those final passages. As his research boat sailed around the southeastern tip of the United States, a powerful explosion occurred. Von Donut couldn't accurately describe it, but did note that just before the explosion he was simultaneously aware of a great sense of foreboding and a great surge of sexual desire. The next thing he remembered was awakening in his hospital room.

Meanwhile, on the fourth day of my stay, the professor seemed to be gaining strength. He even flirted with one of the nurses. I felt it was safe enough to leave him for the first time, and went down to the coffee shop. In the middle of a chocolate cream pie, it suddenly hit me! A tremendous and overwhelming sense of fear and the most powerful sexual arousal I have ever experienced. Quickly choosing between my two immediate alternatives: sexually attacking a chocolate cream pie or returning to the professor, I hurried back to the hospital room. I might as well have chosen the pie, for I knew it was too late as soon as I spotted the excited crowd in the hospital corridor outside the professor's room. Inside, complete chaos. It was as if a cyclone had struck. In the center of this scene of destruction was Professor Erik Von Donut, crushed to death, his face a mask of abject horror. Wrapped around his body was a strange iridescent cord. It seemed to be an unusually strong metal, black, shiny, and about four inches in diameter. It was this cord that had killed the professor. With a great deal of effort, we managed to remove it from his body and send it off to a laboratory for analysis. This was no easy task, since it was over thirty feet long. After sifting through the debris, we found a brief note scribbled by the professor: I took immediate possession of it. He had apparently used his last bit of strength to put those few words on paper. It read: "Tell the story. The men must be warned!"

And so, I have told the story, just as the professor told it to me, and just as much of it as I know. I don't know what good its telling will do. At times, I have even doubted whether it all ever really happened. And then, a few minutes ago, the laboratory report arrived—the report on that strange metallic cord. It wasn't metal at all. The laboratory didn't know what to make of its analysis, and neither do I. How can you explain or begin to understand the presence in a New York City hospital room of a deadly cord—four inches thick and thirty feet long—which has been conclusively identified as a *female pubic hair*? ○—

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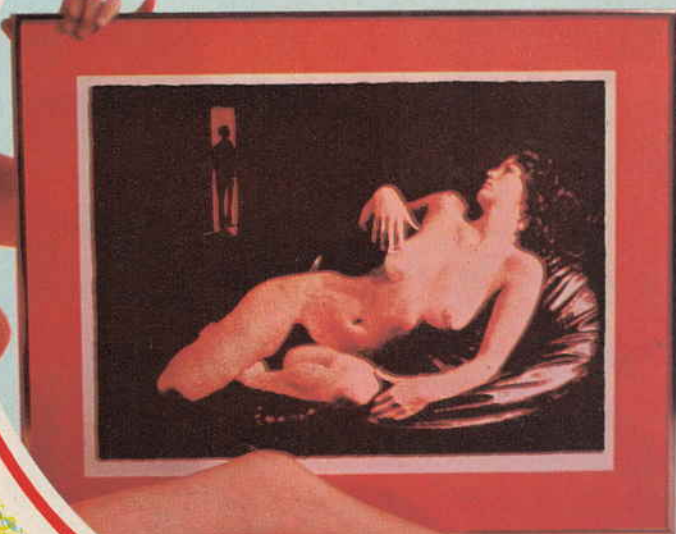
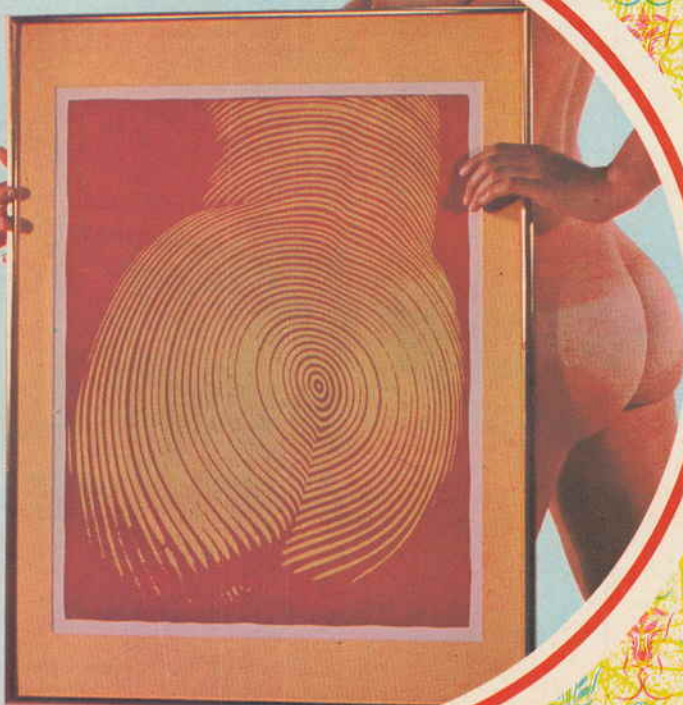
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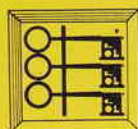
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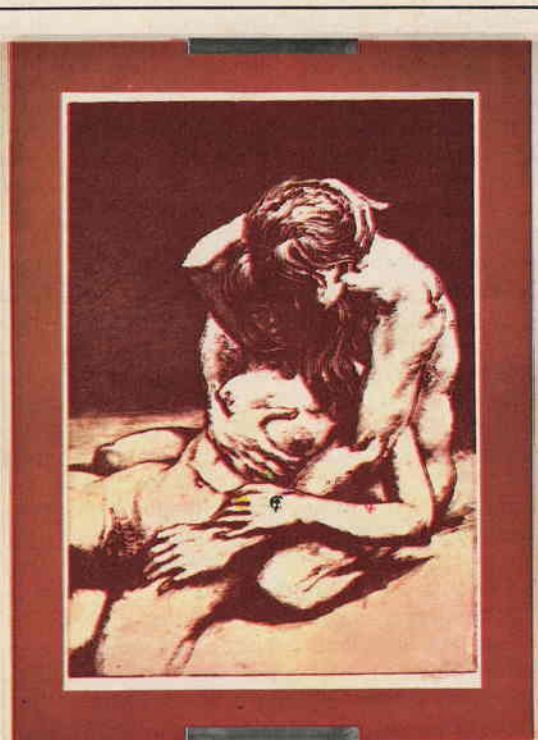
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C. "ASPECT OF WOMAN" Mike Barkin Boldly sculptured wall plaque. 5" x 5 1/2"

PHOENIX MURDERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

you ask. So the question has got to be phrased perfectly. If you don't know the subject, you won't learn anything."

In several appearances before Congress—in 1970, 1971, and 1973—Colby clearly attempted to put Phoenix in the best possible light and to minimize the abuses without perjuring himself.

In a hearing of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in February 1970, for example, the chairman, J.W. Fulbright, asked whether captured Viet Cong were "executed," and Mr. Colby replied:

"Well, let me say they are not legally executed, no. . . . Now, I would not want to say here that none has ever actually been executed . . . but the government's policy and its directives are that these people when captured are placed in detention centers. . . ." A little later, Colby told the senators, "I would not want to testify that nobody was killed wrongly or executed in this kind of a program. I think it has probably happened, unfortunately."

In testifying the next year, Colby conceded that there had been "some unjustifiable abuses" in Phoenix, but he indicated that he had steadily tried to correct the abuses and improve the program.

Some Americans who served in the field have different memories about the way things were when Colby was in charge of Phoenix. "I really got pissed off when I heard he was telling Congress the abuses were being corrected," the former legal adviser to Phoenix said. "They were never corrected. He was concerned—particularly after Congress started asking questions, and probably even before—but I don't think anything was being carried out at the lower levels."

One former army lieutenant who spent nearly a year working with Phoenix in the northern provinces says, "We were just told not to view torture. They [his superiors] would say, 'It goes on. It's to be expected. It's part of the way the war is fought, part of the normal Asian disregard for life.' Once the Vietnamese brought in a girl of about twenty and killed her right in the office. A sergeant kicked her in the stomach and she died." The officer said he reported torture when he saw it and added, "I couldn't figure out how they didn't reform it at all after cataloging all these abuses."

Several members of Congress contended that Phoenix violated the Geneva Conventions on treatment of civilian prisoners in wartime. But the State Department countered that the conventions did not apply because the South Vietnamese were victims of their own government and not of an alien military force. Under congressional questioning, Colby said he felt the procedures supported by the United States in

Phoenix might technically meet the requirements of international law, but he admitted they fell short of complying with the spirit of that body of law and certainly did not square with "our concepts of due process."

"The tragedy of this thing was the easy acceptance of inhumanity," the former legal adviser to Phoenix said. "One could argue the point of whether Vietnamese civilians came under the Geneva Conventions, but there was no question that civilians were frequently tortured, beaten, and targeted on little or no evidence."

Representative Bella Abzug of New York, and other members of Congress, urged in 1972 that financial support for Phoenix and several other programs in Vietnam be terminated, charging that the United States was "supporting the very sort of police state that we allegedly went to Vietnam to oppose." She and Representative Paul N. McCloskey, Jr., of California and several others also called for a full investigation of Phoenix by the State Department and Congress. But they were never able to rally their colleagues and Phoenix, with its name changed to F-6 and its wings somewhat clipped after the American advisers went home, continued to receive United States aid indirectly through the South Vietnamese national police—who maintained liaison with the CIA—until the country finally fell to the Communists last year.

As Komer tells the story, Phoenix had its genesis in 1967 while he was working in the White House as President Johnson's special assistant for pacification. One day, Komer says, he was having a chat with Bill Colby, who was then chief of the Far East Division of the CIA. "I'd been hearing all about the infrastructure," Komer said in a recent interview, "and I said to Colby, 'What can we do about this?'" The solution which evolved, Komer said, was the Phoenix program. Looking back over the wreckage of the program, Komer says there was no single architect, but there were several "key planners," including Colby and himself.

In a short time, Evan J. Parker of the CIA and an army colonel were in Saigon working out the nuts and bolts of the new program, which at first was called "ICEX," for Intelligence Coordination and Exploitation. Not much later, as Phoenix became a reality, Komer, too, went to Vietnam to head a new superpacification agency he had conceived called "CORDS," Civil Operations and Rural Development Support. Early in 1968 Colby became Komer's deputy and when Komer left toward the end of the year, Colby took over.

Phoenix was to be the business end of the pacification program. "I said, 'What the hell's the point of our people trying to build roads and sow miracle rice in the countryside if the VCI are going to come in with a terror program and raise hell?'" Komer relates. "I was an advocate of security for the pacification program." And that was

where Phoenix came in. Phoenix was supposed to "neutralize" the VCI by capturing them, persuading them to defect—both of which were often extremely difficult—or by killing them.

The ambition of Phoenix was to reach into every hamlet and village in the country, bit by bit piling up scraps of information until dossiers were bulging with the inside stuff on the meanest Cong—where did they go, who did they see, what were their jobs, who were their relatives, where were their weak spots?

The initial collection points were to be in the districts, which encompassed several villages and, though smaller, corresponded roughly to counties in the United States. So in each of the 250 districts of South Vietnam, the CIA built small buildings with two or three rooms and named them "District Intelligence and Operations Coordinating Centers," which became known as "DIOCC's" (pronounced either "Dee-ocks" or "Dye-ocks").

In the capitals of the provinces, which could be compared to states, the agency opened the same sort of offices—sometimes in the larger buildings already serving as province headquarters for the American pacification officials. These were called "Province Intelligence and Operations Coordinating Centers" or "PIOCC's" (pronounced "Pee-ocks").

The district offices were run by American sergeants or lieutenants from military intelligence; and usually a major ran the PIOCC's. At its peak there were about 800 Americans directly involved in Phoenix, including about 100 CIA agents, many of whom had other duties as well. In both the district and province centers, the Americans were supposed to "collate" intelligence to make up dossiers and "black-lists" of "wanted" persons. But they weren't always certain how to go about getting the basic intelligence—they had no agents of their own and often there was little or nothing forthcoming from the police special branch, the police field forces, the military security service, or the other units in the area.

"We never had a real idea of what the VCI was," one lieutenant recalled. "It was all so vague, we never associated it with anything but a concept. We never got much in the way of intelligence. I only remember one case of a certified VCI cadre being brought in and he was released after a couple of days. We never found out from the Vietnamese why they let him go."

Wayne L. Cooper, a foreign service officer who spent eighteen months as a Phoenix adviser in the Mekong Delta, says, "A typical DIOCC would have an impossible clutter, with wheat and chaff filed together. The alphabetical files we insisted they keep would not be cross-referenced by alias, family location, or any other useful designation. The dossiers so vital to province security committee prosecution would contain poor, skimpy information; perhaps enough for an operation,

but not enough for prosecution. Other files—most-wanted lists, potential guide files, mug shots, and so on—were maintained so poorly as to be useless, or never kept at all. There would be no intelligence collection plan, and agents received little direction."

The Provincial Reconnaissance Unit or PRU (pronounced either "P-R-U" or "Prew"), with at least thirty-five to forty men, was designed as the "action arm" of Phoenix, the exploiter of the intelligence. These gentlemen were rough. They were direct descendants of the CIA's counter-terror teams; in some cases they were the same people, and their tactics were often indistinguishable. The PRU's were criminals, deserters, former Viet Cong, men whose families had been wiped out by the Viet Cong, thugs of one kind or another.

A former army officer recalled the PRU team chief in his province. "One of his brothers had been killed by the VC, so all he wanted to do was get out and shoot VC," the officer said. "That was all he lived for. He wouldn't extort anything. He wouldn't accept a beer as a gift. All he cared about was shooting VC."

The PRU—recruited, trained, and paid by the CIA (and drawing four times as much cash as regular South Vietnamese troops)—wore camouflaged fatigues and green berets and loaded themselves down with hand grenades, bandoliers of bullets, a couple of rifles, pistols, and knives. And, as if they needed it, the PRU's were spurred on by the CIA with bonuses for weapons and bodies and sometimes ears.

The PRU were awesome enough to make a grizzled sergeant gulp and retreat, but they became absolutely terrifying when one realized that their principal job was to go out and "neutralize" the hapless folks whose names managed to find their way on to the blacklists put together helter-skelter in the DIOCC's and PLOCC's.

Georgie Anne Geyer of the *Chicago Daily News* reported in an article for *True* magazine in 1970 that two years earlier a PRU team in the Mekong Delta had crept out on a midnight raid and snatched a Viet Cong province chief from his bed; and from time to time there have been other reports of a handful of PRU's slipping into a hut with silencers on their rifles and rubbing out a Viet Cong official. But these were extremely rare. By far the most common PRU operation was the ambush.

"Unless somebody made a mistake," said a former captain who spent three years advising different PRU teams, "you're not going to find a guy alone. And if you go in and try to tangle with a whole village, you're in deep shit. If the guy is that important, it's very hard to extract him."

The captain said he personally could recall only one instance of the PRU trying

to get a specific official alive. It was during a wedding ceremony in a village near the Cambodian border. The target was the groom, a Viet Cong district official who was marrying the daughter of a Saigon government village chief.

"The first one of our guys in the door of the building says, 'You haven't got a prayer, so just drop it,'" the captain remembered. "But some VC in the wedding party goes for his gun and our guy opens up. The next two or three guys through the door open up, too, and the first thing you know there's a lot of blood on the sand. So that didn't work too well. We didn't lose anybody. But there were twenty-two people in the wedding party and twenty were killed."

Ambushes were not as spectacular as a run into a sleeping village, perhaps, but they were a whole lot safer, which was a factor not to be underestimated.

"My team leader preferred to play it safe, and so did I," the captain said. "The first consideration . . . is the safety of your own men. The first thing is, don't get us hurt, hurt them."

The ambush, the captain said, "was strictly a death trap. You set up a killing zone and they don't have a chance, if you do it right. You get into the area undetected. You know a certain guy is going to be transiting the area. You set up so that with the application of fire, everybody who gets into it is dead. You get everybody in the killing zone and they're dead."

"The idea I was always pushing," he continued, "was capture. Unfortunately, in many instances, a pretty fair percentage of the time, these guys ended up biting the dust, simply because of the nature of the operation."

The captain said if "all went right" he and his men would have "a complete bio and a mug shot or a family photo" of the person for whom they had laid the ambush. But there were times, he said, when several unexpected people would walk into the ambush along with the target and they would unfortunately be killed, too. In that case, the PRU would try to match up the dead with names on the blacklist. Sometimes the captain said he had "gone out to police up the bodies" after an ambush and found several dead who were merely Viet Cong soldiers and did not qualify as VCI. But he said his unit never killed any innocent civilians. Many others, however, could not say the same.

The captain, an ROTC man from a Midwestern university, said he "bristled a lot" when people described his work with the PRU's as assassination. "It doesn't get at what we were trying to do," he said. "It may be what we ended up doing. You went in for a guy and couldn't get him so you zapped him. But that wasn't what we were trying to do."

There is something about the word "assassination" that neither Colby nor

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

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SCOTCH

THE DURABLE
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FLINGS TO COME

By KEN GOULDTHORPE

Scotch! Now there's a name to conjure with. On the one hand, it brings to mind visions of craggy green countryside and even craggier Highlanders. The blaze of tartans and the swirl of kilts, the haunting lilt of the bagpipes. On the other, it immediately suggests a comfortable bar at day's end, exactly the right partner alongside you, and a firm grip on a glass of the stuff of life. Scotch whisky, sir, a veritable Rolls-Royce of the spirits. The national drink of the United States of America—or thereabouts. The drink of the man—and woman—of achievement, with all the mystique, panache, and cachet of people who've arrived.

Not to mention the people who've not quite arrived but are well on their way. For if you still cherish the notion that Scotch in the seventies is solely an "Establishment" drink, uncherish it. One reason Americans will consume something like twenty-two million cases of Scotch in 1975 is because more and more young comers—like you—are drinking it and relishing it for exactly what it is—an excellent whisky: light, unmistakable in flavor, made by men who regard their calling as a creative art.

Lord knows they've had enough time to perfect it. Way back in the days of the Highland Clans, when every



Laird had his still, his whisky-maker was as highly prized as his claymore—perhaps even more so. After all, you could always get a decent sword, but a decent drink was a pony of another color. The brew the Lairds knew was a tough, harsh, smoky concoction, far removed from the elegant spirit dispensed today, but it fired up the Scot and made him blithely impervious to the screech of the bagpipes and the cold, damp winds that whistled up his kilt—no mean feat for any spirit.

Along about the time Napoleon was heading back from Elba to meet his Waterloo, the distillation from all stills of less than 500 gallons capacity was outlawed in Scotland. This damn near caused a revolution, until it was pointed out to the canny Highlanders that they could make a good deal of silver by selling their whisky—something that, for obvious reasons, had never occurred to them before. This, of course, put the matter in an entirely different light.

Well, the whisky—and the Scots—have come a long way since then. The Highlands haven't really changed (and we have a secret feeling that a few Lairds in the remoter regions are still making a bagpipe-proof brew strictly for private consumption), but the distillers have. Centuries of refine-

ment have gone into the product to give it the unique qualities it has today.

To begin at the beginning, Scotch starts off on the path to righteousness with what's known in Scotland as grain whisky (grain neutral spirits in this country), which is distilled from barley and corn. Very little of this is consumed unblended, for this is the bedrock of Scotch, the vehicle which carries and marries the subtle flavors of some fifty malt whiskies into one individual blend.

All other Scotch whiskies are barley malts. There are four major types, which take their names from the geographic regions in which they are made—Highlands, Lowlands, Campbeltown, and Islay—in more than a hundred distilleries. Yet no two malts are exactly alike.

The best come from the River Spey district, an area in the Highlands bounded roughly by Elgin on the west, Keith in the east, and Glenlivet forest in the south. These great Highlands malts are to Scotch what Châteaux Lafite, Latour, and Mouton-Rothschild are to Bordeaux wines. They are the true superlatives—fragrant, light in body, rich in texture and flavor—that give so much individual character to your favorite blend. From the islands of Islay, Jura, and Skye come smokier malts, instantly recognizable by their heavy peat tang. The Campbeltowns are smoky and full-bodied, while the Lowlands tend to be gentler and softer in flavor.

What makes them all so different? The very same elements that make bourbon bourbon. The pure water that flows through soft peat beds and over red granite outcroppings. The Highland barley in the mash, rich in protein, which in turn guarantees richness in flavor. Then there's the peat that fuels the fire that dries the barley that makes the Scotch that Mac Built. In short, all are unique ingredients that pertain only in this wee corner of the world. If you could combine these same elements in Kentucky, you could make a great malt

there. You can't, of course, any more than you can produce a true bourbon in the Spey valley. So since the essence of Scotch is the blend, and the blend cannot be achieved without the Highlands malts, Scotch whisky, as we enjoy it today, depends on this very local product.

And the Scotch we know is a relatively recent phenomenon. Until the middle of the last century, Scotch was a straight malt liquor, and, it was, for all practical purposes, strictly a local drink. Then one distiller, Andrew Usher by name, hit upon the idea of blending different types of whiskies, giving the end product a new smoothness and—by careful control of the blend—a barrel-by-barrel uniformity never before attained. What the House of Usher did; in effect, was to revolutionize the future of Scotch. The softer flavor caught on among the Sassenachs south of the border, and its fame gradually spread to the far corners of the British Empire.

Underlying the new popularity was the taste—the smooth, light, slightly smoky tang peculiar to the product. The smokiness is derived from "kilning" the barley malt (malt is germinated barley grain), that is, by drying or roasting it over a peat fire. Since peat is coal in its elementary state, it gives off an oily smoke that impregnates the grain. This quality is carried over into the mash and retained in the distillation.

Then comes the aging, usually in casks made of North American white oak that have previously been used to mature Scotch—though some distillers prefer old sherry casks. British law requires a minimum of three years in the barrel; but if the label bears no age statement, Scotch must be four years old before it is imported into this country. This is convenient, for no master blender would even consider making his blend with whiskies less than three or four years old, and upon the skill of this man depends the fame and fortune of the brand. He will determine which of the hundred or so

malts at his disposal he will use, in what proportion, and with what amount of grain whisky, to achieve his blend. The more Highlands he uses, the more expensive the product; the more grain whisky, the cheaper. Bearing these economic facts in mind, he is still concerned with only one result—the taste and the quality of the blend.

Once his selections have been made, the blend is returned to the cask for a further period of aging and maturing. And while we're about it, a word or two about aging. . . . Scotch can be matured for five, eight, twelve, fifteen, twenty, or more years—the longer periods depending especially upon the craft and care of the maker, since Scotch too long in the wood can deteriorate. But no amount of aging will ever put into a Scotch (or a Canadian or bourbon) what is not there in the first place, viz., the quality of the distilled spirit and the fine hand—or palate—of the blender.

Americans, it seems, were not slow to recognize this quality. Scotch, naturally enough, got a huge popular boost after the repeal of Prohibition, when aged domestic whisky was a rarity in the land. Prior to that time, it was indeed an "Establishment" drink, the prerogative of those who could afford it. As an import, it was far more expensive than American whiskies and, to be honest, there was little general taste for it, most Americans at that time preferring the rounder, richer flavor and heft of domestic varieties.

But something happened. Over the past few decades there has been a significant trend to lightness in the flavor, body, and even color of the beverages we consume. And taste has become an increasingly important factor among younger whisky drinkers. Now, there's a saying in some circles that Americans don't like the taste of whisky. I don't agree. So decided are Americans in their taste preferences that they are incredibly loyal to their preferred brand of Scotch. It

seems to me that this would hardly be the case if all blends tasted more or less the same. So while J&B Rare is a top U.S. seller, you won't find a Dewar's man—or Cutty Sark, Johnnie Walker Red, Grants, Black and White, or Lauder's men—switching to another standard. By the same token, you won't find Bell's ringing for 100 Pipers! In my view, taste—along with those invisible factors of prestige and mystique that cannot be measured—is what determines the consumer's response to a brand in the bar or the liquor store. One distiller's experiment seems to bear out this thesis. Trying to predict the market, he changed his blend to an even lighter flavor. The change was immediately recognized by the consumer and sales fell drastically. The original blend was abruptly resumed to offset a threatened wipeout.

While generally regulars won't switch brands (if they do change, they usually make a quantum leap to premium eight- or twelve-year-olds) they are moving to Scotch bottled in America for the savings. By not shipping the bottle and by dint of a considerable excise duty and tax break on all container shipments, the savings are passed on to the retail customer. Price, of course, is always a factor, particularly in a period of recession. Witness the success of Inver House, now the largest seller among the Scotches bottled here.

Yet premium brands such as Chivas Regal, Johnnie Walker Black, Haig Pinch, Ballantine's 12, etc., seem to be recession proof. A man may well cut corners in some areas, but apparently he won't stop buying a premium Scotch. And we're not talking about the executive set either. Even in this inflation year, Chivas, for example, is racking up a higher percentage of sales among young adults than it is in the over-forty bracket. Indeed, there's no question that importers have become youth oriented. The premiums really got under way in the

Dress by Kamali/Tuxedo by Madonna/Napoleon costume by Sivanello



Komer nor any of the other senior men responsible for Phoenix can abide. They admit that the program involved violence and that people were killed—sometimes the wrong people. But whenever he is questioned, Colby asserts without variation, "The Phoenix program was not a program of assassination."

Indeed, said the former legal adviser to Phoenix, the *official* goal was to take members of the VCI alive in hopes that they would talk and lead the way to higher-ups in the Communist organization. Another possibility was that a captured VCI member could be turned into a double agent.

"But when you got to the operational aspects of the program," the lawyer said, "there was little concern with whether the suspect was dead or alive."

One of the highest-ranking CIA officials in the field in Phoenix said the whole argument "rapidly gets into semantics." Yes, he conceded, individuals were singled out, especially targeted for "neutralization," and often the result was death. No, he said, he and his colleagues never sat down and specifically plotted the killing of any individual. But why split hairs? he asked. "Whether you called it assassination or something else, the man was dead. Somebody comes down a pitch-black trail, you don't know if you're firing at armed people or not. We never sat down and said, 'Who're we gonna kill tomorrow?' The question was, 'Who're we gonna *neutralize*?' Maybe he got killed and maybe he didn't."

Who were these people who had been singled out for "neutralization"? All too often, the men with the guns didn't really know, as Representative Ogden R. Reid of New York brought out in his questioning of Colby during the congressional hearings in the summer of 1971.

"Are you certain," Reid asked, "that we know a member of the VCI from a loyal member of the South Vietnam citizenry?"

"No, Mr. Congressman, I am not," Colby replied.

Abuses were predictable in introducing a program like Phoenix to a society that had been at war for generations and was seething with hatred and suspicion. But instead of establishing strong controls, or trying another approach entirely, we fueled the chaos by establishing a quota system.

Putting pressure on the Vietnamese in Phoenix, with their jobs and futures on the line, the former legal adviser said, "got a lot of people being killed and jailed, irrespective of whether they were VCI, just merely to meet the quotas." There was also a lot of falsifying of reports to meet monthly goals—at least on paper—which threw all the statistics out of whack and, in itself, should have been enough to discredit the quota system.

But, Komer says, "We always had to have quotas. Without quotas, performance

goals, programs never got under way. They found the same thing in American factories."

Komer insisted that he always argued that quotas should be realistic and that he protested when President Thieu set very high goals. But Komer says Thieu told him the program was very important and quotas had to be increased.

"Cordon-and-search" operations were also used in prosecuting the Phoenix program. I went on several of these with regular military units. What they amounted to was ringing a village with troops as stealthily as possible—preferably at just the crack of dawn when everyone was still at home—and then going from house to house, searching for weapons and supplies, inspecting papers, and questioning everyone. A cordon-and-search meant that no work could be done in the village for several hours. The questions were almost always rude and abrasive and the troops could rarely resist stealing a few ducks and chickens.

One former captain who advised a PRU team in the central highlands said his men would "shake down" a village in a cordon operation "for any number of reasons."

"The province chief had his quota to meet," the American said. "In addition to political and military VC, he'd be looking for prostitutes and black marketeers. Our function varied. If it was kind of shaky territory and there was some doubt as to whether territorial forces could handle it, we'd be used as part of the cordon."

"Say it was a hard-core village and you wanted to give them an idea of what the program was," he continued. "If nothing else, you stood around looking fancy in the green beret. People in the province knew about the PRU and they figured if the PRU came in it must be kind of serious. And that was always a pain in the ass for them. There was no real violence. You might rattle somebody's teeth a little bit, but never seriously hurt anyone. There was one time we bounced a fella off a few walls because we knew he had relatives in the VC and he didn't want to talk about them. If a guy didn't wise up, he might get cuffed around a little bit."

Giving an example of what was understood at headquarters in Saigon as opposed to what was done in the field, Komer says, "There never was a cordon operation that was called for in the Phoenix program. I would think this would be a terrible misuse of PRU's."

It was, in fact, in cordons and the large military sweeps that the vast majority of men, women, and children were arrested in the Phoenix program, and not in the small, precisely targeted operations that had originally been envisioned. Colby said that by far the majority of the deaths—87.6 percent, for example, in one fifteen-month period between January 1970 and March 1971—came in the more classic military operations. These figures were cited by Colby and others as a means

of showing that the PRU and the police were not so bad after all. How could they be if they had accounted for only 12 to 13 percent of the "kills"? But they also demonstrated that Operation Phoenix was proving to be the opposite of what it was intended to be.

Many times when I accompanied combat troops in Vietnam we would come across Vietnamese civilians who the troop commander somehow felt were suspicious. The civilians might be military-age young men. They might be anyone without proper identification papers. They might just be farmers working in a field. They didn't have packs and rifles so they couldn't be POW's. But maybe they were VCI. It was always safer for a company commander to have civilians "checked out" than to take a chance, even if the only result was to create more enemies. So the so-called "civilian authorities" would be notified—perhaps the province chief, who, in fact, was usually a lieutenant colonel—and the "suspects" would be trundled off in trucks or boats or helicopters. Before long they would find themselves at the "Province Interrogation Center" or PIC.

The CIA had built PIC's in each of the forty-four province capitals of South Vietnam. They were low and square and looked like tin-roofed forts. Offices, cells, and interrogation chambers were built along the inside walls and a large space in the center was left open as a courtyard.

The CIA trained members of the special branch of the National Police—roughly equivalent to the FBI—to run the PIC's; and the agency was supposed to oversee the operation of the centers. But, in fact, the CIA provided virtually no supervision and, according to vivid accounts of ex-prisoners and doctors and nurses who treated some of the victims, the PIC's became snakepits where the only limits upon sadistic police were their own demented minds.

The PIC's, like the DIOCC's, PIOCC's, PRU operations, and everything else in the Phoenix program, were almost impenetrable to journalists. Komer says it was not a "secret" program, but I can say from personal experience that the people in the field generally behaved as though it was.

One rather lengthy account of what went on in the PIC's was put together by an American study team on Religious and Political Freedom in Vietnam which spent a week in the country in 1969. The team was headed by Bishop James Armstrong of the United Methodist Church and included two congressmen, a retired rear admiral, the executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union, and two other clergymen.

The team found that "most" prisoners in South Vietnam's detention and interrogation centers had been tortured. Most often the prisoners had been beaten not only with fists but with sticks and clubs.

A number of prisoners told the team of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

One of a kind.

He searches for
what most men do not even
know exists.

He smokes for pleasure.
He gets it from the blend
of Turkish and Domestic
tobaccos in Camel Filters.
Do you?



**Turkish and
Domestic Blend**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

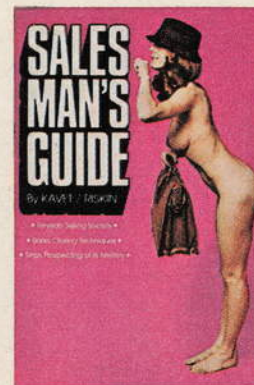
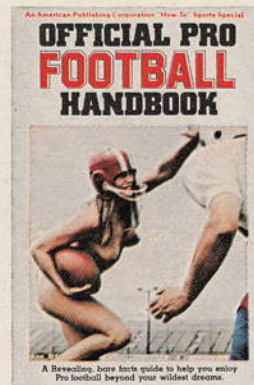
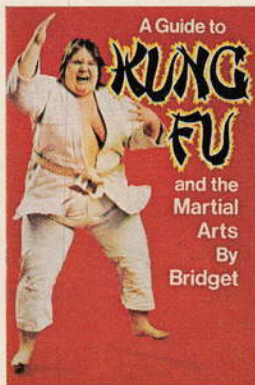
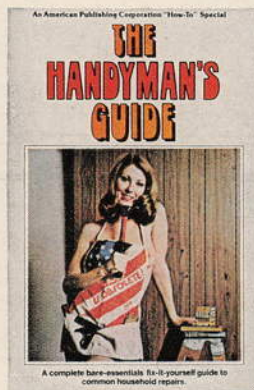
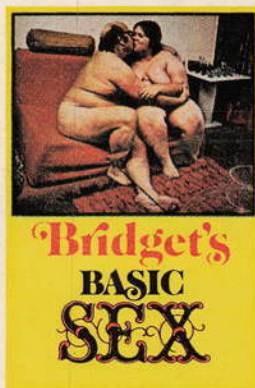
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★ GETTING IT ON WITH



UNDERWEAR

Beyond the lace curtain — she changed her underwear like some women change their lovers.

By CHERRY VANILLA

*The fifties brought jocks
I was too young to screw 'em
The sixties brought rock stars
And boy could I do 'em
The seventies came
Now I'm destined for fame
Underneath my red hair
I've a burning affair
With the man of my dreams
And my silk underwear*

THE FIFTIES

If your tiny tender tits just don't bounce and shake. Stick out your chest and pad it with a fifties Frederick's fake!

I was fifteen years old when I ordered my first catalogue bra. It was a "titillating, tantalizing, pussycat push-up, with four-way convertible straps and a front-hook closing for easy access." I had it mailed to my girl friend's house and I hid it in my bottom drawer underneath some sweaters so my mother wouldn't see it. I used to put it on every morning under my Catholic school-girl's uniform and dream all day about the hands that would one day come to rip it off. It was black and pointed, and I was sure that some of the nuns were beginning to suspect. I just knew my image in that bra was very different from any I could conjure up in those little white "Lovable" circle-stitch cotton numbers that my mother always bought.

Eventually the day came when I had to wash it. "Where'd ya get the bra?" my mother asked. "Frederick's of Hollywood," I said, appearing very nonchalant. "I got it for Mary's wedding, so I'd look like all the others." In any good Irish-Catholic family, it is at certain times considered quite normal for a sweet virginal lass to strap herself into an outrageous array of erotic underwear—providing, of course, that a bridesmaid's dress or prom formal is slipped on over it. Why, even falsies, though whispered about, are somehow considered really quite acceptable on a normally flat-chested blushing Irish bride. "But Mary's wedding isn't until next May," said my mother, "you'll have it worn out by then." "Well, I'm trying to get myself used to it . . . it's not the most comfortable thing in the world, you know!" This statement won her over since it proved that I was actually willing to suffer and endure great pain in order to insure the aesthetic value of my sister's bridal party. You see, suffering and pain are considered very virtuous in Catholicism.

"Looks like you're getting ready to go into battle with that armor," offered my father. I just wonder if he knew how accurate he really was! After that I went crazy, saving all my lunch money for exotic underwonders from Frederick's catalogue and ads. At that time I was five feet, seven inches and weighed one hundred and fourteen pounds, and I had a pint-sized set of tits. I could have worn undershirts and lollipop briefs for another three years if I hadn't been so hooked. Hooked! Hooked on Hol-

lywood, hooked on eyes, and hooked on my erotic imagination. I used to dream, not of being Miss Rheingold or Miss America or Miss Cellaneous or Miss Placed, but of being that siren who could put a smile on Mr. Frederick's face. Oh! . . . She was so wicked and so wise. She had danger in her eyes, and I knew she turned on guys with sexy poses. She was what I had to be, and I'd practice when I'd pee. Then I'd turn the bathroom key and hump the hoses.

I joined the cheerleading squad of the local semi-pro football team and I fell in love with a black-haired, blue-eyed quarterback named Dotsie. Dotsie, at first, was hotsie for Doodoo, but Dotsie did not know 'bout Cherry's new voodoo! Everyone said that Doodoo looked like Elizabeth Taylor, and she wore the tightest skirts in town. I had often heard stories 'bout how she'd go down! Oh, I looked like such a child next to Doodoo. She wore Tangee orange lipstick and a DA haircut. She'd shrink her woolen slacks in tubs of boiling hot water till they fit skintight around her ample teenage ass. And she was allowed to stay out till all hours of the night! Only one thing gave me confidence in my competing for dear Dotsie—underneath my poodle-skirts and sweaters and resting on my soft new pubic hair was a G-string; I also wore a push-up bra and black waist-cincher. Frederick's "secret-weapon" wonder underwear!

At last came the day when Doodoo got the flu. Dotsie had just scored the winning touchdown and every "uninitialed" cheerleader was out to get him. Those who had steady boyfriends bore their love's initials in razor-made scars on their arms. I stuck out my padded tits and offered him a few good witticisms. My daddy had warned me about the boys on the team, but when Dotsie took my hand I just went into a dream. He led me to the cemetery behind the Veterans field; I was glad to know my secret would no longer be concealed. It was exceptionally warm for that time of the year, and I was feeling kind of tipsy from the drama and the beer.

Dotsie got directly to the point: "Put-out for me or go home now, and that means going nearly all the way." I was so scared and so excited. I had never even been felt-up at the movies and "nearly all the way" meant finger-fucking for sure. "I'm ready," I said, "but you're getting a virgin." "I know," he smiled, "that's the only kind I like." "I love you," I blushed and he whispered, "Oh, really. Well, little one, that won't be needed tonight." Dotsie led me to a huge gray mausoleum and opened the big iron door with a key. "It's my family's,"



he said as he led me inside. I couldn't believe my young Irish eyes. He lit a few candles as I watched in amazement, then he lifted my turtleneck over my head. He fondled my tits in their "midnight-black lace" then he grabbed me and snuggled his face in my cleavage. He opened my Kelly green corduroy cheerleader's skirt. As it fell to the dirt, I whispered, "Don't hurt." When he lifted me onto the platform of granite, my head spun around like a lovely blue planet. He removed my socks and sneakers and there my body lay, all

decked out by Frederick's—"Oh, let's go all the way!" But Dotsie just stood and stared. When he put his hand between my legs, I suddenly got scared. I could tell how much it turned him on to see me in that place. Mr. Frederick would be proud, I thought, to see my Dotsie's face.

Dotsie never removed his clothes. He just climbed up onto the platform and smothered me with kisses while his fingers found their way up into my black satin G-string, which by now was stretched to full tension up my tiny cold white ass. My

knife! Mr. Frederick's has a moral which you must appreciate: If you love me, be prepared to tempt the horny hands of fate!

THE SIXTIES

The sixties were fine 'cause they taught us to let go, but, shit, you must admit the tits hung a bit too low!

In the early sixties, I produced radio and TV commercials for an ad agency just off Madison Avenue. I had traded in my Frederick's undies for "delicate little nothings"

that were all the trend for tender tarts in tinsel town. I bought them at Bloomingdale's after expense-account lunches with voice-over announcers. They were called "body stockings, panty hose, no-bra bras, and leotards." They came in "nude-look, natural-look, nothing-look, and no-seam." They ranged in "skintone" colors from "Petunia Pig Pink" to "Peeling LA Tan." They were supposed to be sexy because they showed the body's shape, but not its features. In reality, they "ran" and flattened tits and made millions of women into androgenous creatures. When you went to the ladies room for a powder and a pee, you had to undress completely to peel your natural look away. Needless to say, sexual entry was no easy operation. It was all so near and yet so far. The poor frustrated male had to find his way up your dress to the waist, down your panty hose to your crotch, and into your body stocking from the thigh. If you wore your body stocking outside your panty hose, or

pair of silver lamé bikini panties I had found in some undie boutique. For the sixties I was the height of fashion and the life of the party, but when the acid hit my brain and my skin began to tingle, I felt as though I had an awful bag around my body. When I looked into the mirror, I saw gaily packaged meat at a Christmastime supermarket sale. "I've just got to get out of this bag," I thought, as I stood in the lime lucite loo. I ripped off the awful no-undies and flushed them down the bowl. I put on the silver bikinis so as not to expose my sex hole. I went braless after that. In fact, I went practically naked.

The sexual revolution was at last under way. I began to fuck the stars at night and write memoirs all day. It didn't take me long to make it to the top. I was very well-versed in rhythm, soul, and pop. I could catch 'em at the curtain call, make 'em come, and send 'em back. The world's fastest living groupie, the world's fairest heart attack!

As a groupie, I wore cheap crêpe dresses with nothing underneath. My favorite one had lace inserts in the tits and a flounce-out over one hip. It was the first dress I ever had ripped off by a rock group. They were a bunch of horny cowboys who came from Yuma, Arizona—let's just call 'em "Arizona Red Summers and the Yumahead Hummers"! They were staying at the Loew's Midtown Motor Inn and drinking lots of tequila. My girl friend, Lil, had run off with the bass player and left me with the rest. The drummer was my favorite. He was thin and blond and crazy and hotter than the West. We sat around his room and watched the tube awhile, then everybody started getting twitchy. I wanted to eliminate a few of 'em but in those days I thought that would be bitchy. You see the reason I was such a wonderful groupie and loved so well by musicians on the road was that I did my job as well as they did theirs. So, in essence, we were equals. They never even knew about my brains or business background—there wasn't ever time for all of that—and who cares anyway, except for intellectuals, and intellectuals just had no place in a rock 'n' roll night. Rock 'n' roll nights were for relaxing, dancing, exercising, and relating—in the most intensified manner possible!

After a show, it was my turn to relate in the manner I had chosen. I loved those men and as long as they made beautiful music that would intensify my life, I made beautiful love to intensify theirs! There are many ways to say "I love you"—and fucking is usually the fastest! The organ player started it by taking off my shoes. The guitar player hummed a bit and played us all some blues. Dan, my favorite drummer, put his hand between my thighs, and felt my naked pussy as he looked into my eyes. Carlos was the rhythm man, very young and hot. Frankie was their roadie and he and Red smoked pot. The organ player looked at Dan. I heard Red say, "Okay." Someone turned off the TV set and



body writhed in pleasure as his finger plunged into my pussy. "Please understand," I begged him, "I just don't know what to do." "Relax," he said, "lay back and just enjoy it; this one is for fun, and all for you." Our breathing got louder—not one word was spoken—then one sweet hot plunge and my cherry was broken. I felt like a woman right down to the bone. As my blood trickled out on Dotsie's granite family stone, I heard voices whisper 'bout the virgin blood of life. Then two eyeteeth approached my neck and pierced it like a

extra panties underneath, the inaccessibility was intensified. It was like a dress rehearsal for a sexual revolution! Then came the drugs—cocktails and marijuana made people uninhibited; speed and psychedelics made them undress.

I'll never forget my first acid trip in a body stocking. I was dressed in what amounted to \$2.25 worth of silver mylar strips hanging freely from a plastic sequined band above the boobs. Underneath was my Warner's flesh-colored body stocking, Danskin dancer's tights, and a

ripped my dress away. Dan, my favorite drummer, put his hand between my thighs and Carlos felt my titties while Red looked into my eyes. Frankie said, "Let's tie her up." Everyone said, "Yes." Carlos said, "Her stockings," and Frankie said, "Her dress." The organ player tied my legs and Frankie tied my hands. These guys were having groupie fun reserved for heavy bands! Dan put his cock between my thighs and Carlos felt my stockings while he tied them 'round my eyes. Wow, I felt the sexy beat, simple as my soul—with yummy Hummers drumming come—now that's called rock 'n' roll!

As the sixties reached an end, hanging loose was all the trend. Unisex was in, and tits were out. Jeans and T-shirts filled the street; organic food replaced red meat; the hippies wandered aimlessly about. I became an actress and with a little practice, I was able to support myself this way. A new decade roared like thunder and I couldn't help but wonder when hot underwear would come back into play.

THE SEVENTIES

If you suffer from the news, neuritis, or neuralgia, get yourself a costume, hon, and jerk off on nostalgia.

The seventies began for me by redoing the thirties. In '71 I was in London playing the lead in Andy Warhol's play *Pork*, and shopping for undies at Biba and the Portobello Road. At Biba I got inexpensive little copies, while at the stalls of Portobello, I found some authentic thirties petticoats and step-ins, or "knickers" as my favorite English rock star liked to call them as he pulled them past my thighs.

By '72 I was into the forties, with well-built bras, garter belts, and panties I had made to order at a chic little shop, frequented by Dietrich and Garbo, called Juel Park in Beverly Hills, California. I was out there doing publicity for David Bowie and living at the Beverly Hills Hotel. I didn't find much time for romance, so I got into some heavy masturbation trips. Juel Park's underwear at \$300 a set really helped! Just knowing the cost of those exquisite "unmentionables" got me hot! My favorite set was cherry-red silk-satin with white lace overlay and wild cherry appliques. I used to put it on under Joan Crawford business suits to have lunch alone at the hotel's famous and chic Polo Lounge. I would fantasize about a stranger picking me up and taking me back to my room for a quick fuck before my afternoon meeting with the boss. Back in my room, I would watch myself undress in the mirror as if through the eyes of this stranger, and I would delight in the sight of such ladylike undies. I would leave the undies on as I'd lay back on my bed and jerk off with my dildo. It slipped easily through the loose leg panties and into my fantasy-lubricated hole. With business filling up my life and no time left for dating, I could be a bitch and hit the switch with which I got off by

masturbating. After an orgasm, I'd remove the elegant undies and change into slacks and a halter top with built-in bra. Then, refreshed, I'd return to the typewriter to bang out blurbs on Bowie.

One afternoon in the Polo Lounge, however, was quite different. The humidity was high, and so was I. I just knew it was a very special day. Pierrot, the captain, presented me with a fresh gardenia at the door and regally sat me at the best table in the house. I ordered my usual Scorpion, and set up my little notebook to write a few thoughts or poems during lunch. I settled back a bit in my booth and took a look 'round the room. Suddenly, at the entrance appeared Vince Constantine, the dream boy of Madison Avenue. He was wearing a dark-green silk shirt and a camel hair sweater—and though he hid behind big dark glasses, I already knew all about those smoldering brown eyes underneath. I had seen them so many times in magazines and in my dreams, and I had often

There are many
ways to say
'I love you'
—and fucking
is usually
the fastest!

jerked off to his latest cigarette ad—and I don't even smoke. Oh, no! Pierrot was bringing him directly over to the booth next to mine. I shyly looked away, but then before I knew what hit me, he was slipping right into my booth. "Ms. Vanilla," Pierrot said, "I'd like you to meet Mr. Constantine." Sly old Pierrot... how well he knew me already. Vince was incredible up close. I reached up and took off his glasses. "Hi," he said, "do you wanna dance?" "Sure," I replied, "but where?" "How about in the backseat of my car?"

We slid out past Pierrot. Vince slipped him a fifty and soon we were out in the sunlight. The parking attendant pulled up with Vince's car—a big, shiny, chocolate Mercedes, with fabric like his sweater on the inside. While the eight-track blared Clapton, we drove through Holmby Hills and smoked a joint. We pulled off the road into somebody's driveway and he said, "Get into the backseat, I'm gonna eat you." I promptly obeyed and started to remove

my suit and shoes—not fast enough for him though. He grabbed my cherry-red bra by the cleavage and yanked it free from my body. There goes \$100 worth, I thought, but what was coming seemed worth it. I mean, he gets \$75 an hour just for keeping his pants creased in photos. He left my garter belt intact, but he split the crotch of my undies right up the seam and plunged his long Latin love-lance right in me—male model meat! "I'm too hungry to eat ya," he said, and we humped and pumped and we kissed and we came. I felt more decadent and loved than ever before—ripped red satin in his camel-colored car. I came the most expensive come of my career! I've since repaired the sacred scarlets with tiny silk stitches—their scars ever remind me of the scene.

Summer of '73 found me writing poetry at New York's most beautiful beach resort, Fire Island. I wore wet-look jumpsuits, spring-o-lators, and lots of stretch nylon outfits—definitely a return to the sixties. Nostalgia was almost at an end. I became infatuated with civil uniforms, especially policemen's. I wondered what went on underneath them, and I longed to show them what went on under mine. One day at the Fire Island marina, I met Billie, Billie the cop, direct from Central Casting—or so it seemed, to have a cop so beautiful. I licked my lusty lips and wrote these lawless love lines to Officer Bill:

*Billie the cop
could make traffic stop
Billie was blond
and a beauty
Cherry was red
whenever she said:
"Hey what time
do you guys
get off duty?"*

*Billie was wise
with bright flashing eyes
Billie knew
he made her creamy
Cherry was gay
but just couldn't say
the words that for years
made her dreamy*

*You beautiful cop
Come over tonight
You've been my fantasy for years
You just be you
And I'll be a whore
And kiss these words into your ears*

*Hot Billie the cop
You make my heart stop
Come on show me your love
And your pistol
Finger my trigger
Barrel on in
And if your gun's on the bum
Well, maybe your fist'll
Do*

You beautiful cop

CONTINUED ON PAGE 204



Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

COUPLES ENTERTAINMENT

MICHAEL'S STORY:

For once, I wanted something nice and that's how I got into this mess. Just to have a good instrument, a half-decent amp, an apartment without addicts crawling through the window every time I went out. Hell, I was thinking of Eileen too. How do you think I liked leaving her in a slum every night when I went out to play, not even knowing if I'd get back because the car I had broke down as often as it ran. I admit it, I was looking for an easy way out. I just didn't think the price would be this high.

Eileen is a very beautiful woman. She'd remind you of a lean, young Elizabeth Taylor. Sometimes I cringe walking down the street with her just to see the look on some guys' faces as she passes them. And there are times when I'm alone with her, curled up naked, watching TV, going down on her while she's asleep, making love to

Michael S., 24, 5'10", 155 lbs. Black hair and brown eyes. Michael doubles on bass and guitar on club dates in the L. A. area.

Eileen P., 22, 5'6", 118 lbs. Black hair and blue eyes. Eileen is an aspiring actress, appearing in cameo roles on TV and films.

her in the dark with the light of a street lamp glowing through the window on her large soft breasts and along her hard little body—times like that when I just wonder what good thing I've ever

done that should be rewarded with the love of a woman who looked and acted like her.

We met when I was playing bass in a pretty sleazy topless club on Sunset Strip. She was one of the girls. Working in those places, you become immune to that kind of woman. Their acts are all like a crummy movie you've seen a hundred times. You just try to dig on the sounds and blow with the band; there are some out-of-sight cats that play clubs like that.

Eileen walked out on the stage the first time I saw her and just knocked me out. I had this funny feeling in my gut that wanted to take hold of her and shake her and

ask, "What the hell are you doing parading around like this?" Our eyes met as her number started and we kept watching each other from time to time in a kind of silent communication.

After my set she came over to me and said I was easy to dance to. I thanked her and told her it was the drummer that made me sound good. It was true, too. I'd been playing with him two days, and we were as tight as the Stones's Wyman and Watts.

She was nineteen then, or just twenty, and so nice. It was an all-night gig and we went to breakfast together at dawn. It was such a sleepy time, and we were both wasted from working all night; we hardly spoke. The sky was a dirty pink color and you could still see the moon, like a gleaming sliver of steel, in the morning. We walked around the city until nine o'clock, not really talking but with this incredible thing going between us so we didn't want to be apart. I was figuring, "Well, I can't ask her to come home with me because she works there and will take it that I'm treating her like a whore."

And she was thinking, "I can't ask him to come home with me because he'll think I'm cheap." So we just walked around for three hours until we nearly dropped from exhaustion.

Finally, I said, "I've got to get some sleep; come stay with me."

She smiled sheepishly and took my hand and we went to my apartment.

We didn't eat each other. We lay down under the sheets and I put my finger inside her. She opened her legs and slid forward and back. Her vagina was wet and perfumed with lavender. I could smell lavender everywhere. Her fingers made gentle circles on the head of my cock and when she wrapped them around the shaft it seemed to dwarf her little hand.

She drew me into her and I lay there, not moving, feeling my cock throbbing in her, surrounded by a wet, tight, warm bed of lavender. I ate her mouth, savoring it as though it were a piece of luscious fruit, and we began grinding our bodies together, not sliding in and out, or bucking hungrily, but grinding slowly, more than half asleep, until we came together, an explosion of cream and sighs. When I woke we were on our sides belly to belly. My cock was hard and buried deep in her hot crack.

That was how we started together. She moved in two days later. We were poor as hell; there were weeks when she'd support us on a lousy waitress job, and worse weeks when I'd have to carry the bills on ten dollars a night because that was all the



gig I could get. She used to plead with me to let her dance, but I couldn't bring myself to have her working those places—particularly if I wasn't there to watch out for her. You're going to think that sounds strange when you hear what I later agreed to. It's not that I'm a prude by any means; it's that I worry about her safety when she parades around nude in front of those people.

I'm painting a pretty grim picture, but it really wasn't always that bad. I'm trying to make excuses. No, sometimes Eileen would get acting work or I'd get a real good gig and we'd do all right. We just never had a thousand dollars in the bank. Each time I'd think about buying a new guitar or a new amp, which I needed desperately, and which are the tools of my trade, something would come up and the money would go elsewhere. The car was a wreck, and I'd have to keep fixing the thing because I couldn't afford a new one and it was the only way I could get to work. There was never a time when we couldn't pay the rent, or when we were going hungry or anything like that; it was the luxuries, the extras, that made us stupid and greedy. As Jagger said, "Sometimes you get what you want, but you lose what you have."

One day Eileen was working as a barmaid in a really plush executive club over on Vine and she came home very pensive and quiet. She gets like that sometimes so I didn't lay any trip on her. But she came into the bathroom while I was taking a bath and started washing my back. She finished by rimming me and sucking me off, and that was all sort of unusual. Later, we were lying in bed together watching some old movie on television when she looked at me and said, "Do you think, have you ever thought that I'm a whore?"

Well, I laughed and kissed her and said, "Why? Because you blow your lover off in the bathtub? If you didn't now and then, I'd kick you out and get someone who was

more of a whore."

She said, "No, but you know I've been with a lot of other guys besides you."

I said I didn't know but I had assumed that was true. A woman doesn't become that knowledgeable in lovemaking without a bit of practice.

"What would you say," she went on, "if I told you I'd spent the entire afternoon acting like a pig with another man?"

I was stunned. I didn't say anything.

"What if I said I'd made him come in my mouth and let him fuck my asshole?" She'd never let me fuck her ass; that was, I think, her one taboo.

She bent over and spread the cheeks of her bottom open. I could see her ass was raw and slightly swollen.

I slapped her bottom as hard as I could three or four times. I grabbed her by the hair and slapped her face over and over until she was crying uncontrollably. My cock was stiff as a post and I forced it into her mouth as far as I could. I dragged her on her knees by her hair and forced my cock into her injured bunghole, fucking her as hard and as fast as I could. We both came, she painfully and hysterically. When I withdrew from her she ran to the bathroom and locked herself in.

She came out of the bathroom still crying but more composed. "I'm just a filthy slut," she said. "I don't know why you live with me," and she dropped three one-hundred-dollar bills on my soiled cock.

I was totally stunned. She really had fucked a man for money.

She lay down next to me, almost as though she expected me to push her away. I put my arms around her and stroked her hair, kissing the tears on her face.

"Buy your guitar," she said, sobbing against my shoulder.

The guy she'd been with was an older man she met at the club. He had been nice to her, unaggressive and polite. I guess he'd sort of seduced her. The more I thought about it the more it excited me, her doing a thing like that on the sly. I tried to imagine what they must have looked like together, whether she spoke to him the same way she did to me.

I was nervous and strange the next day. I had a few auditions set up and I missed them all. I masturbated about six times which was very unusual. Each time, I thought of Eileen and her lover. I couldn't wait for her to come home that night. In an odd way I think I hoped something more had happened.

We ate dinner out and neither of us said much. Then over coffee Eileen said, "I want you to think something over." I didn't

say anything and she went on to explain. Her lover had made her a proposition.

He would get her a beach-house anywhere she wanted it; buy her a new car, any kind within reason; and give her a thousand dollars a month over and above expenses to spend any way she chose. In return she must accommodate him three times a week. He would usually spend the night only once a week and if he ever wanted to stay more often she would be notified in advance. He did not object to my living there when he was away, but I was not to answer the phone or ever to be there when he arrived. She wondered if I would consider sharing her under those circumstances. Before we left the restaurant we were talking about what kind of car we should get.

Let's not even discuss how thoughtless I was in accepting this proposal. Obviously the temptation was incredible. That weekend I bought a nineteen fifty-eight Les Paul Custom guitar. I got it, with case, for eight-hundred and seventy dollars, and I paid for it in cash!

We got a new Dodge camper so I could transport equipment, and set up house-keeping in a beautiful bungalow on the beach at Santa Monica. We solved the phone problem by having a second one installed in my name and paying for it out of the spending money. His phone was considered an expense which he paid for separately. Everything went fine until the time came to pay the piper.

I knew that Eileen had been seeing him almost every day and I was able to deal with that. The arrangement now was that he would see her on Mondays, sometimes on Wednesdays and Fridays, and spend the night Sunday. I couldn't foresee any problem. I expected to be working most nights anyway. I wasn't working that first Monday, though, and it felt very strange leaving the house, having nowhere to go, and knowing Eileen would be making love to him half an hour after I left.

I drove the van to the end of the street and parked it off the road. Then I walked back along the beach until I could see the front of the house. I was dying of curiosity to know what he looked like.

He arrived in a black Lincoln, a small man though very well built. He had his hair in an iron gray crew cut, and I thought how odd that was, I mean in this day and age. You'd think a guy who wanted a young mistress would wear his hair long.

Eileen met him at the door in a black string bikini which I had picked out for her just two days before. It was odd watching them; they were almost the same height,



only he was squat and broad like a bulldog, and she was thin and lovely like a fairy girl. They kissed passionately on the porch. I saw him put his hand down the front of her trunks as they moved into the house. From where I watched I could hear her laughter.

You're going to think this should have been obvious, but there was an incredible change in our relationship as a result of all this, and it surprised me and hurt me very much. I suppose I'm as much to blame as anyone, but a silence grew between us that was insurmountable. When we were together, it was as though we were clinging to a memory of two people who had once been in love, more than living the part. Through no fault of Eileen's, I began to feel like some kind of sponger—a leech who had no business in this situation, contributing nothing.

I couldn't find any band I wanted to play with, so I decided to start my own, play lead guitar for a change, perform some of the songs I'd been writing. I got a few good people together and we landed a gig up in Frisco for a week. We were supposed to leave on Monday. That Friday he called to tell Eileen he had business in Vegas and wouldn't be up that night so I stayed home with her.

We hardly spoke all evening. We lay on the water bed watching color TV. I reached for her and she came to me automatically, her thighs parting without resistance, without thought, without desire.

I was so hurt, I was furious. I slapped her and threw her off the bed calling her a useless slut. I chased her through the house, out the back door, onto the beach, and wrestled her to the sand.

I told her I just couldn't take this anymore. All the money, all the expensive toys, they didn't mean anything if I couldn't love her the way I used to. "Do you still love me?" I demanded over and over.

She cradled my head and said, "Yes,

yes," but I can't be sure. She's like a programed doll.

I said, "All right, if you love me we'll give all this up. We'll just say fuck the whole thing, let him do what he wants with the house and all the shit in it and you'll come with me to San Francisco on Monday."

She told me that that was fine, but we'd have to leave the truck and equipment behind. That was his and we couldn't break the deal and rip him off.

I argued that she had earned the things we were taking. He said she could use the money he gave her any way she chose. What she bought was hers to keep. We could take what we'd saved out of the bank and that would al-

most pay for the van; to hell with him. But she wouldn't hear of it.

I knew he'd be with her on Sunday. I waited on the beach until he arrived and then sneaked in the back door. I could see them together in the mirror over the bed, his cock sliding in and out of her mouth, his sperm already a thick, white thread spewed on her cheek and nose. I watched him apply jelly to her rectum. Her eyes closed and her mouth formed a soft little "o" as he slid his dick into her there. They were both startled when I burst into the room.

"This is over," I said, "we've had enough. I want her back."

I grabbed hold of her arm and told her to get dressed. "We're getting out of here," I said to her.

I stormed past her and ran out to the beach. I ran as hard and as far as I could, and when I looked back the light in the window was out. There were no lights for as far as I could see. I went back to the van and played my guitar, wailing alone on my ax until the sun came up over the ocean. I tried to write what I was feeling in a song, but I was too close to it. The words were junk.

So, Dr. Chartham, you're really my last resort. I've fucked up the band so bad, none of the guys will talk to me. I took their chance for success as well as my own and flushed it down the drain. I know I'm a jerk, but I can't stop even now. If this were all over, and we were back in that shitty apartment playing strip clubs I'd have everything I want.

EILEEN'S STORY:

When I first thought about coming to you, I saw it as a way to help Michael through a difficult adjustment. Now though, I was thinking maybe I need some help too; I'm not sure why. Lately I've had this feeling that by trying to be honest with myself I might have been dishonest with other

people who are important too. Does that make any sense?

Michael is a very romantic person. He has a beautiful image of himself and of me and of the whole world for that matter, but it scares the shit out of me sometimes because it's not real. I mean, he believes in myths. He thinks he's in Hamburg with the Beatles, that wealth and fame are right around the corner waiting to haul him out of a slum. He's told me this in so many words and it's beautiful and exciting, but it's not true.

It's easy to see where Marilyn Monroe was at, and I want that for me. I don't care if I'm dead before I'm forty if I can have that touch of glory before I go. Well, this is what it is that Michael won't understand.

I love Michael. I sincerely do. If you doubt that, you don't understand what I've been talking about. I think it's very insincere to say "I'd never hurt him for the world." If there was a bullet in his back that was killing him, I'd pry it out and hurt him like hell. I think that's about where we're at. If I've hurt him, if I've wounded his precious ego, it was to keep him alive. I've put him in a position where he can accomplish something that he wants to do, something he could only dream about eight months ago. And in the long run what I've done is a lot less demeaning than most things that are considered fairly conventional.

John does not treat me like a whore; that's not at all what he wants. From the time I first met him I've had no illusions about what our relationship was to be like. He may have some illusions about me, but he's man of the world enough not to make me wear them outside the bedroom.

Shortly after I started living with Michael I had sort of a bad experience working at the strip club. In a way it was my own fault. We were supposed to make lewd remarks to the audience. One night I said the wrong thing to the wrong guy and he followed me home. The club I was working stayed open until four-thirty, so when I got out there wasn't a soul on the street and I had this psycho tailing me. I didn't even know he was there until he grabbed me from behind. He threatened me with a knife and made me go down on him between two buildings. I sometimes fantasize about it now but it was scary as hell when it happened. I was hysterical when I got home, so Michael became hysterical and ran all over the city with a knife looking for the guy. Got picked up by the police; it was a real hassle. They eventually got the guy, but I don't know what happened to him. Anyway, Michael wouldn't let me work any club he wasn't working after that. I started cocktail waitressing instead, which, of course, isn't a lot different from stripping except that you have to put out more often. I was really beginning to feel like a slut.

The boss would say, "Eileen, this is Mr. So-and-So, and he's a very good friend

and I want you to be nice to him." That would usually mean I take him into one of the private booths and give him either a hand-job or a blow-job and he'd slip ten dollars in my panties.

One day the boss introduced me to John and I guess I was in the right mood. I've always been attracted to small, muscular men. My father was like that, and this guy was a lot like my father. I took him into the private booth. Normally I don't talk with a "client" but I laughed with him and held his arm. He is a very nice man. Usually the guy tells you what he wants you to do, not always in words, but you get the message. I didn't even wait. I sat up on the table and took my panties off. As soon as I did that I had him going. The booths really aren't all that private and it was a pretty daring thing to do. He took his cock out and I sat on his lap. John has a long cock anyway, and in that position it went extra far up my cunt with the first thrust. I creamed all over the front of his suit. It excited him so much that he came quickly too.

He told me he'd make it worth my while if I'd take the afternoon off with him. I said he didn't have to make it worth my while, I'd be happy to. I knew he must be a very important man when the boss was so nice about my leaving.

I said, "I don't do this with everyone."

We started making love and after a while I let him put it in me there. It hurt a lot, but it's not the pain so much as it's such a lowly position to be in. It's like being assaulted, you know?

After he came we rested a little and it was then he asked me if I'd live with or rather let him keep me. I told him about Michael, the way we lived and stuff. He said that was all right, he just didn't want to have to confront Michael. He said we could work it out.

I felt very, very shitty when I went home. I couldn't even look at Michael. John gave me three hundred dollars that first day for the cherry in my ass and I didn't know how to explain it; it was more money than we had in the bank. Finally I decided to come right out with the whole thing. The offer John made would make a real difference in our lives and I was fairly determined to accept it.

Michael went berserk. I had never seen him like that before (I've seen him like that a couple of times since).

I kept saying, "It's not such a big deal," but he can't see it like that. I think that if a man wants a beautiful woman he'd better be rich, if he wants to keep her, that is. If he's not, he'd better settle for something less. Michael's got the best of both worlds. John has me only a couple of times a week; Michael was away from me only one night; and John's paying all the bills. I just don't understand Michael.

Everything was going all right up until maybe a month ago now. Michael had

started a band. I'd bought him the best equipment you could possibly imagine. They'd got a gig up in Frisco and I was feeling kind of good about his being away for a while.

Don't take that wrong. It's just that we live together and he'd been getting weird about John, not overtly like later, but you know, I could sense things weren't right in his head. I thought some success on his own would be healthy, and I needed a rest from his hassles.

The Friday before he was supposed to go John had some deal cooking in Las Vegas and couldn't get home so Michael stayed with me. I was feeling good about both things because I'd had a heavy session with John Wednesday night, and I didn't expect to see Michael for about a month unless I got up to hear him play. Well, the whole thing was an incredible bummer from the word go. First, Michael was sullen and sad as though he was being sent to war. Then, when we got down to making love, and it was some really good loving too, all of a sudden for no reason I could see, he started beating the shit out of me.

I split. I ran for the back door, stark naked. I'm not about to argue with someone like that—I don't care what his problems are. He tackled me on the beach and held me there for a few minutes. I said, "What is it? What are you going through?"

He handed me a trip about "Let's give all this up; I can't share you like this anymore; come to Frisco with me."

I freaked out. The only reason he can go to Frisco is because of this situation I'd set up. Now he wants to chuck the whole thing and live on a musician's salary. On top of all that, he doesn't own a guitar string that wasn't paid for with John's money, and now he wants to leave John wondering what happened. I'm more committed than that. I'm just not that dishonest.

I said, "Fine, you want me to stop with John, I'll stop. But we leave the truck, all the equipment, everything, and we can move back to the crummy apartment on the Strip. Pretend it never happened."

"Oh, no," he says, "he owes you something."

I just left it. I am not going to sleep with a guy three days a week and then steal from him. I'm not made that way; I'm sorry.

So two days later I was making love to John and the stupid bastard charged in on us and started giving John an ultimatum. I could have killed him.

Anyway, Michael canceled the engagement in Frisco which has really screwed things up for him professionally, and I don't know what to do to help him, or myself for that matter. I guess I'm going to have to make a decision about John, which is a drag, and I dread it. At this point I feel like telling them both to go screw themselves.

Something for menthol smokers to think about.

There are menthol cigarettes and there are menthol cigarettes. And if you're a menthol smoker you certainly know by now which one you really enjoy smoking.

So what makes us think we'll ever get a crack at switching you?

Well, we're going to try.

Because if you're like a lot of cigarette smokers these days, you're probably concerned about the 'tar' and nicotine stories you've been hearing.

Frankly, if a cigarette is going to bring you flavor, it's also going to bring you smoke. And where there's smoke, there has to be 'tar.' In fact, in most cigarettes, the more flavor, the more 'tar.' Except for Vantage.

You must know that Vantage cigarettes have a special filter which reduces 'tar' and nicotine without destroying flavor.

What you may not know is that Vantage is also available in menthol.

Not surprisingly, what separates Vantage Menthol from ordinary menthols is that Vantage Menthol gives you all the flavor you want, with a lot less of the 'tar' and the nicotine that you probably don't want.

Now Vantage Menthol is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol you'll find. It may well be the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

Since you're the best judge of what you like about menthol cigarettes, don't just take our word for it.

Try a pack of Vantage Menthol and then you'll know for sure.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

Ours is a mobile society. Consequently there are many Vietnam-era veterans who are unaware of their home-of-record states' policy on authorizing payment of a bonus for military service. Millions of men and women who served in the military between 1964 and 1975 are eligible for cash bonuses provided by several states and Guam. The bonuses, which range from \$100 for Illinois residents to \$1,600 from North Dakota, are strictly state payments. They have nothing to do with regular veterans benefits paid by the federal government. In most cases the bonuses are limited to residents who served during the Vietnam era, the period between August 5, 1964 and May 7, 1975.

In all cases eligibility determination rests with state authorities, and individuals applying must meet all the state's requirements. If there is doubt about eligibility, individuals should apply to the proper authorities for a ruling on the claim.

State bonus payments are wholly exempt from federal and state taxes and need not be reported.

Connecticut: Individuals must have had at least ninety days of active duty between January 1, 1964 and the end of the Vietnam conflict and must have resided in Connecticut for at least one year prior to active duty.

The applicant must have been a legal resident of the state on October 1, 1967. Bonus payment is \$10 for each month of active duty between the dates specified, with a maximum payment of \$300. If a member of the armed forces died during the performance of duty or as a result of duty, survivors may be entitled to a bonus payment.

Contact: Veterans Bonus Division, State Treasurer's Office, 20 Trinity Street, Hartford, Connecticut 06115.

Illinois: Individuals must have served on active duty on or after January 1, 1961, must have resided in the state for at least twelve months immediately prior to active duty, and must have been awarded the Vietnam Service Medal.

Bonus payment is \$100, with \$1,000 payable to a beneficiary if the service member was killed in Vietnam or died from Vietnam-service-connected causes.

Contact: Illinois Veterans Commission, Vietnam Compensation Fund, 221 West Jefferson Street, Springfield, Illinois 62705.

Indiana: Individuals must be on active duty or have been honorably discharged, must have resided in Indiana for at least six months prior to active duty, and must be entitled to either the Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal or the Vietnam Service Medal.

Bonus payment will be \$200. Indi-

viduals with disability ratings of 10 percent or more meeting all other requirements will receive \$500. If a fully qualified individual was killed while serving in the armed forces, bonus payment to the next of kin will be \$600. Cutoff date is March 28, 1976.

Contact: Indiana Department of Veterans Affairs, Vietnam Veterans Bonus Division, 707 State Office Building, Indianapolis, Indiana 46204.

Iowa: Individuals must have had at least 120 days of honorable duty during the periods listed below, must have been legal residents of Iowa for at least six months prior to active duty, and must meet the following conditions:

- Between July 1, 1958 and August 4, 1964 must have earned the Vietnam Service Medal or the Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal—Vietnam. Payment will be made at the rate of \$17.50 for each month in the Vietnam service area,

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not to exceed \$500. Only time spent in the Vietnam service area is compensable.

- Between August 5, 1964 and June 30, 1973 must have earned the Vietnam Service Medal or the Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal—Vietnam. Payment will be made at the rate of \$17.50 for each month spent in the Vietnam service area and \$12.50 for each month not spent in the Vietnam service area, with the bonus payment not to exceed \$500.

- Between August 5, 1964 and June 30, 1973 for individuals who did not earn either the Vietnam Service Medal or the Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal—Vietnam, payment will be made at the rate of \$12.50 per month with payment not to exceed \$300.

A surviving widow or widower, children, mother, father, or a person standing in loco parentis may be paid the compensation that an eligible deceased individual would be entitled to. For individuals who are disabled from service-connected causes which were incurred

during a period and in the area for which compensation is payable, payment will be made at the maximum rate. Cutoff date for making applications is June 30, 1977.

Contact: State of Iowa Vietnam Service Compensation Board, State Capitol, Des Moines, Iowa 50319; or the County Recorder of Residence in Iowa, or any veterans organization in Iowa.

Louisiana: Individuals must have served in the Vietnam combat area between July 1, 1958 and March 28, 1973 and must have been citizens of the state at time of entry into the military service. Bonus payment is \$250. In the event of the death of a service member or a veteran of causes unrelated to Vietnam service, payment may be made to an unmarried widow, children under eighteen, or surviving parents. Survivors of service members whose death occurred within the eligibility period as a result of service in the Vietnam combat area are authorized a payment of \$1,000. Cutoff date for making applications is March 28, 1978.

Contact: Department of Veterans Affairs, Vietnam Bonus Division, Old State Capitol, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70801.

Massachusetts: Veterans must have had six months of active duty between July 1, 1958 and April 1, 1973 and must have had at least six months legal residence in the state immediately prior to entry into the military service.

Career officers must have at least three years continuous service after July 1, 1958. Career enlisted men and women must have completed at least three years service after July 1, 1958 and must have completed their first enlistment.

Career officers and career enlisted members whose active service began before July 1, 1958 must have had legal residence in Massachusetts for at least six months prior to that date.

Payment is \$300 for those who served in the Vietnam theater and \$200 to all others. In the event of the death of a service member or a veteran prior to payment, survivors—wife, children, or parents, in that order—may receive payment.

Contact: Commonwealth of Massachusetts, State Treasurer, Bonus Division, Room 227, State House, Boston, Massachusetts 02133.

Michigan: Individuals must have had at least 190 days of honorable service between January 1, 1961 and September 1, 1973 or died during that period from service-connected causes, been residents of the state for at least six months prior to active duty, and not received or applied for a bonus from another state.

In the case of veterans, individuals must have received an honorable or general discharge or have been sepa-

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 85.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1975.

**"Jet Skiing past
Toronto's CN Tower,
I found I was on a
collision course with
a speedboat!"**

**"A Jet Ski can streak over
the water as smooth as silk.
But if the waves get wild,
it's like a bucking bronco with
a burr under the saddle."**



"Diane saw the speed-boat bearing down on us first. 'Look out!' she shouted. I swerved and narrowly avoided a bone-crunching crash. But now I was trapped in the boat's choppy wake."



"No cork in a storm-tossed ocean was ever more jolted, jarred and jangled. Next time, I thought, I'll pick a sleepy tropical lagoon to Jet Ski on."



"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at the Sailor's Pub, Ontario Place." Why is C.C. so universally popular? No other whisky tastes quite like it. Lighter than Scotch, smoother than vodka . . . it has a consistent mellowness that never stops pleasing. For 117 years, this Canadian has been in a class by itself.

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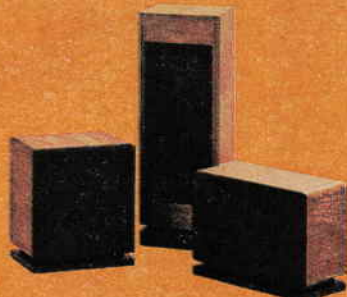
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In the case of active-duty service members, applications must be accompanied by a certificate from the appropriate service authority attesting that service has been honorable.

Individuals eligible for the Vietnam Service Medal or the Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal will be paid a bonus of \$600. Others will be paid a bonus of \$15 for each month of service during the period, maximum payment is \$450.

If the veteran is deceased, payment will be made to this beneficiary as follows: spouse, children, or surviving parent. Deadline is June 30, 1980.

Contact: The Vietnam Era Bonus Section, P.O. Box 1500, Lansing, Michigan 48904.

Minnesota: Individuals must have been residents of the state for at least six months prior to active duty and must not be eligible for a bonus from any other state.

Payment will be made at the rate of \$15 per month for both domestic and foreign service, up to a maximum of \$300. Individuals entitled to either the Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal for service in Vietnam or the Vietnam Service Medal will receive an additional \$300 for a maximum payment of \$600.

An individual who was a prisoner of war or missing in action will receive a payment of \$1,000. Beneficiaries of veterans who died of service-connected causes or as Vietnam casualties will receive \$1,000 regardless of the length of service involved.

The period of active duty must have been between July 1, 1958, and July 27, 1973 for holders of the Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal or the Vietnam Service Medal. Payments for domestic service and non-Vietnam foreign service will be restricted to the period between August 5, 1964 and January 27, 1973.

Contact: Commissioner of Veterans Affairs, Vietnam Bonus Division, Veterans Service Building, St. Paul, Minnesota 55155.

Montana: Individuals applying must have been residents of the state prior to active duty and must have served on active duty between January 1, 1961 and March 31, 1973 in the countries of Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, or the waters surrounding these countries.

Payment will be made at the rate of \$18.75 for each month or major fraction of a month for such service in the Vietnam area up to a maximum payment of \$750 except for any service member who, while on active duty in the Vietnam area, suffered disease or injury and was hospitalized by the armed forces shall be deemed to have been in military service in the Vietnam area as long as the individual is or was continuously hospitalized; any service member taken prisoner by the enemy in the Vietnam area and who was classified by the Depart-

ment of Defense as a prisoner of war shall be paid \$750; and the surviving spouse (unless remarried), or children, or parents of any service member who died in line of duty while in military service in the Vietnam area during the Vietnam conflict, or who died from any cause attributable to military service in the Vietnam area in line of duty, or who is officially listed as missing in action, shall be paid \$750.

Survivors of individuals who die before payment is made—surviving spouse (unless remarried) or children or parents—may receive the individual's bonus. Cutoff date is July 1, 1976.

Contact: Administrator, Vietnam Veterans Bonus, Capitol Building, Helena, Montana 59601.

North Dakota: Individuals must have had at least sixty days of active duty between August 5, 1964 and January 28, 1973 and must have been legal residents of the state for at least six months prior to entry into the military service. Bonus payment will be calculated at the rate of \$12.50 per month for stateside service and at the rate of \$17.50 per month for foreign service, up to a maximum payment of \$1,600.

The law provides that if a member of the armed forces died on active duty during a period of hostilities a beneficiary may receive an amount of not less than \$600. In the case of deceased eligible veterans, payment of the bonus may be made to the unremarried widow or widower, children, a person standing in loco parentis, or the surviving parents. Cutoff date for the receipt of applications is January 27, 1976.

Contact: Adjusted Compensation Division, Box 1817, Bismarck, North Dakota 58501.

Ohio: Individuals must have been residents of Ohio one year prior to active service or Vietnam service and must not have received a bonus from any other state.

Payment will be made at the rate of \$20 per month for Vietnam service, \$15 per month for other foreign service, and \$10 per month for domestic service with a maximum cash amount of \$500, except that the amount of compensation shall be \$500 for persons medically discharged or retired due to combat-related disabilities sustained in Vietnam service and shall be \$1,000 if granted to survivors of veterans who died in Vietnam service or to veterans and next of kin of veterans who were missing in action or held in enemy captivity. Next of kin is spouse, children, parents—in that order. Any payment will be doubled if the bonus is taken as educational assistance.

Active duty applicants must have service certified by personnel office. Veterans must submit an original-size copy of Report of Separation (DD Form 214) for all service for which they are claiming compensation. The period of active duty

must have been between February 28, 1961 and July 1, 1973 for Vietnam service and between August 5, 1964 and July 1, 1973 for other service. Applicants must have had at least ninety days active duty (but not active duty for training only) in the armed forces unless active duty was terminated within the ninety-day period as a result of injuries or illness sustained in Vietnam service. Cutoff date is prior to January 1, 1978.

Contact: Director, Ohio Vietnam Veterans Bonus Commission, Hartman Theater Building, 79 E. State Street, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Vermont: Individuals must have served on active duty in an enlisted grade after August 5, 1964 and before April 1, 1973 and must have resided in the state prior to entering active duty.

Bonus payment is at the rate of \$10 per month, not to exceed a total of twelve months. In the case of an enlisted man or woman who died while in the service, the spouse or next of kin will receive \$120.

Contact: Military Department of Veterans Affairs, State Veterans Affairs Office, City Hall, Montpelier, Vermont 05601.

Washington: Individuals must have been on active duty between July 1958 and March 28, 1973, and must have received the Vietnam Service Medal or the Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal and must have been residents of the state for a one-year period immediately prior to entry into the armed forces. In addition, individuals must not have received a bonus from any other state and must not have served continuously in the armed forces for a period of five years or more before July 1958.

Bonus payment is \$250 which may be received as cash or credit toward tuition payment at institutions of higher learning in the state. The payment may be made to a widow, children, parents, or legal guardian. Cutoff date is March 28, 1976.

Contact: Veterans Bonus Division, Box 586, Olympia, Washington 98504.

West Virginia: Individuals must have been residents of the state for at least six months immediately prior to entry into the armed forces and must have served for ninety days or more between August 1, 1964 and March 28, 1973.

Payment will be made at the rate of \$20 per month for each month of active duty for veterans who received the Vietnam Service Medal or the Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal—Vietnam, up to a maximum of \$400. A maximum of \$300, computed at \$10 per month, may be paid to those who do not have either medal.

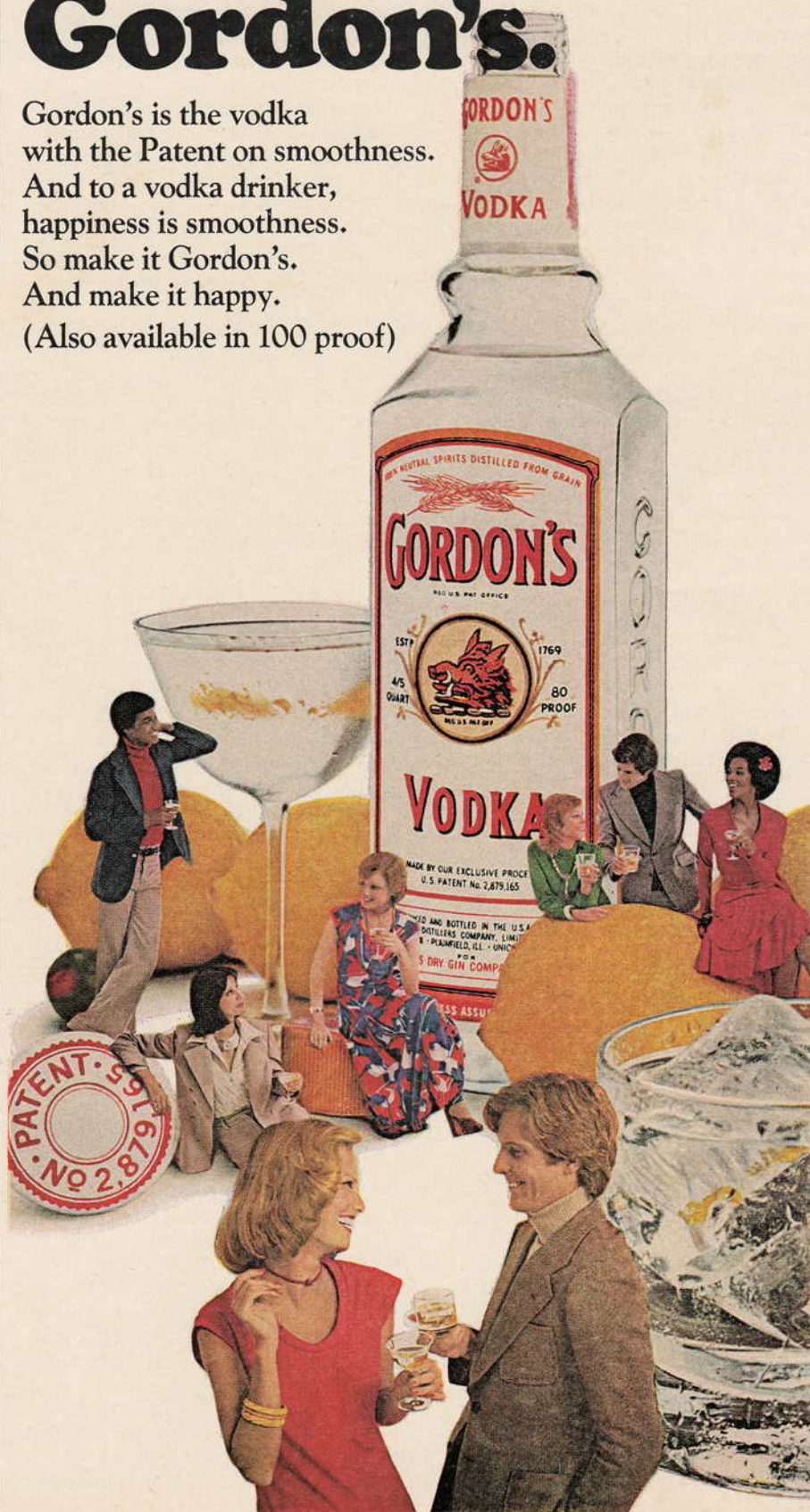
Next of kin of deceased veterans are eligible to receive the bonus. Survivors of individuals who died as a result of service during the Vietnam period are entitled to a lump sum payment of \$500. Deadline is December 31, 1976.

Contact: Department of Veterans Affairs, 612 Atlas Building, Charleston, West Virginia 25301. 

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PHOENIX MURDERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152

being submerged in a water tank which was then beaten on the outside, causing internal injuries. In another water torture, prisoners recalled being tied to a bench and having a soaked cloth placed over the nose and mouth, giving them the impression they were drowning. Some said water had been pumped into their noses.

The team also reported instances of prisoners having their hands tied behind their backs and then being hoisted toward the ceiling by a rope around their wrists, and of prisoners being shackled to the floor in a squatting position for several days so that when they were finally freed they could not walk.

Sexual torture, the team said, was not uncommon. Frequently, the team members said, soft-drink and beer bottles were prodded into vaginas. Another favorite was connecting electric wires to prisoners' genitals.

The chief of CIA operations in the northern provinces said that the man he assigned to oversee the PIC's in his region usually dropped in on the centers once a week for an hour or so and "then went on about his business."

"Even if you spent eight hours a day in the PIC's, prisoners are there twenty-four hours," he said. "Somebody would go into a cell and rape a female prisoner after you'd gone. I've seen reports of it. There's no way to stop it."

The official said to maintain a twenty-four-hour watch on the PIC's throughout South Vietnam would have required more than 220 men, or more than a third of the CIA's complement in Vietnam.

"That's where we got into a bind," he said. "We devised a plan and ran into problems of not being able to directly supervise it. Too many problems were forced upon us. We didn't have enough people on a worldwide basis to staff Vietnam."

The CIA official said that from time to time, usually after a critical news report was published, he had spoken to the local chief of the special branch about the abuses. "I'd say, 'Goddamn it, knock this stuff off! We're taking a beating on the publicity.' And he would nod and smile and say, 'Come with me.' So I'd see him chew out the PIC chief, and then they all went back to doing what they usually did. There's no question in my mind we did not want this abuse. And what we didn't want worse was the bad publicity."

Once, the official said, word came from Saigon that an international investigating team was going to visit the PIC's in the northern region and the agency spent \$180,000 to spruce up four of them. "Christ, they shipped us paint and new fans and plumbing from all kinds of plac-

es," he said. "In a matter of weeks everything was stolen again. That's just Vietnam. It's what they do normally—steal everything they can get their hands on."

Under Phoenix, a "suspect" could be held in a PIC for forty-six days, then he had to be released or turned over to either a military field-court or the Province Security Committee. Most often, suspects went to the security committee which, under the so-called "An Tri law," could imprison a person for two-year renewable terms simply because he was considered "dangerous to national defense and public security." No evidence was required. In fact the process was aimed at jailing those against whom there was insufficient evidence to convict. The suspect had no right to appear in his own defense, no right to counsel, no right to confront his accuser, and no right to even look at his own dossier to see what charges had been leveled.

After sentencing, prisoners were sent to one of South Vietnam's national prisons, the most infamous of which was on Con Son Island. The island prison gained worldwide notoriety in 1970 when two American congressmen visited and discovered a section of small isolation cells called "Tiger Cages" which had stone walls and bars running across the tops. Former prisoners said that men and women were sometimes handcuffed and bolted to the floor of the cells and that guards walking overhead would dump lime on them. After an avalanche of criticism, the Saigon government announced that the Tiger Cages were being abandoned. But in a short time they were replaced by "Cow Cages," which were reported to be even worse.

As bad as the Tiger Cages and Cow Cages may have been, however, the former legal adviser said they were no worse than many of the thirty to forty province and district lockups he'd seen.

Vietnamese opponents of the Saigon government and many other critics have claimed that the South Vietnamese held more than 200,000 persons in their jails, many of them political prisoners whose only offense had been opposition to the régime in power. But the *Washington Post* said recently that reports of the International Committee of the Red Cross, which the United States government had kept secret until the war was over, indicated that the maximum capacity of the Saigon government's prisons was 70,000. Only about a third of the prisoners, the *Post* said, were prisoners of war, captured with weapons in hand or wearing insignia.

The *Post* said the South Vietnamese government would not let the Red Cross freely visit and report on its civil prisons, and committee members never fully inspected the prison on Con Son, which was the largest in the system.

Throughout most of the years of American involvement in Vietnam, United States officials had lied and insisted—along with the Saigon Government—that

there were no political prisoners in the country. They lied also about conditions in the prisons and pretended that torture existed only in the minds of Communist propagandists. Rather than try to persuade the South Vietnamese to permit American newsmen to visit the prisons, the United States Embassy in Saigon joined ranks to maintain the barriers.

As early as 1963—and probably several times since then—an American public safety adviser went to Con Son and wrote a report on the Tiger Cages. Yet when the congressmen made their visit, the American Embassy in Saigon claimed to be surprised by the existence of the tiny cells and said it had no information on them.

In December 1973, Henry S. Sizer, a political officer in the United States Embassy in Saigon, completed a fourteen-page report on South Vietnam's prison system which supported earlier claims that no political prisoners were being held and that the maximum capacity of all facilities was 51,941. He made no references to torture, the conditions in the prisons, or how it happened that people landed in the jails. However, Ambassador Graham Martin, who was forced to flee from his embassy as the country fell to the Communists, described Sizer's report as "an exhaustive and painstaking analysis."

Some key officials in Phoenix point out—no doubt quite accurately—that in the context of the war Phoenix was a relatively small program and that there were many greater atrocities. By some remarkable logic, they seem to feel that makes Phoenix less of a horror.

After Komer left Vietnam in late 1968, President Johnson appointed him ambassador to Turkey. But from the time he arrived he was the target of left-wing student protests critical of his work in Vietnam and he eventually resigned without his nomination having been confirmed by the Senate. Komer is a private consultant on government affairs now and he is tired of the criticism—most of which he considers unjust—which has been heaped upon him and his friends like Colby who, no doubt because of his high visibility as director of the CIA, has had Phoenix hung around his neck like an albatross.

"It's terribly misleading, a gross injustice," he told me, "to say that Colby did all this, that the Americans did all this in Vietnam." You see, he went on, referring to Phoenix, "it was a Vietnamese program." Sure, the Americans initiated the Phoenix concept, Komer concedes, "but the Vietnamese carried it out. We didn't invent anything. We just put together what they had."

"I think," he laments, "we have gotten a terrible, terrible bum rap . . . because we failed, and we *did* fail. And since we lost, we must have been bad." O—

How to make Yellow Snow.

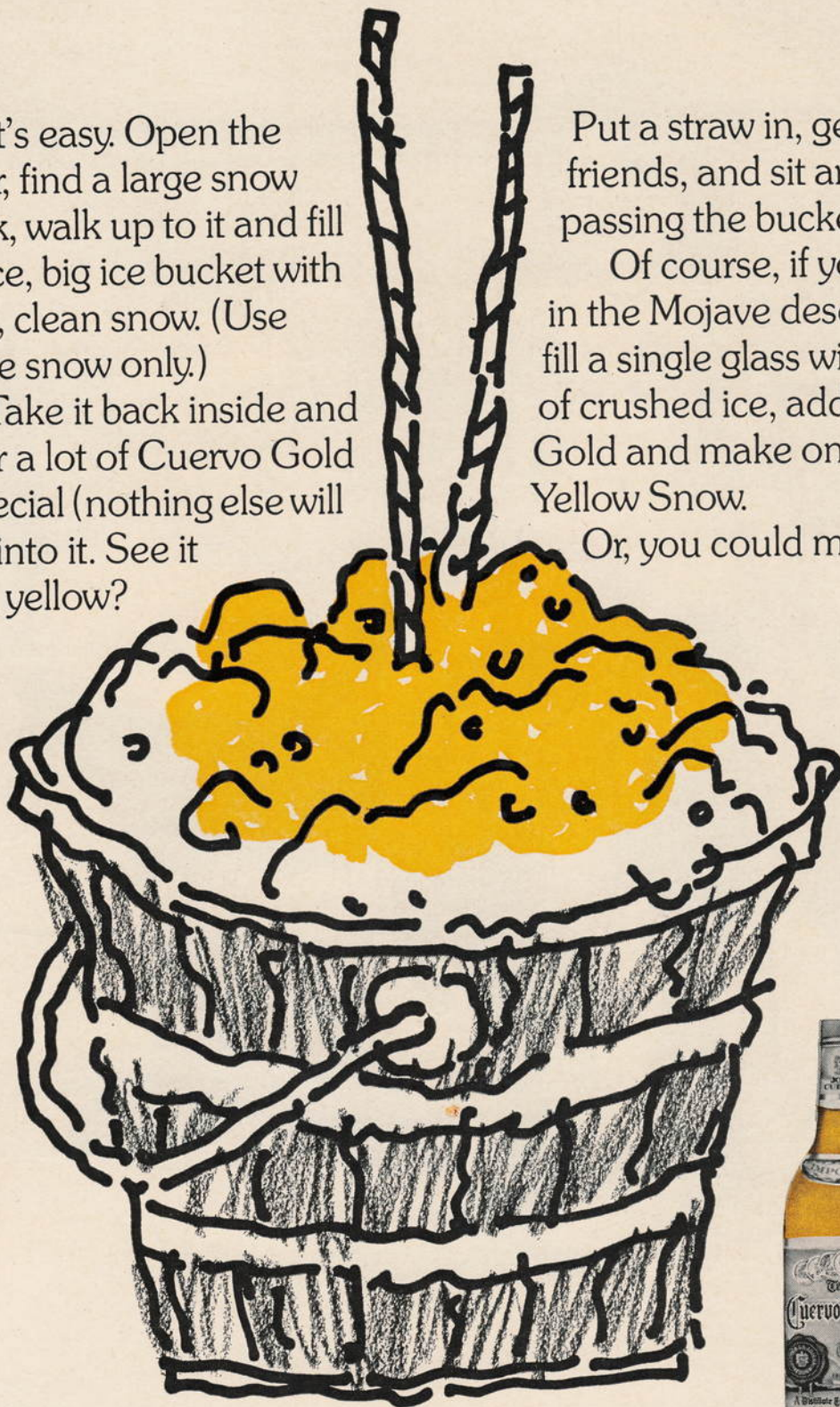
It's easy. Open the door, find a large snow bank, walk up to it and fill a nice, big ice bucket with nice, clean snow. (Use white snow only.)

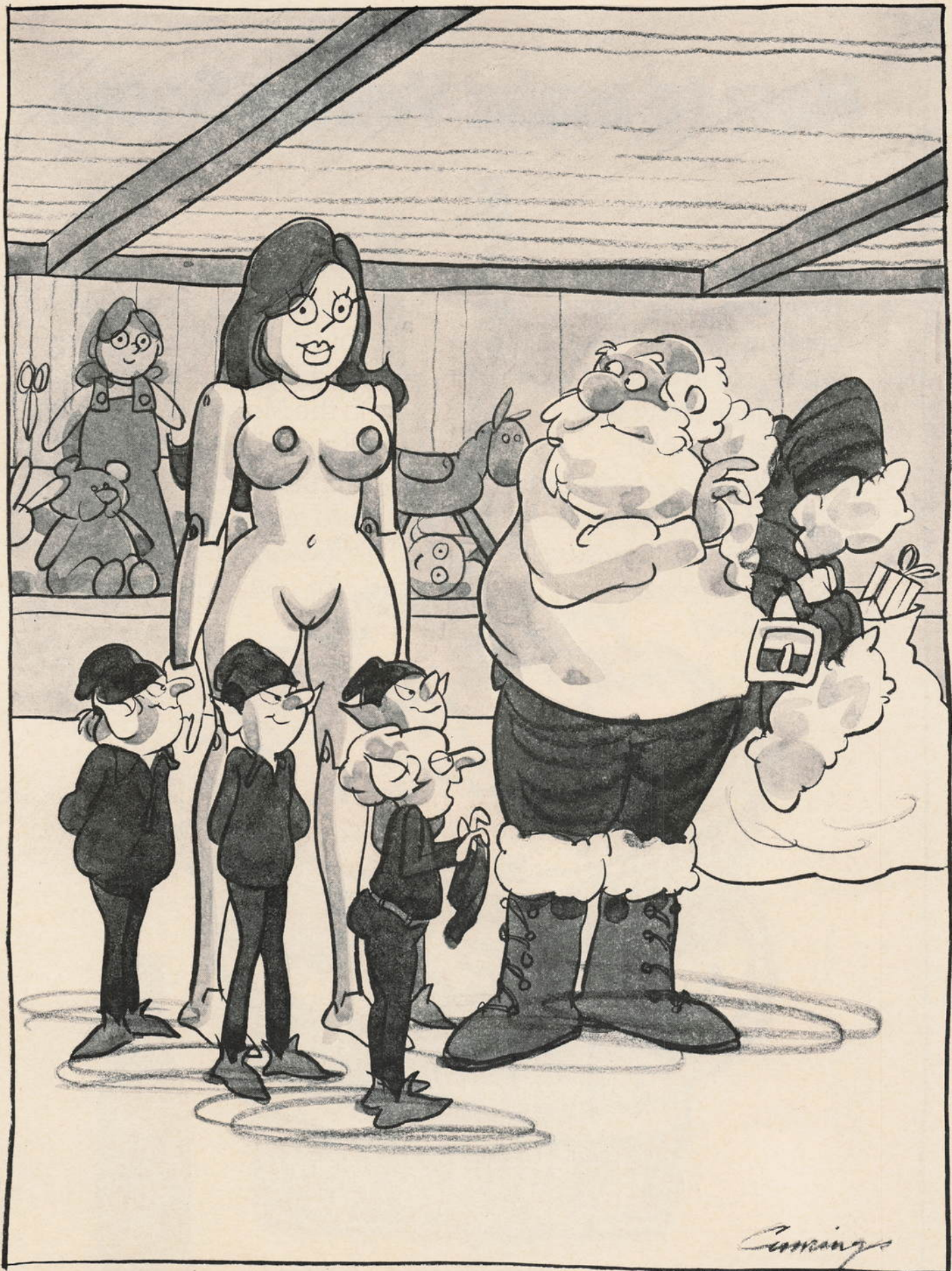
Take it back inside and pour a lot of Cuervo Gold Especial (nothing else will do) into it. See it turn yellow?

Put a straw in, get some friends, and sit around passing the bucket.

Of course, if you live in the Mojave desert, just fill a single glass with a lot of crushed ice, add the Gold and make one Yellow Snow.

Or, you could move.





"We wondered if this year we might keep a little something for ourselves."

WARDENS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

thorny intersection for some of society's most compelling dilemmas and failures. Although they have "reached the mountaintop," as one of them puts it, the wardens find little respite in the clouds.

"Just look at the bind the public has put us in," Warden West says. "The correctional system is the garbage can of society; we get the ones that everyone else—including the family, the church, and the schools—has failed. They say, 'Here, you do it. But don't hurt them, and don't let them escape. Don't expect any credit for what you do, or anyone to speak on your behalf. And especially don't ask for any money.'

"Then we become the whipping boys when 'corrections' fails—great fodder for all the liberals who need a cause. We have do-gooders and evaluators and investigators in here all the time, and they all do the same things after their thirty-minute tours: they gasp at this injustice and that injustice; they cry, 'How repressive!' and 'How inhumane!' The inmates tell them, 'We want this or that' and the visitors say, 'Well, *that's* reasonable!' or '*That's* within your rights!' Then they dash out, clucking their tongues—these women, especially, with their bosoms full of compassion—and leave me with hundreds of men who would feel sanctioned by the cream of society if they blew the shit out of this place."

The warden leans back in his chair and rubs his eyes. He is a handsome man, in a vigorous, wholesome, military way—a former professional athlete who now runs a karate school after hours. But there is something that is too polished, too mechanical about his presentation, and he will later admit that he gives this same "spiel" to virtually every "liberal newcomer."

"Let me give you an example of the complexity of the thing," West continues, after clearing his throat. "We had a public-address system in here so we could pipe music into the housing areas. The inmates totally destroyed it—ripped out the speakers, jammed broomsticks into the pipes. Then they said, 'We demand music!' So we bought radios—three for every floor. They break dozens of them every month and then say, 'Look, you gave us broken-down radios; we demand decent radios!' They jump on the toilets and then say, 'We demand that the toilets be repaired!' They break the glass panels in their cell windows and then demand that this safety hazard—the broken glass—be cleaned up."

Why do inmates act in destructive ways, or make "unreasonable demands"? Many of them are angry; they know enough about the legal-political system that put them in jail to have little respect for it. They know that had they been white or middle class,

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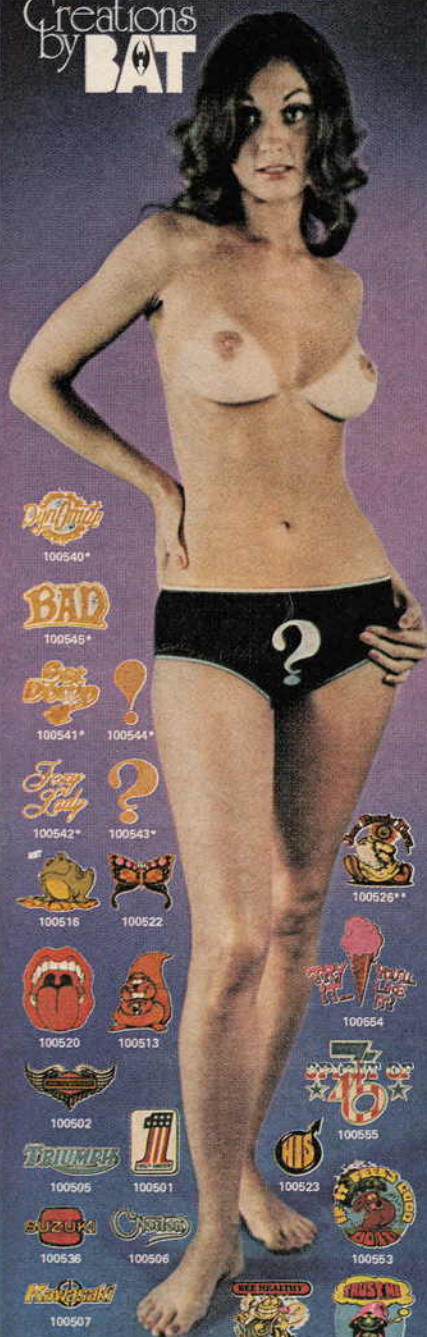
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they probably would not be there. They know that the bail system penalizes the poor and that a man out on bail awaiting trial has a far better chance for acquittal.

They seem "unreasonable" sometimes because they are herded into cages in crowded, noisy dungeons—dungeons in which they have no privacy for even their most personal activities, in which they have little protection from explosively tense or mentally unbalanced inmates, in which they exist in terrifying isolation from their families and lawyers—their ties to sanity.

They continually complain, some of them, because they are bored, and there is little for them to do here and they are bursting with nervous energy. Some draft re-sounding protests to the warden. Scores attempt suicide, and in the last two years, over twenty were successful. Others break radios.

"Then the joyous finale—you so-called reformers, you 'watch-dogs,' yelling, 'This is disgraceful! The men have no music! Their toilets leak! Broken glass is everywhere!' Now why don't you just tell me what you think I should do. What would you do?"

Warden West rests his case with the cultivated blend of elegance and earthiness that is typical of many wardens. They are products of a system in which, like the military, manhood is tightly defined and continually challenged. "Pinkos" and "bleeding hearts" are loudly despised in the realm of the jail, which thunders with blue-collar physicality and an undercurrent of self-hatred that, as many of the officers express it, comes from having less status than garbage men.

To the upwardly mobile in the jail system, wardenhood offers a ticket out of the pits and into the exalted ranks of the professional. But polished and perfumed as they are now, the wardens have never entirely escaped or rejected the aura of the locker-room—a Lava Soap brand of ambience that even manicured nails and diamond rings don't obliterate. As wardens, they seek to embody the refinement, the graceful superiority, the detached mastery of the positions they waited so long to achieve, without sacrificing the swagger street toughness, the barroom bravado that is essential to their concept of manhood and cannot be replaced, even with power.

Ironically an officer's first step toward becoming a "professional" is being promoted to a post where there are no inmates. Deputy Warden Gerard Brown, an impressive, powerfully built man of West Indian heritage, is conscious of the ways in which his role and style have changed as he has ascended the jail system's hierarchy. He remembers well his tenure in the cellblocks, where inmates are housed: the grating, screeching echoes of gates and locks reverberating through three tiers crisscrossed with bars—an in-

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sane corral crammed with stallions who will not be broken, snorting and whinnying, prancing and charging defiantly at unarmed guards who took the job for "security."

"When I was an officer, my superiors had to hold me back—I was ready to explode," "Dep" Brown recalls. "The inmates, the noise, the tension—it makes you crazy. Now I do the holding back. My job is to keep a rein on my men . . . to make it unprofitable for them to do what I know they're chomping at the bit to do."

He stretches back languidly in his leather chair, immaculate in his white uniform shirt. Muted music fills his paneled office, and coffee and inmate-made pastry are on a tray with the *Times*. Dep Brown has the smug serenity of the general who has done his bit on the battlefield and is now ensconced in a quiet suite where he can lead with dignity and distance.

There is a war going on out there, and Brown will gladly drag out the institution's display of confiscated inmate-contrived weapons to prove it.

"Those innocent, oppressed inmates who stole the apple off the applecart dreamed these things up," he trills sarcastically, delicately holding up makeshift machetes, strangulation nooses, spiked broomsticks, razorblade daggers, and crude but deadly imitation brass knuckles. In an adjoining closet is the institution's own arsenal, and a locked safe containing a "secret" riot plan.

Correctional personnel admit that inmate weapons are rarely used; they exist because inmates feel they need to have the capability to protect themselves from other inmates, whom they know are armed. Nevertheless, the fact that such graphically violent artifacts are present in the institution produces tremendous tension among unarmed correction officers who already feel that, simply on the basis of numbers, "the inmates could take you at any time."

"I don't feel obliged to play fair with inmates," Brown states flatly. "These creeps didn't play fair with society; they've earned whatever misery they get in here. I don't care if they've been convicted of a crime or not—they're all guilty of something."

When Dep Brown was a shy and uncertain adolescent in Harlem, the neighborhood toughs were always knocking him down and stealing his sneakers.

"I took it then, but I knew I'd get back at the creeps," Dep Brown says.

To the officer in the block, manhood may mean busting the head of the inmate who insulted him. The Dep asserts his virility from a different caste, where he can exhibit leadership, diplomacy, and ethics. The stakes are now higher, but the risks are less. This is the manhood of the gentry.

Thus it is ultimately machismo, not morality, that compels a superior officer to harness the latent violence of his subordinates. Upon each promotion, he is farther removed from the debasement and aggra-

vation of the battlefield that is the institution's *raison d'être*. He is gradually purified, and his spotless white shirt becomes a testament to his new virtue.

And the warden, who wears a suit and tie, has attained the ultimate refinement of power and manhood—one which needs no uniform for its expression. He can afford to call the inmates "gentlemen."

"I have considered your request for an extended evening lock-out period, gentlemen," Warden James A. Thomas tells the group of elected inmate representatives, "and I have decided to issue an order within six weeks permitting you to remain out of your cells until ten P.M."

Warden Thomas is the only black warden in New York City's correctional system, although 63 percent of the inmates are black. James Harrison, who retired in 1971 after thirty-four years in the department, was the only other black warden in the department's history. Known by inmates and officers alike as "Captain Blood" in the days when he maintained an unequivocal order in the blocks, he still insists on being called "Warden," even on the golf course.

Warden Thomas, one of Harrison's frequent golf partners, is a fiery, proud, and elegant man of sixty whose long fingers perpetually straddle a cigar and whose resonant voice projects an Uncle Remus sort of wisdom. When he sits back in his office at the end of a long day, everything

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about him seems to slope downward into a dark pool of exhaustion. His words amble forth disjointedly, and virtually everything degenerates into a "whatchamacallit."

But when Warden Thomas is angry or threatened, or when he is putting on a performance—which, he acknowledges, is a major part of a warden's job—he can be vigorous, eloquent, poignant, and truly graceful—a con man and a preacher, a brisk executive and just another country boy, all in one.

Dealing with the Inmate Council requires some of the warden's most skillful performances; to him, the commissioner's order requiring regular council meetings in each institution is just another unworkable, potentially dangerous notion that has been "imposed by outsiders."

"Do you think I need somebody to tell me what's wrong with this institution?" he demands. "Now listen to me carefully: I can point more fingers than anyone else. I know that if anyone gets rehabilitated in here it's by accident. I know the services are inadequate, but I've got some perspective. Medical services—sure they're bad, but you see, I remember when we had 2,000 inmates here and one doctor, a paraplegic, who had to be pushed from cell to cell in a wheelchair. I could play Santa Claus and give everybody everything he wanted if I had an inexhaustible bag of cookies. But who the devil's going to pay?"

The exhaustibility of the wardens' re-

sources and their general resentment of the Inmate Council concept, combined with the legal and human legitimacy of many of the inmate delegates' requests, form the background against which the weekly drama of the Inmate Council is grudgingly enacted.

"You get tired of sitting up there listening to their shit every week," Brown complains. "They just like to hear themselves talk."

"But we do try to find one thing on each agenda that we can give them so they don't have to go back to the block empty-handed," Warden Thomas's program director, Assistant Deputy Warden Roy Caldwell, concedes.

"You don't take the agenda too seriously—it's an inmate's nature to make demands," Warden Thomas adds. "They're like a labor union; they feel like if they didn't have a new set of demands each week, they wouldn't be worth their salt."

Thus, the Inmate Council is often characterized privately by jail personnel as a "holding action"—a way of pacifying inmates by appearing to be "working on" and even amenable to a variety of reforms. Meanwhile, turnover in the inmate population is so rapid that the institution's failure to follow through is rarely noticed.

"I've been putting off the Five Percenters [a radical black religious sect] for ten years just by telling them over and over again that I'd discuss their wishes with the commissioner," Warden Thomas admits.

The inmate delegates have scuffed in loosely—their slippers and soft moccasins giving them the gait of hospital patients, or of oriental mystics who, with their sheaves of notes and folders, have been called together from their solitary studies to resolve the commoners' dilemmas.

The meeting-room walls are covered with paintings by inmates: strong, radiant African women, religious scenes, rural Southern landscapes. One inmate has portrayed, in stunning symbolic fashion, the imposition of white European culture on black people. Another has depicted a graceful young black man confronted with two alternative paths in the jungle: one strewn with riches, adventure, and sun-drenched freedom—the other menial, riskless, respectable.

Randall Taylor, the inmate editor of the institution's newspaper (which, he confides, is subject to a "criminal" degree of censorship) lights the warden's cigar and retreats to his seat with his characteristic bowing motion (all inmate names in this article have been changed to protect their privacy). Because he has the audacity to view the warden as a peer—to relate to him simply as a man—Taylor does not appear obsequious. He will tell you with quiet pride that he has been in every prison in the state; he feels that he is a master, a manipulator, a true connoisseur of the system, instead of its helpless victim, and so he embraces the jail as a wonderful stage upon which he can be a legal consultant,

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elected representative, news commentator, and grievance arbitrator—a secure arena in which he has real stature. Next to him is Energy Wisegod, a forceful yet soft-spoken Black Muslim, wearing his usual spotless white trousers and bow tie. The delegate with the verbose political rap is "Carnation" Al Spain who, with his shaved head, gleaming muscles, and single earring, looks like a black Mr. Clean. The three Hispanic delegates saunter in late, wild with color and self-ornamentation. Tight, bright-toned tank tops reveal intricate tattoos: a color-studded crucifix draped with an unsightly suffering Christ, unfurling flags, ominous vipers, stern sharp-clawed eagles with curling feathers . . . as they scribble notes on the warden's remarks, their bodies ripple into animated cartoons, with images oddly appropriate to the scene at hand.

"The second item on the agenda is your request for a program to improve inmate-officer relations," Warden Thomas continues, running his hand over his gray cotton-candy hair. "I have relayed this proposal to the commissioner, and he assures me that there are no funds available for the additional security personnel that such an activity would require. Now, with regard to agenda item number three. . . ."

"One minute, please, sir," Energy Wisegod interjects, standing up, clutching a law book and a *Time* magazine. "We can't just let this go. This is a serious problem. We are being treated like dogs by these so-called correction officers . . . it's becoming harder to behave like a human being in your institution, sir, no disrespect to you. . . ."

"These po-lice are babies, they don't know the rules, how to treat you, *nothing*, man!" one of the Hispanic delegates interrupts hotly. He stands like a matador, nostrils flaring, gesturing widely as if waving a red cape defiantly at the warden.

"Man, I been down eighteen months . . . I know how the block is supposed to be run. You tell these dudes you are sick, you want to see a doctor and they walk away! You tell them there is glass in the potato salad and they say, 'Good, have some more.' When they do the search, they rip your family picture off the wall and throw your personal stuff on the floor, man! This is not right! This is not the way to run a jail, man! Since when? Since when?"

For men who are caged and utterly controlled by other men, manhood becomes a fragile treasure. In jail the only alternative to becoming a fearful and obedient child or a faceless number is to define manhood, to stake out its limits, to verbalize its ethics and to exert it in the few ways—most of them surreptitious—that are available. Prison life then becomes a continuum of skirmishes to preserve dignity, and all sorts of unlikely issues take on exaggerated significance.

"Just treat me with some sensitivity, man," inmates often implore.

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But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

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Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get



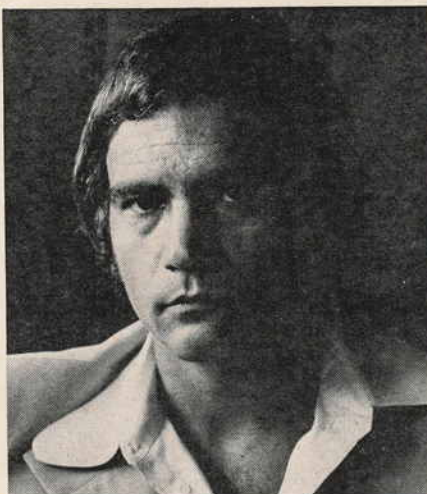
my hands on.

I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occur 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin—(may not be sufficient for scalp and hair).

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973 scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.



In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about \$30 a month for the separate compounds.

So, after a half year of further study, careful experimentation and product development, Head Start was made. A precisely formulated vitamin and mineral supplement specifically designed to provide the five minerals and seven vitamins your hair desperately needs for health. At a price everyone can afford.

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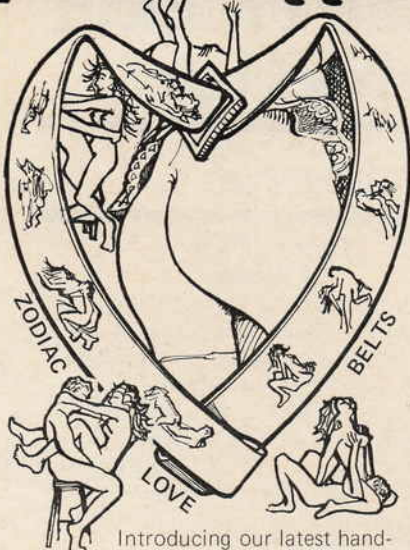
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But, according to Captain Vernon Bain, you can't run a jail with sensitivity.

"It's not a sensitive business," he says, "You're holding people who do not want to be held—who, in many cases, don't recognize your authority to hold them. They'll feel mad and demeaned no matter how you treat them because you can't give them the only thing they really want, and that's their freedom."

"You can't conduct a 'sensitive' search. You have to rummage into everything, poke at it, feel around," Captain Bain continues. "I've found packets of heroin sewn into the seams of underwear at the bottom of a duffle bag. I've found razor blades hidden under feces in the toilet and in the binding of a Bible. I've found a gun in a man's rectum."

The wardens know as well as the inmates that the title "correction officer" has little to do with reality. Like most correctional systems, New York City's department expends virtually no effort at recruitment or screening. Most of the men who find themselves patrolling a cellblock are admittedly there "just for the money" or "as a last resort." To the inmate, who is at the complete mercy of his keepers, a complacent or brutal guard magnifies the horror of incarceration. And to the warden, whose "troops" are a reflection of his leadership and power, the mediocrity of correctional personnel is a source of continual embarrassment.

Things were different, and in some respects better, before "all this reform business started," according to Warden Thomas.

"Those were the days when no one's commissary was stolen, because whoever did it would get his ass whipped by a guard," he recalls. "Today, the officer would be indicted."

Back in the fifties, when Thomas was a captain in the city's old Raymond Street jail, he was known as Kingfish. He was tough and wise, even then. They would send all the incorrigibles to his block, and somehow he got them to behave. He was slick. He knew how to deal. And when necessary, he could use a blackjack to excellent advantage.

"You had the big Irish officers back then and each one of them had certain inmates who were *his* inmates. He'd fight another officer for not giving *his* inmate enough food—but at the same time, he's beating his inmate over the head whenever he gets the urge. There was a certain primitive justice at work."

Like many other wardens, "Big Daddy," as Thomas's subordinates call him, came into corrections as a fugitive from the depression.

"Can you imagine the stench, the grossness of having to search and wash Bowery bums on a summer day?" he asks. "I certainly didn't want to work in a jail, but I was thankful for a job—any job. If they'd have paid me more to clean sewers, I'd have cleaned sewers. None of us came into this

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"These guys today—all they want to know is: When is lunch hour? How much vacation do I get? If they break a fingernail, they bang in. A man used to do a good day's work for a day's pay, but now the whole world is changed," Thomas declares.

The changing society is indeed reflected in the performance and attitudes of officers, but it is manifested even more vividly in the changing inmate population. Until fairly recently, a warden could count on an allotment of generally penitent, obedient prisoners—prisoners who marched lockstep in workgangs, who ate in total silence, eyes straight ahead, and who expected beatings as an inherent component of the rehabilitative experience.

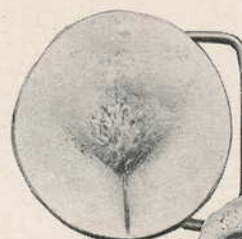
Today, wardens are confronted with the arrogance of inmates well-schooled in their own oppression—inmates whose manhood, whose raw belligerence, whose resilience, craftiness, and self-righteousness are constant affronts to the warden's hard-earned authority; inmates whose bodies are stunningly muscled thanks to regular recreation periods in the jail's gymnasium (in contrast to their often flabby keepers, who have no gym) and whose minds and mouths are quick from years of "playing the dozens" on the street; inmates who now, with hours of leisurely "cell study" can emblazon their rhetoric with quotations from Sartre, Fanon, Thomas Paine, Eldridge Cleaver, Muhammad, the Supreme Court, and the Bible; inmates who solemnly inquire about the protein content of prison fare, who, in eloquent handwritten writs composed in the jail's own law library, force the wardens to become perpetual defendants, and who, although often charged with the most brutal kinds of crimes, can with straight faces demand color television and espouse such concepts as trust, liberty, and human dignity; inmates who are members of terrifying, clandestine organizations and whose compatriots will navigate sewer systems, blowtorch jail walls, and even (or so the wardens have fantasized) kidnap a correctional executive to set them free; inmates who are a new kind of folk hero—romanticized by liberal columnists, consulted as "experts" by universities and government agencies, and sought after by a curious, ambivalent public as guest speakers on the failures of the penal system.

Since 1965, James Thomas has been warden of "the Pen," undisputedly the worst physical facility in the city's system. Built in 1933 as a maximum-security prison, it is a mammoth, oppressive, decaying structure that is now used for pre-trial detention and can house 3,000 inmates in eight three-story cellblocks.

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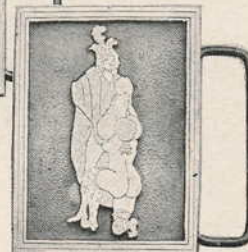
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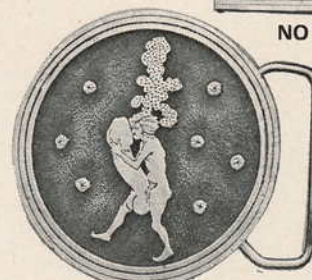
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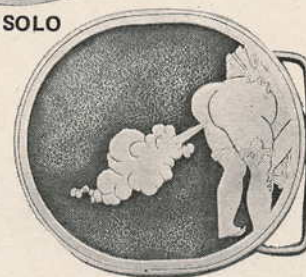
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place for rehabilitation," asserts the warden. "I'll tell you what rehabilitation is: it's a fifteen-thousand-dollar-a-year job, a broad, and a car.

"But don't talk to me about revolution," he continues. "For the black man, it's suicide. When this country goes, it'll go fascist, and I'm not going to help it get there. I've got to work in the system."

But for a warden, working within a system that is besieged with ethical contradictions first engenders acquiescence, then active compromise, and finally—as his own stakes in the *status quo* enlarge—fierce loyalty. Having dedicated his life to becoming master of the plantation, he can scarcely afford to question the institution of slavery.

"Do you expect me to risk what I have coming to me after twenty-eight years of work?" he demands. "You're asking me to create an activist organization here—to cut my own throat. It's easy for you to say, 'The inmates should be informed of their rights.' But knowledge is the most deadly contraband in a jail. What happens when they see that their rights aren't being observed? This place goes up in smoke and it's the warden who's on the front line, making life-and-death decisions."

Thus, the institution scrupulously fosters ignorance and division among inmates—isolating "suspected radicals" not because their declarations are inaccurate but because they are "inflammatory." Survival, not justice, is the impulse, Thomas admits.

But inmates are viewed as far less a threat to the survival of the system than the dreaded "outsiders" and "bleeding hearts" who in recent years have invaded the sanctity of the jail scene—"starry-eyed liberals" who have never seen the savagery and sneakiness of an inmate who is desperate or angry, insane or bored; who have never experienced the terror of a riot or acquired the perspective that comes from twenty years of hearing the same con games and rationales.

The courts are the most brazen meddlers in the wardens' realm and, because of their legal and moral authority, they are also the most serious threat. The prerogative of the courts to dictate the internal administration of correctional facilities continues to expand, and several major decisions in the last two years instruct the wardens in the "Constitutional niceties" they must observe. It is ironic that rights which are so often ignored on "the outside" must finally be affirmed in jails, with the wardens, instead of society, being prosecuted—forced in some cases to defend themselves in open court, while inmate-plaintiffs look on in grinning martyrdom.

Last year, New York City's wardens were named as defendants in sixty-three cases, most of which were filed by inmates and several of which resulted in decisions favorable to plaintiffs. Most dramatically, an inmate suit filed in 1970 charging unconstitutional conditions at the Manhattan House of Detention, or "the Tombs," re-

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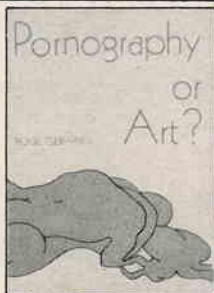
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sulted in the forced closing of that institution. Because of one inmate suit, the wardens must now arrange inmate marriage ceremonies. A former inmate is presently seeking \$15,000 in damages for "mental anguish" because he was forbidden to wear his religious skull cap in the institution's hallways.

To the wardens—who had expected their jails to be their castles—such interference is preposterous. "These goddamn judges are making it impossible to run a jail," Warden Thomas declares, dumping a heap of writs out of his briefcase. "Did you hear about the California case where the court ordered a prison to let one of its inmates order a book on how to pick a lock? Well, I've got a man—a member of the Black Liberation Army—who ordered a book called *How to Make a Bomb*. When it came in, I had it put in his personal property file, but he'll probably go down and write up a writ and some stupid-ass judge will order me to give it to him. And the next thing you know, he'll make me give him the materials to make one, and he'll blow his way out of here."

The courts are not alone in peering over the wardens' shoulders, and Warden Thomas is a man who fumes and curses and sputters at each such incursion. In part, it is professional pride; when the inspector general, district attorney, and Board of Correction all swoop in to investigate a suicide in his institution, the warden is personally affronted by the implication that he cannot himself conduct a rigorous and objective probe. But mainly it is anger at being continually criticized and scandalized by those whom the warden feels are not only uninformed but are motivated by personal needs and ambitions. "Crusading" journalists, hungry for a juicy scoop, interrogate his inmates, who are practiced in the subtleties of down-trodden eloquence, and non-uniformed jail employees, who are often "known inmate-sympathizers," tip off investigative agencies about the institution's shortcomings. Politicians seize on jails as a quick issue, leaving correctional personnel battered in the wreckage of their rhetoric. Even inmates reportedly have been discovered to be paid federal agents, slyly scheming to catch one of the warden's men on the take. It is no wonder that the wardens are always braced for someone to leap out from nowhere crying triumphantly, "Ah-ha!"

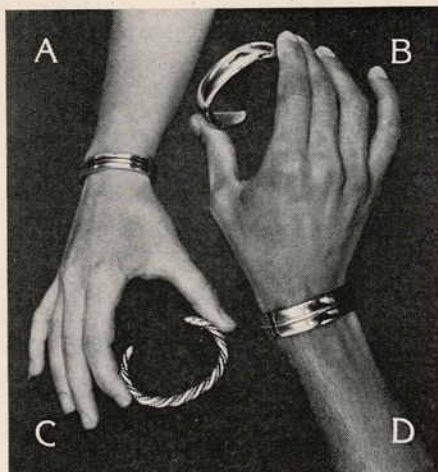
"You don't satisfy anyone in this job," Thomas says. "You know that you're sitting on a powder keg and if you push it too far, it's going to blow the hell up. But you have all these nooses around your neck, trying to yank you one way or the other: the inmates, the officers, the commissioner, the politicians... but as the warden, I'm the one who's responsible. This balancing act—this dance on the high wire—is what it's all about."

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cessantly used to characterize correctional personnel in general, and used with particular frequency in describing Warden Thomas. Behind each decision, each reaction, is the spectre of a riot, an escape, a scandal. Everyone—from inmates up to the highest echelons of the department—is suspect: a potential spy, defector, revolutionary, ambitious subordinate, or simply a racist who would love to see a black warden destroyed.

"They say I'm too cautious. I don't give a rot—I've got reason to be," Thomas confides. "I've always operated as though this place was glass and all the phones were tapped."

One of Thomas's subordinates was stunned last spring when he was ordered essentially to spy on Dep Brown's comings and goings.

And the institution's civilian mental health staff was outraged to discover that the warden had recruited an inmate to "infiltrate" their group-therapy sessions and report to him on their content.

"Don't you preach to me about trust until you've grown up a Negro in the twenties," Thomas commands, his cigar trembling and his voice hoarse. "And don't tell me the days of the lynch mob are over; I may be coarse, but I'm not stupid."

The dangers and pressures—both real and imagined—of correctional authority today have transformed what was once an arena for an unequivocal "the buck stops here" genre of leadership into a diffused and faint-hearted hierarchy in which the ethic is to "keep your ass covered."

"For example, it used to be that if an inmate wouldn't toe the line, you'd knock him in line," Brown recalls. "But now the officer calls the captain, who calls the tour commander, who calls me at home in the middle of the night. 'Should we use force?' he says. And what do I do? I call the warden—why should I put myself out on a limb? And what does the warden do? He calls downtown to Central Office. He wants his ass covered, too—more than anyone."

Thomas's conflicting impulses to be at once powerful and blameless create such an atmosphere of imminent crisis that virtually none of the top officers feel free to speak their minds. Last year, however, in giving a deposition to a Legal Aid Society attorney, the jail's highest-ranking captain felt compelled to be honest about some of the institution's shortcomings.

Roaring with anger at the discovery, Warden Thomas ordered the captain stripped of special authority and put back "on the wheel" indefinitely. According to subordinates, the warden rants and raves, paces lividly, and flails his arms at the slightest provocation, but ironically, in his desperation to be on top of everything, he has constructed a hierarchy so rigid and made himself so unapproachable that he is often unaware of things that happen in his institution.

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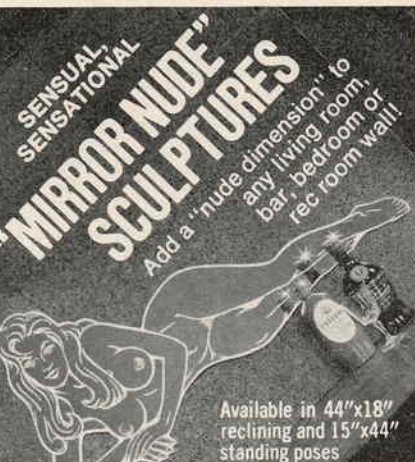
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Last spring, in the insulated peace of his office, Thomas was putting on his splendidly dramatic and regally polished "wise and gentle old warden" performance for a group of reporters. Meanwhile, without informing the warden, who "gets too upset" when things aren't running smoothly, his subordinates had donned gas masks and were dousing a whole cellblock in the back with tear gas. A group of inmates awaiting trial had refused to be transferred 150 miles to Sing-Sing prison—asserting that the move would illegally isolate them from families and lawyers—and the deputy warden ordered that they be incapacitated with gas before being handcuffed and dragged to the van "in order to avoid unnecessary physical danger to my officers."

But Dep Brown had failed to consider the renowned survival skills of inmates. They inserted cigarette filters in their nostrils and were not bothered much by the gas; while the officers, gasping for air in their expensive and elaborate gas masks, were begging the Dep for a break.

They had to use a lot of gas to force the inmates out of their cells and within minutes it had wafted its way down to the institution's skylight-domed rotunda where, in just a few moments, Warden Thomas was to be interviewed on camera for the evening news.

"I buzzed him in his office and told him to keep the reporters in there for a while, that there was gas in the rotunda," Dep Brown recalls. "He came charging out of there so mad at the embarrassment we were causing him that he literally couldn't talk. He just sort of wheezed and held on to his chest. If he ever had a sense of humor, this job has taken it out of him."

Once, coming upon a trio of captains doubled over in laughter, Warden Thomas became so outraged that he got chest pains and had to be escorted back to his office.

"When they told me later what they were laughing about, I couldn't help laughing too," a generally strict assistant deputy warden confides. "But to the warden, the sight of one of his men laughing in jail is an atrocity—it's an insult to his whole view of the job."

It is not surprising that Warden Thomas has a heart condition, and it is ironic that the very thoroughness with which he has done his job has left him in such precarious health that he can no longer walk through his own institution.

"He's afraid he'd get so agitated by the things he'd see back there that he'd have a heart attack," Brown says.

But Warden Thomas is not the only warden who spends virtually all of his time in his office. According to Dr. H.H.A. Cooper, an NYU professor of law and consultant to the department, all of the wardens have grown increasingly remote from the realities of their institutions.

"The volume of paperwork is becoming staggering," Cooper says, "and they can

scarcely maintain the system, much less change it."

"When I came to this place as a deputy warden, I was going to turn it inside out," Warden Thomas recalls. "But to want change is one thing. To *make* change—well, that's a horse of a different color. Trying to do anything in this place is like hitting a giant pillow: you hit it, there's no effect."

"Corrections doesn't operate in a vacuum, and society has put us at the bottom of the totem pole. Don't you see that a warden has no power?"

The warden who feels he has responsibility but no power carves out for himself a role in which if he cannot truly be a leader, cannot truly control his realm and be accountable for its fundamental nature, he can at least "administer" the *status quo* and in so doing can derive satisfaction from its efficiency, while never having to confront its basic premises.

"Just running the place" is a far cry from the way wardens viewed their roles back in the days when today's wardens were mere guards. But those were days in which the issues of crime and punishment seemed more clear-cut—days in which one could feel confident in the ultimate legitimacy of penological assumptions, when one could perform one's tasks with untroubled satisfaction. In those days, the wardens lorded it with the full force of their personalities. They shaped and colored the very substance of jail life and treated their institutions as extensions of themselves, as living things for which they could take both credit and blame.

There is little praise for prisons today, and so the wardens, weary of taking the blame, are gradually developing a new, less intimate, less culpable definition of themselves.

"It's time we put our jails in their proper perspective," declares Louis Greco, warden of the Adolescent Detention Center (which has since been closed).

"We are mandated by law to exist, and we are responsible simply for the custody and safekeeping of the inmates."

Warden Greco, who confides that he would like to be a school-bus driver or medical technician when he retires from corrections, is a slender, olive-skinned man. His professional, but personable attitude and his scholarly half-frame reading glasses help support his contention that he is "a different kind of warden."

Greco foreshadows an evolving species of New York City wardens who regard their function as one of rather narrowly defined management. For these wardens the men who reside in their housing areas are not prisoners, but "clients," and the warden's job is neither punishment nor correction, but rather "service delivery."

For a man who admits that "if you told me you were going to put me in a cell, I'd get down on my knees and cry," such a perspective may provide the emotional

CONTINUED ON PAGE 197

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YOURSELF!

YOU ARE GOING
TO PRODUCE A
SPECTACULAR
FOR THESE JADED
OLD EYES OF
MINE. GO STUDY
THIS SCRIPT....

by FREDERIC
MULLALLY
and
RON
EMBLETON

....BUT FIRST
CHECK THE
PROGRESS HOMER
SAPIENS IS MAKING
WITH THAT OIL-
SUBSTITUTE
APPARATUS

TAP TAP

YESSIR,
MR HUGE,
SIR!

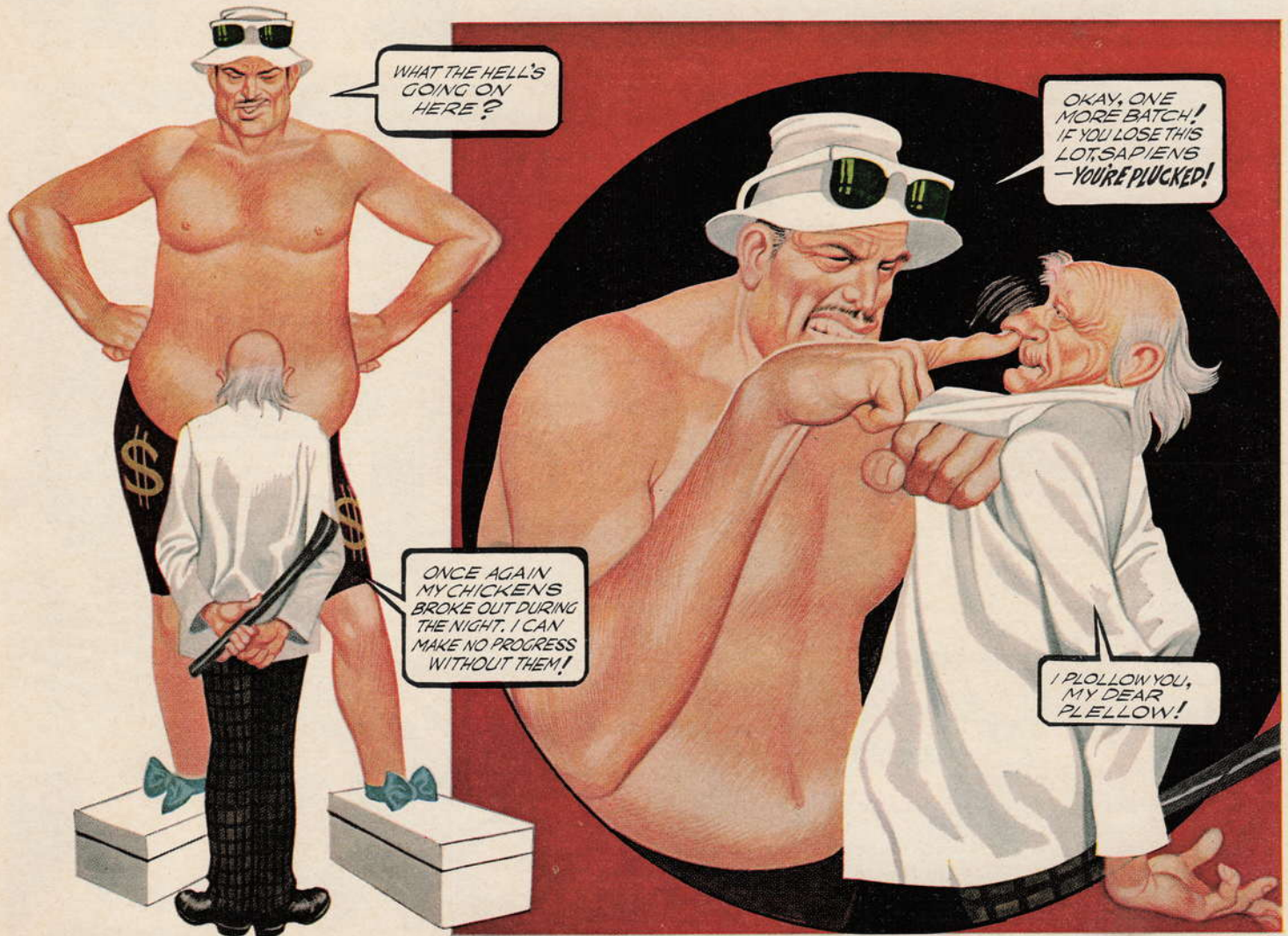
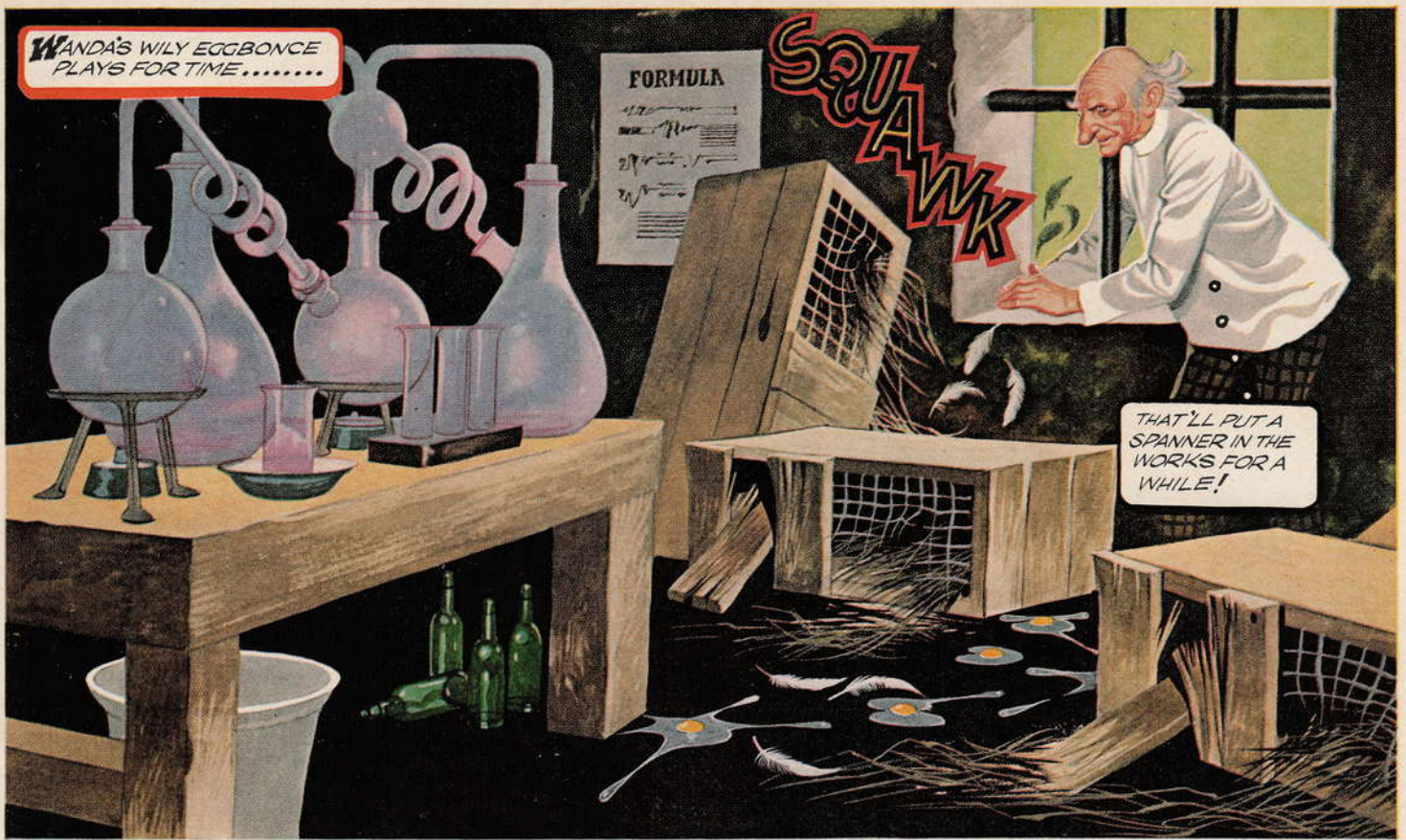
OKAY, YOU
BUNCH OF SMART
ASSES — WHO
DID IT?

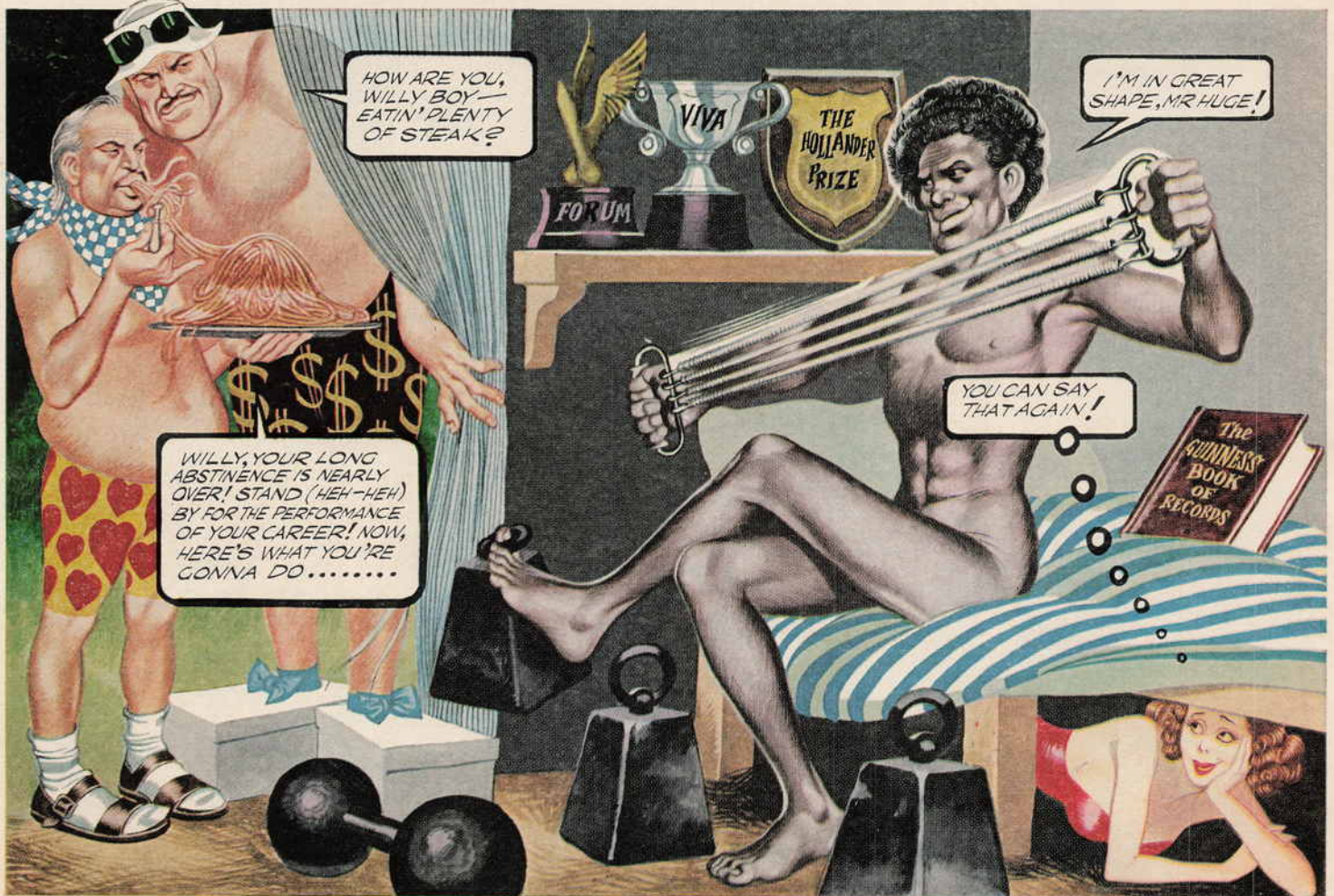
WE LIKE
LITTLE
ANNIE
ANNY

HERE, KID — GRAB
THIS. I'M GETTING
OUT OF THIS
NUT-HOUSE!

IT CAN'T
BE THAT
BAD —
CAN IT?

RUBBISH





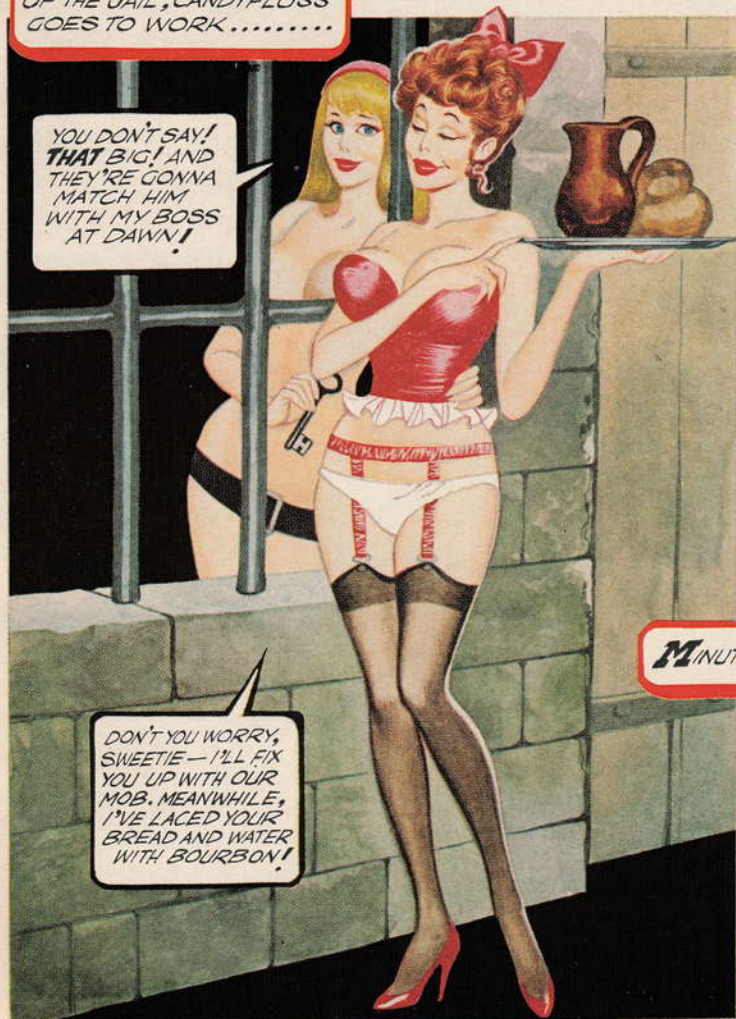


MEANWHILE, WANDA
WHILES AWAY THE HOURS
IN HER SOLITARY CELL.....

SO THAT'S LA
VON KREESUS!
SHE DOESN'T
LOOK ANYTHING
SPECIAL TO ME!

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S HAPPENING
TO THE WORLD—
IT'S GETTING TO BE
FULL OF SADISTS!

AND IN ANOTHER SECTION
OF THE JAIL, CANDYFLOSS
GOES TO WORK.....



YOU DON'T SAY!
THAT BIG! AND
THEY'RE GONNA
MATCH HIM
WITH MY BOSS
AT DAWN!

DON'T YOU WORRY,
SWEETIE—I'LL FIX
YOU UP WITH OUR
MOB. MEANWHILE,
I'VE LACED YOUR
BREAD AND WATER
WITH BOURBON!

MINUTES LATER.....



JEEPERS!
I CAN'T LET THEM
DO THIS TO
BOO'FUL! THINGS
WON'T EVER BE
THE SAME!



DAWN BREAKS
ON A SCENE OF
ANCIENT
CHIVALRY.....

LET BATTLE
BE JOINED!

LET BATTLE
BE JOINED!

IF I COULD'VE GOT
THE POP CORN
CONCESSION FOR
THIS SHOW I
COULD'VE BEEN A
RICH MAN!

OUR
LEADER!

I CAN'T
LOOK!

LOAD OF
FUSS
ABOUT
NOTHIN'!

I RUN A LITTLE
MASSAGE BUSINESS
ON THE SIDE. RING
ME AT CARIB. 1212.

IS THIS FARCICAL CIRCUS,
THAT DOES NOTHING BUT
LOWER THE TONE OF THE
STRIP, WHAT I HAVE SAVED
MYSELF FOR? IS IT ALL TO
END SO IGNOMINIOUSLY?

ALL EYES TURN EAGERLY TO
WILLY'S HUT.....

CASP!

YOUR PUBLIC
AWAITS YOU,
WILLY!



THAT GODDAM
STUD'S BEEN GOT
AT! **WASTE
HIM!**



**WASTE
HIM, MEN!**



NOT OUR
WILLY
YOU DONT!

I'VE BEEN WANTING
TO DO THAT EVER
SINCE THIS STRIP
BEGAN!

SH
LURP!

THU
D!

OOF!

WHATEVER IT IS
THEY'VE DONE IT
PRETTY THOROUGHLY!

WILLY!
WHAT HAVE THEY
DONE TO YOU?

BIG
DEAL!

PUSSCAKE! HOW
CAN I EVER
SPANK YOU
ENOUGH!

YEP-YOU'RE RIGHT, WHO
THE HELL INVENTED
HAPPY ENDINGS?
THERE'S ONE CONSOLATION
— **WANDA LIVES!!**
SO STAY TUNED IN,
FELLERS ~~~~~

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the look of Christmas past.



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buffer necessary to do his job.

Thus, amid all the complex issues and philosophical dilemmas that today pervade corrections, Warden Greco is smugly "systems" oriented. When asked to explain the nature of his institution, he strides briskly to his wall-sized organization chart and proceeds to describe the interaction of 1,200 young prisoners and 150 guards in terms of probabilities, ratios, movement flows, optimal usage, and seasonal curves.

He designs forms for everything, he admits, because "I love this shit and so do my men; it makes an officer feel important to initial things and forward them through channels." Warden Greco's penchant for forms reached a high point last summer when he developed a "request for a change of religion" form for the institutions' inmates.

"The thing about a jail is that it should be run well," he states. "When I say 'prison reform' I mean 'back to the basics.' I mean let's paint this place, let's scrub it down. Let's be punctual, let's take that count efficiently, let's learn our rules and regulations!"

"You know, back in the days when the old Irish ran these places, they were tough, they were crude, they were corrupt—but they did the basics," he beams. "You never saw a dirty floor."

Taking care of the basics, then, provides some wardens with a fairly satisfying, emotionally tolerable stack of busywork that they can delegate and supervise—a framework within which tangible accomplishment is possible, even in a system that is a failure in virtually every respect.

"It's a great feeling—to know what you're doing," Warden Greco smiles. "The only pleasure I get out of this job is to leave at night knowing that things are running smoothly."

In reality, there are many other pleasures in wardenhood. Among them, Warden Greco admits that he enjoys the expensive clothes, cars, and entertainment that his salary makes possible.

Perhaps more significant is the new self-esteem and confidence that come with such a position of leadership.

"It used to take a major effort to get three words out of me," he recalls. "But now that I've reached the crest, so to speak, I'm taking on the role of wise man—you know, imparting knowledge. As a warden, you're called upon to be the guiding light."

Warden Greco turns to his multi-toned phone, summons the young officer who serves as his typist, driver, and errand boy, and orders his lunch of yogurt and toast served in his office.

"Inmates and officers alike... they shake when they come in here, they're tongue-tied, they sweat," Warden Greco confides modestly. "Because I am the warden, and he is quite an awesome figure to them."

Within their realms, the wardens are in-

deed awesome figures, not only to inmates and officers, but even—and perhaps particularly—to those who are assistant and deputy wardens. Among superior officers there is a strong and often verbalized acceptance of the authority—if not the wisdom—of their warden, as though they derived a kind of vicarious pleasure from the power that has been conferred upon him, in the anticipation that someday they will be the recipients of the "sirs," the ceremonies, and the solemn salutes. Even those who harbor no such extravagant ambitions embrace their subservient roles to the warden with a relish that seems directly proportionate to their pleasure in demanding subservience from their subordinates.

Pleasurable as it may be for many of the participants, the military organization of New York City's correctional personnel has many disadvantages. As the National Advisory Council on Criminal Justice Standards and Goals has noted, this authoritarian, regimented style of operation discourages recruitment of "the very types of persons most needed" in corrections. Moreover, by isolating the wardens from the very real human fears and problems of their subordinates, it diminishes institutional morale and thus the potential for effective leadership.

Correction officers—many of whom have important questions, suggestions, and complaints about their institutions—are almost unanimous in their hesitation to discuss these matters with their wardens, despite the fact that the wardens all claim

to have "open-door" policies.

"If they think you're a troublemaker, they have all kinds of ways to make life miserable for you. So you keep a low profile," one officer explains.

Thus, officers commonly say that they feel totally isolated from power and virtually ignored by channels of communication. Everyone seems unsympathetic to their problems—the inmates, the department's executive staff, the community, and their superior officers as well.

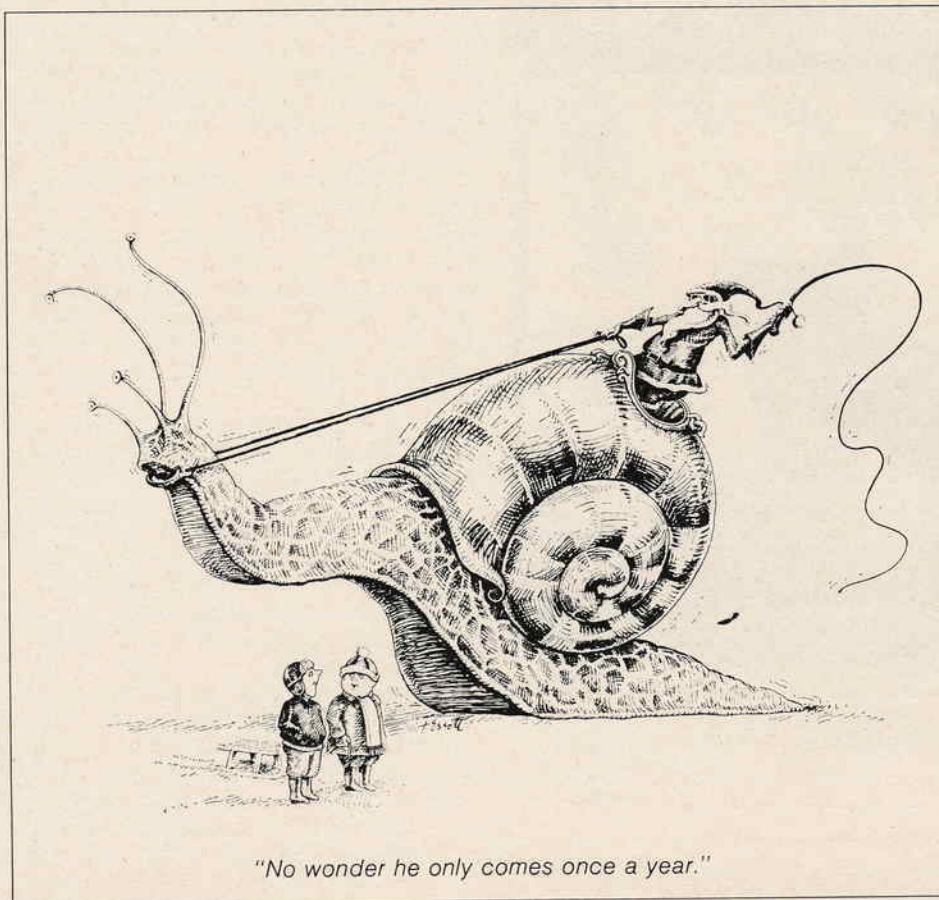
Predictably morale, self-esteem, and thus job performance reach a low level in such an atmosphere and this can have devastating consequences in the already highly charged jail environment.

In 1970, in the aftermath of three prison riots, the Department of Correction embarked upon a million-dollar endeavor to design and implement a new officer-training program.

"Our goal was to overwhelm the system with fresh young blood—to reform corrections with a new breed of professionalized, humane troops," a staff member at the department's Center for Correctional Training (Academy) explains.

But, as with most "liberal reforms," the wardens "thought [the training program] was something from Hanoi," according to former academy Commander John Ackerson, who is now himself a warden.

"They saw these guys in dashikis coming in—telling new officers that 'inmates are people,' trying to engender 'sensitivity'—and they predicted the downfall of their whole empire."



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Deputy Commissioner Jack Birnbaum agrees. "Getting the wardens to accept the training program involved the most grueling, infighting series of encounters I've ever experienced," he says. "I had to use all my skills to keep the place from blowing up."

Gradually the wardens grew accustomed to the existence of the training program, but their priorities and styles of running their institutions remained radically different from the ideals fostered at the academy.

"We soon realized that 80 percent of what we were doing was obliterated once the new officer started work in an institution," an academy trainer said. "The wardens would tell the guys flat out, 'Forget what you learned at the academy.'"

"The whole orientation of the institutions is security, custody; everything we want to do is too 'risky,'" one program administrator declared typically. "And any measure designed to help an inmate, or encourage him, or understand him is seen as 'babying' someone who ought to be strung up by his balls."

A former jail psychologist adds, "I've worked in all kinds of institutions—the military, education, the church, big business—and I've never seen anyone so frantic and threatened by change as the wardens."

Thus, within two years after reform commissioner Benjamin Malcolm had assumed office, it was clear that, in a paramilitary hierarchy, reform from the bottom up was impossible.

The wardens set the tones of their respective institutions; and their attitudes filtered down and colored—in both blatant and subtle ways—the treatment of inmates, the flexibility of programs, and the morale of officers.

With this realization came the development by Commissioner Malcolm and his staff of a federally funded program of continuing "off-site" workshops in which the wardens are encouraged, in the words of a central office aide, "to loosen up as people, to be not threatened by change, and to see themselves as leaders, but not demigods."

The workshops are two-day affairs and cost \$2,000 each, plus tens of thousands of dollars in compensatory time. They are conducted in a countryside lodge with golf course and bar "to insure that the supportive props of authority are absent and to produce an intensive, almost religious experience in an atmosphere of retreat," according to Dr. Cooper, the New York University consultant.

The workshop format, which is known as the "structured group interview" is a "collaborative venture" which combines an encounter group therapy approach (to "strip away their armor," Dr. Cooper says) with leadership and management training.

"To say that we have changed attitudes is a bit of an exaggeration—Rome wasn't built in a day," Cooper admits. "We're just



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plowing the soil, rendering it fit for planting. Sowing the seed is yet to come."

Even if the finest seed were to be expertly sown, and even if a new generation of compassionate, creative, skillful executives were to spring forth luxuriantly in the correctional jungle, would any real changes be forthcoming? A jail is merely a small, dependent component of the criminal justice system—a system that is itself a reflection of an economic and political apparatus which has exhibited little interest in justice. All of the best evidence indicates that the bail system is discriminatory; that pre-trial detention is a morally questionable and largely unnecessary form of preventive detention; that incarceration, rather than promoting the rehabilitation of criminals, only erodes their potential for living humane, productive lives; and that the penal system does not begin to confront the ultimate causes of criminal behavior. In such a context, a warden, like a general in the midst of a nuclear holocaust, is severely limited in his capacity for effective action. And if it is agreed that prisons are bad, then what constitutes a good warden?

No one has less satisfactory answers to this question than the wardens themselves, and their ambivalence virtually forecloses the possibility of vigorous leadership from them.

"I'm groping, frankly," Warden John Ackerson admits. "What direction are we going. . . . What good is it? We operate our jails with a minimum of friction. But are we really doing anything more? Well, no."

Another warden, Adam McQuillan, who just two years ago declared, "We're the only monarchs left in the U.S.A.," now demurs: "We're just guys who passed a bunch of tests. We can't really do anything."

So each warden must develop his own method for ignoring the failures of a system by which he is handsomely paid to be a leader. Some wardens choose to be dynamic efficiency experts, while never questioning the justice or value of that which they manage. Others immerse themselves in the pageantry and socializing that still come with the rank: the press interviews and speaking engagements, tours, ceremonies, conventions, jail dedications, and association dinner dances. Still others embrace the penal system as a marvelous gameboard upon which they are free to learn and exercise skills, amass and direct empires, and play starring roles in what finally becomes a perpetually compelling drama.

"It's not a bowl of cherries—it's tension, obstacles, all the time—but it can become your life, don't you see?" Warden James Thomas, who faces mandatory retirement this year, says sadly, jamming his cigar into the ashtray. "After all these years, after all I gave to the thing, they could hold a farewell party for me in a phone booth. And now that it's over, what the devil am I going to do with myself?" ○—

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BOB & RAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

that we were on the twenty-fourth floor made it pretty hard to make deliveries. The trucks couldn't wait that long. It was expensive too—six-fifty for lunch.

Ray: And tipping was encouraged, of course. If you *didn't* tip you were pretty much in the soup. Speaking of the soup to go—we had a problem with that. The only container we had for it was a pie plate and somebody took it on the subway.

Bob: We ordered the wrong kind of containers. We got recycled paper plates over in Queens.

Ray: Sorry to break in again but correspondent Wally Ballou has just checked in from Cedar City, Utah, after leaving us alone for a shorter period than we had hoped. So to get whatever he wants over with, let's switch now to Cedar City and Wally Ballou.

Wally: This is the actual voice of ace reporter W. W. Ballou speaking from the executive offices of the Pointless Toy Company in Cedar City, Utah. Here with me is the president of the firm, Mr. Marlon Cringe. And I imagine the first thing our listeners would like to know, sir, is whether the Pointless Toy Company is intentionally pointless or whether it just turned out that way through your own mismanagement.

Cringe (Ray): Well, I don't want to sidestep your question, Mr. Ballou—but I'm going to have to because it doesn't make any sense.

Wally: That's funny. It sounded fine to me.

Cringe: Well, the chief error you've made is in assuming that our company is pointless. Actually, as our firm name implies, the adjective "pointless" modifies the noun "toy," while the word "company" hooked on the end doesn't refer back to anything.

Wally: Well, if I read you correctly then, Mr. Cringe, you make pointless toys which seems too ridiculous to be possible.

Cringe: Well, it may seem ridiculous to you—but that's probably just because you don't share my deep-seated hatred of children. All my life I've wanted to make toys that would drive kids batty—and now, by thunder, I'm doing it.

Wally: I see. Well, could you show us one of your products that you think has a particularly nerve-racking effect on youngsters?

Cringe: Yes. Right here is the pilot model of a new item that we hope to have ready for the Christmas trade. We call it our Pointless Skill Bat. It'll retail at twelve dollars and ninety-eight cents.

Wally: Well, what does it do besides retail at twelve ninety-eight?

Cringe: Well, the kid operates these two knobs with his grimy little hands. One of them operates this miniature baseball bat and the other one pitches a ball from the mound.

Wally: And what happens if the youngster connects?

Cringe: Nothing.

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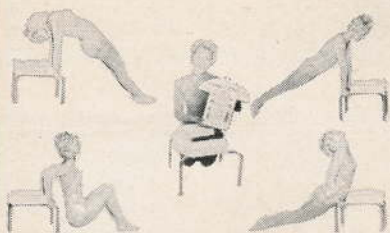
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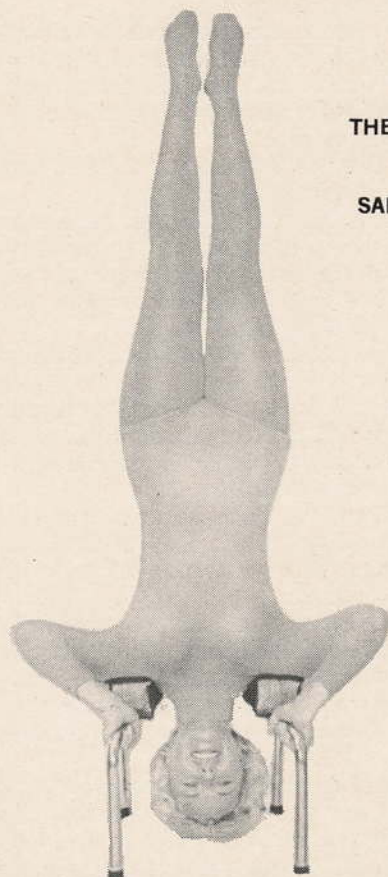
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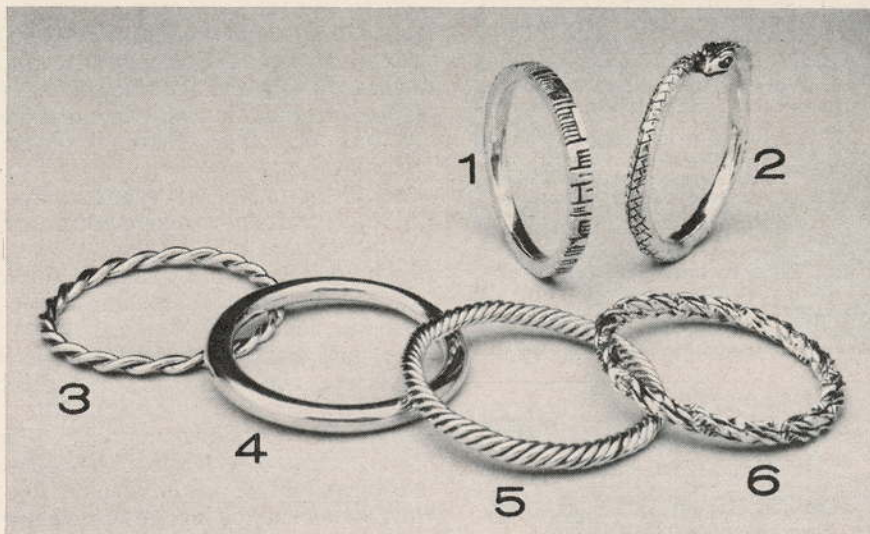
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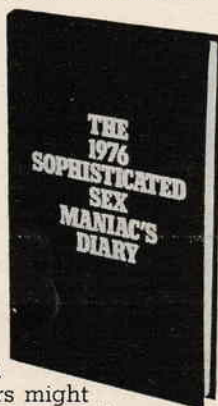
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Wally: Nothing? But you've got little slots up there marked single, double, triple, and home runs.

Cringe: Oh those are just there to frustrate the little punks. With a lead ball and a sponge-rubber bat, no kid is going to get anything out of this but an inferiority complex. Believe me.

Wally: Gee, that's really fiendish. What else are you turning out here?

Cringe: Well, we've got this very elaborate steam shovel for sandbox play. You'll notice that the scoop is made out of wire mesh. The sand falls right through as fast as the kid digs it up.

Wally: Boy, that must drive the younger children frantic.

Cringe: Yes. We've had reports of temper tantrums lasting up to four days that were traced directly to this toy. But our best-seller is still this simple item here.

Wally: Well, that's just a stick with a cup on one end and a ball on a piece of string tied to the handle. I've seen those things in toy stores for years.

Cringe: You've never seen one quite like this. The kid doesn't know it, but the string is a half an inch too short for the ball possibly to go in the cup. Ingenious, huh?

Wally: Almost to the point of being diabolical.

Cringe: Thank you! I got the idea for it when I was a kid myself. I was the only youngster on the block who was too uncoordinated to get the ball in the cup—even when the string was long enough. So I developed this model to drag all the smarty-pants down to my level.

Wally: I see.

Cringe: They couldn't make a fool out of Marlon Cringe. I showed them all! You bet your sweet life I did. Just look around this beautiful factory and see who got the last laugh. Christmas morning, I'll make ten million kids miserable. What do you think about that?

Wally: I think it's time to sign off from Cedar City, Utah, and send it back to Bob and Ray in New York.

Penthouse: Quite a reporter, Wally Ballou. Do you think he might make a good president some day?

Ray: I think Wally Ballou is as crooked as a dog's hind leg. I think he's on the take, definitely.

Penthouse: How do you feel about Penthouse magazine—now that you've been interviewed for it?

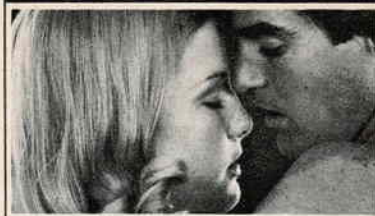
Ray: Well, I like the pictures. I very rarely read anything that's written in it, so I don't think I'll even read this article. I spend more time looking at the pretty girls than reading those learned pieces on atomic energy that they separate the pictures with.

Penthouse: It's about time for us to sign off. Do you have any last thoughts for our readers?

Ray: Sure, this is Ray Goulding reminding you to write if you get work.

Bob: And this is Bob Elliott reminding you to hang by your thumbs. 

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THIRTY-TWO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

libbing a monstrous monotony of complaints. "She don't love me no more." "She don't, she don't, she don't!" As recorded, cats, by Sly Furbish and the Bedpans. As recorded, fans, by Mick Unfortunate and \$11,000 worth of equipment.

Hair has nothing to do with it. It's the boys with the short hair—the "nicest kids in the neighborhood"—who are always hacking up their families with butcher knives. The family that prays together slays together. So hair has nothing to do with it.

"Show me what you eat and I'll tell you who you are."—Abe Savarin.

Well, what *do* they eat? The more civilized among them, the ones who go to meetings where they plan to blow up cities, eat things like Crunchy Granola. This is a kind of advanced goldfish food which they buy in "nature food" stores. In years gone by, kids used to feed stuff very much like this to their pet toads. The thinking behind nature food is that what you eat has been doused with DDT, and when you lay your eggs the shells will crack.

It's odd. Many young people believe that the old lived long enough to get old by eating poison. Since, as has been shown, the young have very small brains, they're unable to figure out this paradox.

The other thing these morons believe is that a plant knows whether its nutrients are natural (from the soil) or unnatural (put there by man). They think that if somebody adds a little potash to the soil, then he's kidding around with the Lord God Jehovah. The nuts-and-ferns-eaters are looking for REALITY. Reality? Someday these jibonies are going to have to recognize that a farm is fake too. The whole damn farm—fake. Nothing real about it. A jungle is real. A forest is real. A meadow is (maybe) real. But the minute some clown sticks a shovel in the ground he's tampering with reality. The minute he plants a seed he's begun to diddle with nature. You wanna eat, kid? Get with it. Reality is a man sweating away in a field, breaking his behind so that you can crunch your fodder. He fertilizes, too ... and that's a lot of manure.

One comforting thought: Many of today's eaters of fries, ketchup, and soda pop will lose their teeth. That is, if they live to be thirty-three.

Who's to blame for this present crop of shoddy humans? Permissive parents? Quite likely. The older parents you see about you are a scruffy bunch. Far too lazy to bring up children. Pity that they weren't too lazy to have them. What with the current population of the world, it is safe to say that it's those old poops who screwed us into this fix.

Which leads to the perfect conclusion: Don't trust anybody who's over thirty-two, either. 

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UNDERWEAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

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And kiss these words into your ears

Hey Billie the cop
Oh no you can't stop
You've just started
Making me juicy
I wait for your bullet
I'm dying for love
I want you to kill me
Don't you see

Billie the cop
Come over tonight
You've been my fantasy for years
You just be you
And I'll be a corpse
And you can try on my brassieres!

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Ah, 1975! the year I've spent more time looking at men's underwear than women's. No, I haven't gone butch or bullish, I've just been performing my poetry at various night spots. One of them happened to be a gay bathhouse in Chicago, and the experience at first seemed strange. I was ushered through the locker rooms, past the Jacuzzi, steam room, orgy room, and showers to a cabaret setting beyond belief. Here, the customers lay about the floor on giant colorful pillows, attired only in towels or in the raw. I was the only woman among hundreds of hot and horny men; I felt like a dancing girl for the Executive Sultan's club in an ancient time, and yet it seemed somehow perfectly modern, too. Some of the staff would "hang out" in my dressing room while I changed. Mostly I wore my superscanty lace-string undies from Lady Arabel in New York, but sometimes I didn't wear any undies at all. Either way, the boys seemed to enjoy watching me wiggle into or out of them. Knowing they were all homosexuals, I was convinced that I was not going to become sexually aroused by their presence. But after a few nights of watching them slip in and out of jockey shorts, briefs, posing straps, levis, cock rings, mouths, and asses, I went completely crazy. Nudity is not the best costume for everyone, and frankly some of these guys looked a lot sexier dressed, but most of them were young and really very humpy.

For the final show, I wore a leopard-print jersey jumpsuit which I ripped into Tina Turner-like shreds to reveal my naked body underneath. I got so hot for one guy's big cock in the audience that I forgot my lines and fell laughing onto the pillow where this lovely specimen was lurking. I rubbed his gorgeous body and confessed my interest in him over the microphone.

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At the end of the show, Wanda, who was sort of the drag queen bunny-mother of the baths, rounded up my little heartthrob and a few of his humpy friends to promote a Cherry gangbang—with me as the bang-ee, of course. It was novelty night for them—and God knows I hadn't been getting it regularly—and so the boys were willing, but the separatist management wouldn't allow such hetero relations on the premises. Wanda took us all into the locker room and helped us into our underwear and clothes. I was aching to be taken right there, but considering the circumstances, I was lucky to be getting it at all, so I waited!

I brought three clean, young, blond beauties back to my hotel room where we played a friendly game of "hump the hostess." Luckily, there were only three of them because I couldn't find another hole on my body to fill. I left the boys sleeping as I waded through the pile of discarded briefs and Ah Men underwear and I dressed for my return flight to NYC.

Who knows what '76 will bring in the continuing history of underwear. I still think back to those titless teenage fifties and the sixties when I'd fuck most every night. I still want someone to love me like my undies. I still need someone to hold me just as tight. Just one thing can tie me down now, I declare... a Tarzan swinging on my "Jane" underwear! ☺

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COUPLE HEART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162

I'm in love with Michael; I suppose that counts for something. On the other hand, I can't see going back to living like that. Why must everything be so complicated? Men act like fucking kids. I'm going to have to make a decision pretty quick. What would you do?

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM'S COMMENTS:

I have spent a lot of time studying the present trends in sexual customs and behavior in an attempt to get some idea about the shape of human sexual activity in the future. Naturally, in the process I have given much attention to the future of marriage.

My conclusion on this subject is that I cannot foresee the day when marriage as an institution will cease to exist, and that all pair-bonding will be open and free of all commitments either social or psychological. My guess is that marriage will exist as a fixed-term contract, renewable for certain periods. (My detailed thoughts on this I have set out in *Your Sexual Future*, Pinnacle Books, New York.) May I quote a brief passage from my book, the argument on which I chiefly base my forecast?

"Weighty motives for marriage though the above are, they are not nearly so weighty as the deep psychological need which human beings have to 'belong to someone.' This is a desire so deeply rooted in the human personality that I doubt if it will ever be eradicated, even though the most determined efforts are made to do so. To fulfill this need, an ephemeral relationship is useless. There must be the prospect of a lifetime of togetherness in order for confidence to evolve that the relationship will have the chance to mature. Without this opportunity for emotional maturation and complete physical compatibility to develop in both partners, any attempt at a relationship is bound to fail."

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The attainment of *physical* satisfaction, exciting, sensuous, and sensual to a degree though it may be, does not commit the partners to one another as does the relationship sustained by emotional bonding, of which physical lovemaking is an integral and important part, but not the bond itself. Let me repeat: an emotional plus a physical relationship is the only

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form which satisfies the innate craving to "belong." And the achievement of "belonging" automatically erases the overbearing selfishness which is the main feature of physical without emotional involvement.

This, I suggest, is what is wrong with Michael and Eileen's relationship. It is encapsulated perfectly in the very first paragraph of Michael's statement. "I just, for once, wanted something nice. . . I admit it, I was looking for an easy way out. I just didn't think the price would be this high."

If Michael had any emotional feeling for Eileen, he could never have agreed to the arrangement with her wealthy protector, John, since emotional feelings engender respect for the partner as a human being, which a purely physical relationship has no need to do, and most often does not.

It's no use for Michael to protest that Eileen is so beautiful that "I just wonder what good thing I've ever done that should be rewarded with the love of a woman . . . like her," when, first of all, he can't love her. Otherwise he would never have agreed to lead a more comfortable life on the proceeds of her extra-relationship activities; and there is certainly no justification for Eileen to claim that she made her "sacrifice" out of "love" for Michael.

Michael, certainly, has confused physical infatuation with love. That beautiful description by Michael of their first fuck, all that jazz about "feeling my cock throbbing in her, surrounded by a wet, tight, warm bed of lavender," has nothing at all to do with emotionally inspired feelings, but purely with the superficial sensations of physical sex alone.

Eileen recognizes the emotional immaturity that motivates Michael. "He has a beautiful image of himself and of me and of the whole world for that matter . . . he believes in myths . . . that wealth and fame are right around the corner waiting to haul him out of a slum." But she betrays an equally immature emotional development when she claims that she "loves" Michael (her paragraph beginning, "I love Michael" down to "considered fairly conventional," is just the same high-falutin' immature crap as Michael's "bed of lavender," etc.) when she was prepared to take any man recommended by her boss into "one of the private booths and give him either a hand-job or a blow-job and he'd slip ten dollars in my panties," which, though the stakes are much higher than ten dollars, is an analogy of her arrangement with John.

All her behavior has the hallmark of a promiscuity incompatible with love.

For all concerned, it would be best if Eileen does tell Michael and John "to go screw themselves," because whatever kind of relationship did exist between her and Michael can never be the same again, nor can her relationship with John be the same, because her emotional immaturity will twist things up for her, and the time will come when she will put the blame for losing Michael on John. 



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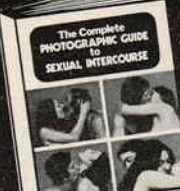
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XAMIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

short period of pleasure. Two hours, however, is too long.

Though your intentions may not be selfish, good healthy intercourse should not exceed thirty minutes.

AND NOW FOR THE ANAL CLIT

Just looking at the picture of a well-hung man sets me on fire with thoughts of sexual deviations. I want to feel the male organ with my hands. I want to feel it with my lips and tongue. But more than anything, I want to feel it in my backside.

This hot and throbbing desire to "go Greek" refuses to be quenched. I know I have a nice posterior. I'm tall and curvy with fairly wide hips that taper beautifully to the knees. I also know that my anus is something more than just an erogenous zone.

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When the need became so urgent that I couldn't sleep at night, I made a dildo with a foot-long stick. I covered this with soft yarn and narrow strips of white cloth, then unrolled a condom till it was stretched to its full length and tied it on. When lubricated, it will penetrate the rectum to six or seven inches. When I place a chair on the bed and bend forward in the nude, with two properly placed mirrors revealing the whole thing, it's terrific. I start running a temperature and craving water. After a feverish round of humping, thrusting, and teeth-clenching, I have an orgasm that sets me wild.

I know I will never be satisfied till I get the real thing—a hot, luscious dick with a head that shines like a peeled onion. But how do you tell a fellow you want what he's got shoved up your ass? And how would the average stud react to this form of intercourse?—A.M.

Well, you sure go all the way to live up to your desire for anal penetration. If only you knew how many men are dying to perform anal sex with a chick, but are afraid to ask her if she is willing.

If you just want to be plain honest, simply tell your future lover that you have a virgin ass and are dying to have him enter it. It's nothing to be ashamed of and certainly no "sexual deviation," as you put it. With regard to an anal clit, I'm afraid there is no such thing. ☐

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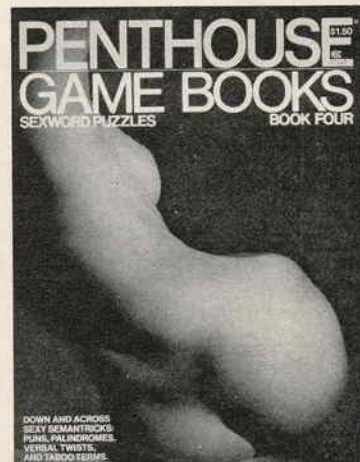
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Pills and drugs intended to suppress appetite have been reported to have undesirable mental and physical effects. In addition, some may become habit-forming. And, they do nothing to bring back a trimmer figure!

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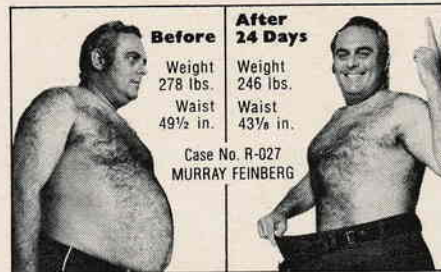
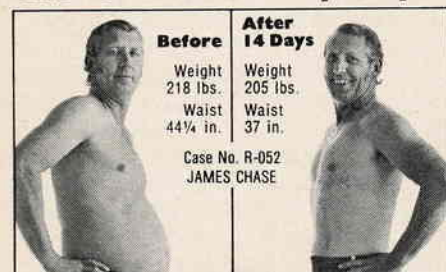
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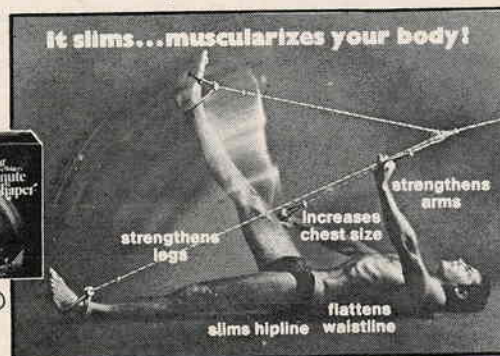
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Nelson Rockefeller, who's been running for president since 1960, is now as close as he's ever been to his goal. A recent Harris poll says that a majority of Americans not only don't want him to be president, they don't even want him to run with Ford in 1976. Nevertheless, his ambitions endure. Investigator Mary Perot Nichols describes what Rocky did to New York State, what sort of government he believes in, and what kind of president he'd make.

BROKEN ON THE WHEEL OF SEX

Is it possible to have too much sex? Can the average American, once free of the residual Victorian morality, run happily amok through the fields and forests of sensual pleasure without restriction? Perhaps, but there are a few cases—documented here—of men and women who have had too much of what you can never get enough of—SEX.

DISPLAYING THE FLAG

Leonard Dworkin was a mild-mannered man who had a great career going for him. But then he stopped in a blue-collar bar for an all-American hamburger. It was the beginning of the end for Dworkin—but just the beginning for a Hydelike creature that was more terrible than anything anyone could have imagined. Fiction by Tom Disch.

OLIVER REED REVEALED

In an exclusive, no-holds-barred interview, the swarthy British film star (*Women in Love*, *The Three Musketeers*, *The Devils*, *Tommy*, etc.) speaks his rugged mind about movies, women, and money.

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IN THE DECEMBER VIVA ON YOUR NEWSSTANDS NOW

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A FANTASTIC ON THE SPOT VISIT TO THE PSYCHIC FRONTIER

Donald Newlove interviews trance medium Elwood Babbitt, who has "talked" with JFK, Adlai Stevenson, and Einstein. When Newlove allows him to do a "life reading," Babbitt goes back into the author's past and gives amazing advice based on clairvoyant knowledge.

ON THE SET WITH ROBERT REDFORD

What happened during the filming of *All the President's Men*, the movie about Watergate and Washington, D.C.—as seen through the eyes of intrepid Jane O'Reilly.

THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT THE JACKIE, ARI, AND MARIA CALLAS LOVE TRIANGLE

As told by Niko Mastorakis, a Greek journalist who plans to make a very controversial movie about Aristotle Onassis.

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Believe it or not, going to bed with your boss is *not* the surest way to success.

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An outrageous history of the male nude; our sexy, gossipy Tattler; all about natural cosmetics; the greatest erotic Christmas gifts for men; and fabulous fiction concerning a young American girl and a dangerously attractive sexual guru.

SCOTCH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 151

1960's—the era of the youth explosion, the consumer rebellion, women's liberation, and a general shucking off of old standards—no pun intended. One importer I spoke with is convinced that taste—along with changing times—has everything to do with it. "We've had blind tastings of standard brands and premiums," he said, "and in every single case the taster was able to distinguish the premium brand."

I must admit that I'm the kind of drinker who stresses quality over quantity. I reserve for a fine premium Scotch the respect it merits. For me, it's the state of the art, and I like to think it's an occasion when I broach an eight- or twelve-year-old, pour it over a single ice cube in a tumbler, and add a touch of pure water for a tad of reflective sipping. In fact, I *make* it an occasion. Too many of us have lost the joy of fully appreciating what's available, perhaps because we, like the times, are moving too fast. But just as superb service in a restaurant enhances a fine meal, or sharing something secret with a wonderful woman heightens the intimacy, due consideration for a great beverage simply emphasizes an appreciation of the joy it bestows.

And speaking of superlatives, if I were to dwell on Mecca in a mouthful, I might think of the twenty-one-year-olds (Scotches, of course) that are available. I once gave my grandmother, herself a descendant of Highland Scots, a bottle of Royal Salute to mark her seventieth birthday. Some time later, I asked her how she liked the Scotch. "Och, laddie," she exclaimed, "it's away too good to drink! But I have a grand time taking out the bottle from time to time and just contemplating what's inside."

I have not, I'm happy to say, inherited grandma's inborn thrift. I yield fairly easily to temptation, but with such a vast array of blends on the market—over a hundred brands—the choice is wide and wonderful. And for the connoisseur, there are some excellent single malts (straight Scotch malts like Glenfiddich, Glendronach, and Glenlivet, to name a few), which aficionados swear by and no self-respecting Highlander would be without. How to drink it? Easy. I recall a famous Scotch ad that ran along these lines: "Order a glass neat. No soda, no water, no ice. Then sip it. You'll see the light." There's a lot to be said for something to lighten our darkness in these hectic times. 

Postscript: 'Tis the Season... And if you're going to give Scotch, give her (or him) one that you've discovered, something a little different, perhaps. Ever tried Pinwinie? For the folks, check their favorite brand before you leave it under the tree. When in doubt, buy a premium Scotch. You may get back more than you bargained for.—KG

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